Vol. XXXV.. Toronto, August 15th, 1922 No. 16

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

Beginning

"The Timber Pirate"

by Charles Christopher Jenkins

The great pulp forests back of Lake Superior —and there a man at war with himself —a graphic, breathless picture of a great industry and of a ruthless man. But that isn't all the story.



August 15
1922

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MAY McAVOY
In "The Top of New York"

GLORIA SWANSON
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In "Blood and Sand"
A Preferred Picture

THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN
with Alma Rubens
A Cosmopolitan Production

JACK HOLT
"While Satan Sleeps"
A Peter B. Kyne Special

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
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with THOMAS MEIGHAN
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THE OLD HOMESTEAD
with Theodore Roberts

"BURNING SANDS"
with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills
A George Melford Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell

RODOLPH VALENTINO
In "The Young Rajah"

GLORIA SWANSON
In "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"
by Vicente Blasco Ibanez
A Cosmopolitan Production

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR
From the story by Peter B. Kyne
A Cosmopolitan Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"KICK IN"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell

RODOLPH VALENTINO
In "A Spanish Cavalier"

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If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

In the Editor's Confidence

PERHAPS our readers would be interested in knowing just what we have in prospect for the next few weeks. Of course it is not possible to give a complete list for we are constantly on the look out for something new that will give our readers pleasure, and often when the opportunity arises we have to act quickly and substitute this new acquisition for something we had already planned to use. But there are some things we can speak about definitely. For instance. In our September 1st issue we are going to publish Ann Gay's novelette Lady of Ventures. Ann Gay is not a newcomer in the realm of fiction. She has been writing for a good many years, and has had a great deal of success, though strangely enough few if any of her stories have appeared in Canadian magazines. She has been unusually successful too in writing for the Movies. Probably you have already seen some of her plays on the "silver sheet." Anyway, we are confident that you will be delighted with this story, and its delightfully unconventional heroine. It is a novelette, a really long story, and will be published complete in one issue.

We have also arranged for another novelette that will probably appear about October 1st issue. It is a story of British Columbia in the great forest areas. It is an entirely different story from the other, dealing with two people's fight for life and happiness.

Then of course there is the new serial by W. A. Fraser that we expect to publish after the Timber Pirate. Mr. Fraser has gone back to his happy hunting ground, India, and tells a gripping tale of the Mutiny days.

Then of course there is the great unknown, the prize novel. Its identity is yet undisclosed but we hope to be able to make an announcement regarding it in the near future.

THEN as for short stories. There is one by John Galsworthy, an inimitable story of its type, hard and glittering like the facets of a gem. Its title is "Blackmail." There is another story by Tristram Tupper, whose serial is at present running in the Saturday Evening Post. It is called "Lord Byron a Limp," and it is as striking a story as its name would suggest. Then there is a story called "Paganini's Guitar." Those who have the story think it is about the most startlingly original thing that they have read. It is about the great violinist, but it is not the story you would expect. It is the heart that will make a pleasant thrill creep up your spine.

There is a story called "A Case of Amnesia," and tells of a Cockney sailor who passes himself off as one of the nobility. If you could find a laugh in "All a Button," we fancy you will enjoy this rollicking tale.

Then of course we have planned for some feature articles. Col. George Haro will be on hand again with some of his inimitable stories. J. K. Munro will appear again with his wealth of roustir comment on the political situation. But that's about all the space we can spare to discuss what we have in prospect.

FROM Franklin, Alberta, one of our subscribers writes sending his subscription and telling us that at its expiration he will have to discontinue. "We are hailed out and have to economize," he writes. "Hope to renew sometime," and then in a note to the editors appended he continues:

"Seriously how in blue blazes do you expect a farmer to pay for even a good magazine on total receipts of $1000 from all sources as statistics both Dominion and provincial showed for 1921—necessary expenses have to be paid out of that amount.

"Average wage paid to railroaders 1921 was over $1900 and no expense at all to be paid. A bricklayer gets $9 per day. A farm hand gets $2 and works nearly twice as many hours and requires more skill."

Well, it certainly sounds like a reasonable question, that we certainly cannot answer.

WASN'T it Ben Jenson or somebody, on second thought we don't think it was Ben, who wrote of woman kind "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety." There must be something like that in a magazine. I have before me a letter from a subscriber in Anglia, Saskatchewan, it arrived in company with a cash payment for a two years subscription. "It is probable," this friend writes, "that this will be my last renewal as I am getting quite close to the fourscore mark. However while life lasts and *MacLean's* retains its high standard of excellence I shall always be on your list of subscribers. No age cannot wither anyone whether man or woman who like our friend carries his youth in his heart."

MACLEAN'S

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On the First and Fifteenth of Each Month

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President

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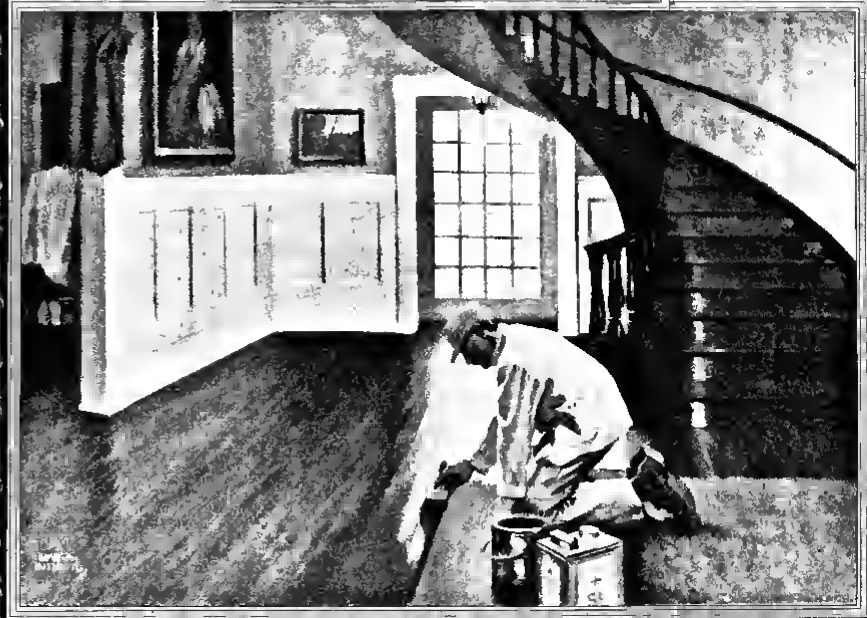
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BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

WHEN INSURANCE RANKS HIGH AS AN INVESTMENT

Protection Is the Earliest Necessity, and An Investment In Oneself Is a Sound Insurance

STATISTICS that are cold hard facts, and not amenable to any kind of manipulation show beyond question that seven-eighths of all estates are represented by insurance policies. Without Insurance only one man in eight would leave any estate or would only leave one eighth as much and thousands of widows and orphans would suffer untold misery.

Of course if in speaking of investments one is speaking of moneys so employed that it will be as absolutely safe as any human agency can be that it will be earning a substantial rate of increase and that it shall be fairly liquid so that they may be realized at comparatively short notice then strictly speaking Insurance is not an investment of this kind.

On the other hand Insurance is essentially an investment. A young man taking insurance is putting an investment in himself in his own life and future. He may not be in a position to buy securities or at least is not in a position to buy them in sufficient quantities to form an estate that would be of much value to any beneficiary.

But he can buy Insurance. It isn't as liquid as a good bond. He cannot go tomorrow and sell it as he could a bond. It lie lives his allotted span, he can't even possibly derive so much profit from it. But so the other hand the hundred dollar bond three years from now should be desire to cash it is worth approximately ten hundred dollars and accrued interest. If he should he has estate would be worth just that. If he has put his hundred dollars into paying his three yearly premiums on a thousand dollar policy he will not it is true be able to draw out as much cash as he would receive from the sale of his bond, though he would be able to borrow at this date a certain amount of money on his policy an amount that would increase with the years. If he should die however instead of his estate being worth a hundred dollars and accrued interest, it would be worth one thousand dollars. Approximately the same account of money invested approximately ten times the returns.

Of course there is no effort here to make any disparaging comparisons. There are conditions when Insurance would seem to be the soundest and best type of investment. There are other times and conditions when it would be ill advised.

For the young man entering on life, there is no question but that Insurance is the best investment. In the nature of things he will be assuming new and exacting obligations. New family relationships are formed. He has a wife and family for whom he must provide. He has earning capacity as yet undeveloped. His income in all probability is limited, yet he is facing an unknown future and is eager that it shall not be a haunting specter. He has needs for his immediate needs and for the immediate needs of his family possibly a little more than he ought a little that can be set aside as savings. He knows that money in the bank is easily dissipated that anyway it is not earning as it should earn for him. He knows that stocks may make him some money, but that they may also lose it for him. Bonds good bonds will certainly be of benefit but they can only be purchased slowly. They will mean a handsome competence when he has reached the shady side of life. True enough but the young man lacks that his own efforts then will be better repaid. He will by his own best competence. What he needs and needs urgently is something now. Not for himself, for if he should be suddenly cut off and there is really no such a possibility his need for a competence is past but for his wife and family. What he needs is an investment that assures him against any unexpected turn of fate to provide the possibility against which he cannot be his own guard. His investments in bonds are good but they are not enough, they take too long to pile up and in the interval there is only that modest bundle of securities between his family and want should fortune receive their natural protector and provider.

Getting Immediate Protection

WHAT THE young investor needs, more than large returns is immediate protection. That is something that no other type of investment can give him and therefore there can be no question that Insurance must stand in the light of an investment.

Of course one cannot urge that argument too far. Granting that the young man had provided adequate protection for his wife and family granting that he had insured himself against any reasonable chance, what is his logical course? There is nothing to prevent him of course investing all his savings to the same way. In the event of him early death his family would certainly profit by such a policy. But there is only a certain possibility of any such eventuality, the probabilities are that he will live to a comparatively ripe old age. If he does with his investment solely in Insurance he and his family will be the loser. He has paid for the fact of protection. He has paid for more protection than he actually needed. He has had it for years and he naturally cannot hope to receive the same measure of return that he would receive from stocks or bonds where the liabilities at any time were limited to the amount of the actual funds invested.

A certain amount of protection is a wise and judicious course. But having provided against the possibility of penury for his family he has surely the same right to capitalize the chances of a long life as has the Insurance Company. So there is no point of conflict between the two types of investment they can go hand in hand. For the man whose immediate present is protected by a judicious investment in Insurance is the less likely to make mistaken investments elsewhere. There is the less need for a rapid pyramiding of his capital. For that very need has been overcome by the protection he has provided. He is the more likely therefore to be a wise investor.

There is a phase of business Insurance that makes the point of insurance as an investment perhaps even more emphatically but at the moment we are discussing the attraction on their one instance. For whatever may be said in favor against Insurance there is no one will question the wisdom of a young man in putting it in this way to meet his logical obligations.

Providing for the Precarious

THERE are some people who after a long life look back and say if they had invested their money in some other way they would have been better off to-day. That argument is irrefutable. If with your life you had had a written guarantee of your three score years and ten then insurance for the young man would be the folly of follies. But there is no such guarantee. One in every as many men drop off at twenty years, one many cease at twenty five and more again at thirty. The rising rate of premium as the years advance points unerringly to the increased likelihood of reaching that three score

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Question—*Do you consider Marmt Royal Bonds a safe investment?* J. G., *Woodbridge, Ont.*

Answer—The debenture stock of the Mount Royal Hotel Company now being offered varies little from a preferred stock as it will probably be reinverted into preferred stock in three years. The stock is well secured and has behind it the resources of the United Hotels Company. Notwithstanding the protection however it is a stock for the business man rather than for the man who wants an absolutely reliable investment. It is a new proposition and again the hotel business like other businesses is subject to the influence of external conditions.

Question—*Please give me your opinion of Small Investments and its connection with the Realty Mortgage Limited?* W. A. G., *Toronto.*

Answer—Small Investments Limited was organized several months ago and has associated with it some men of good standing. The company aims to sell securities to individuals who have but a small amount to invest. Realty Mortgage Company Limited is a second mortgage proposition. The Small Investments sell the stock of the Mortgage Corporation. Both concerns are considered fair investments for a business one.

Question—*Is there a possibility of Brompton Pulp and Paper Company paying dividends in the near future?* M. D., *Calgary, Alta.*

Answer—There is little prospect of dividends on Brompton securities in the immediate future. Neither the preferred nor the common are on a dividend paying basis. The pulp and paper industry is rapidly working into a better shape and the interest on some of the mills have been increased. We consider that with a steady improvement it will only be a matter of time before dividends are resumed.

Question—*Would you consider it a good investment to buy stock in the Telfer Biscuit Company?* W. M. S., *Thessalon, Ont.*

Answer—The Telfer Biscuit Company recently issued its first public statement to the public. This is the first annual statement since the public has had an interest in the stock. The company is well established and has made a good showing for the past fiscal year. Both the preferred and the common stocks are on a dividend paying basis and can be regarded as an attractive business man's investment. There is one disadvantage in that the shares are not listed on the stock exchange and are therefore less readily marketable.

Question—*I have been approached in connection with the stock of the Howard Smith Paper Mills. Do you consider it a safe investment? What dividends are being paid?* L. M. S., *Nova Scotia.*

Answer—For a bush ess man the stock of the Howard Smith Paper Mills can be considered a fairly safe investment but one that is subject to many changes in the pulp and paper industry. The company was not seriously affected by the recent slump in the pulp and paper industry on account of small stocks and the fact that its wares were not cancelled to the extent of other companies. The common dividend is 6 per cent and the preferred 8 per cent.

Question—*Do you consider Mount Royal Bonds a safe investment?* J. G., *Woodbridge, Ont.*

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Subscribers to MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE deserving advice in regard to Canadian industrial investments or like insurance problems, will be answered freely (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE.

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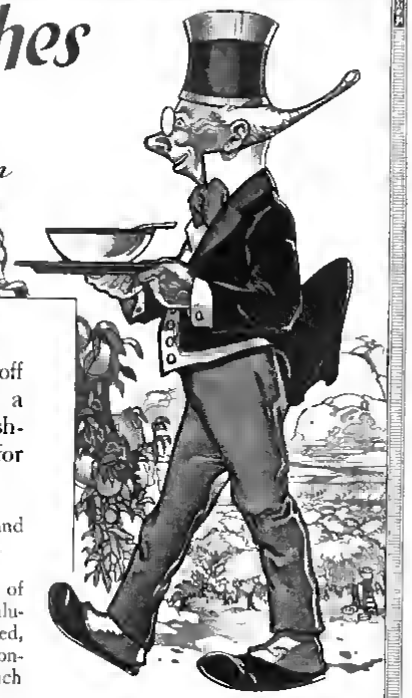


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MACLEAN'S

J. VERNON McKENZIE, *Editor* J. J. RUTLEDGE, *Associate Editor*

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VOLUME XXXV
NUMBER SIXTEEN

THE TIMBER PIRATE

By CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

NIGHT'S sable curtain was soon to fall on the short-lived drama of a winter day in the Laurentians. The departing sub-arctic sun in its last pale glory went up from the omnipresent whiteness reprisals of glistening beams that stabbed the eyes like leaping darts of fire. Of sounds there was oppressive absence. Not even a vagrant breeze sighed in the tree-tops, but at irregular intervals the intense stillness was rent in twain by the lugubrious "Spoo-o-n-g" of some aged tree splitting open to the heart, where freezing moisture expanded in its crevices. All life and warmth seemed utterly exterminated in the pre-twilight calm save for the distant Monarch of Day slowly receding from his stark white world of desolation.

Yet even in these desolate wastes man moved and had his being, for on the trail that wound down from the heights to the northward, there was the ribbon-like tracing of a dog sled and beside it the oval imprints of snowshoes. At a small cleared area in the scrub timber just above where the trail dipped into a mighty spruce-bearded ravine, the sled marks and the snowshoe patterns ceased.

On this spot, by a camp fire in the snow, hunched an elderly white man wrapped to his throat in blankets heard and eyebrows thickly frosted from the vapor of his breath. His face, the wasted face of one who had endured physical suffering, was bereft of tangible expression; his eyes fixed dully on the slow-leaping, endless flames from which there ascended into the zero-freighted air a wispy, hairlike strand of smoke. Round about him were scattered canvas pack-sacks, rolls of bright-colored woollen blankets, fire-blackened pots and pans, two light rhopaxes and a short-barrelled repeating rifle. Nearby on the trail, a spent and foot-sore string of sled dogs lay flattened in the snow. Noses stretched to the fire, eyes closed and limbs inert, they might be mistaken for dead and frozen things but for the occasional faint heave of their flanks as their trained lungs drew sparingly of the biting ozone.

Of a sudden the deathlike calm was shattered by the whining crack of a high-power rifle. Closer by, there was a swish and flop of ebony wings, and a dowdy, sleek-colored *wesse-ke-jok* circled the camp uttering dismal cries of 'Meat—meat—meat!'

Every canine head came to life with a start. The figure in the blankets winced as though struck from behind by an unseen icy fist, doubling forward in a racking fit of coughing that reverberated through the solitudes in listless and sympathetic echoes. The man desisted with a shocking gasp, his frame shaking in a palsy. Weakly he slumped back against a nearby pack-sack, hands clutching at his heart.

"Laddie," he called in a voice that was pitifully faint. "Laddie—oh Laddie!"

His arms sagged and went limp by his sides, his breath coming and going in the swift, elfishl gasps of a life flickering out from exhaustion.

A WOLF-DOG in the sled park pricked up his pointed ears and, straining away from his fellows, smiled weirdly in the direction of the stricken man. The treacherous huskie leaped savagely against his restraining harness, a low, ominous growl issuing from the ugly curve of his long, trembling jaws. A wooly black-and-tan of the Labrador Collie strain gave a snarl of warning then, with bristles arising on his thick, powerful neck, leaped at the throat of the traitor. That was the signal for a general release of pent-up canine irritation. In a trice the whole sled pack was engaged in a furious free-for-all of flying fur and white-flashing fangs.

"Lie down!"

The command came low, deep and vibrant with a faint



"It shall be as you wished—my kindest friend—but for the present the mine is mine."

clark of teeth. In electric unison the pack flattened, cowering there in their places—all but the loyal Collie, which turned with slow-wagging tail and crouching rump to express its fealty to the scrub of the trail parted and a tall youth of spare but powerful build strode into the camp with the carcase of a young buck deer on his shoulder.

The newcomer flung the deer and his rifle to the snow and rushed to the side of the dying man, applying a pocket flask to his lips, while he raised him on an arm with the tenderness of a woman. But the elder one was sinking fast—was beyond human aid.

For a few moments only he rallied. "Laddie—thank God—you came," he murmured weakly. "It is the end—the end of the trail—for me. There is so much—so much left undone, Laddie—so much wrong—so erring old man should undo—but you—you, Alexander, my boy—you won't forget—the mine—the gold mine—goes to—"

The young man bent close to catch the whispered name.

Suddenly the invalid straightened as though galvanized in a last brief lease of life, eyes fixed on some vision above and beyond his companion.

"Black Jack! Black Jack Carlstone!" He cried it as one who cries from the wells of the heart. "Black Jack, my one true friend—and you—you will see that the boy—you will see that he carries out my will—"

His body sagged and his head dropped limply on his chest before he finished.

WITH reverent touch the young man closed the tired old eyes while his own welled up and there came a suggestion of a stifled sob in his throat. Mutely for some moments he remained on one knee in the snow, vocally still looking into the face of the dead man, as though questioning the cruel vagaries of fate.

But as quickly his expression changed. Presently, when he rose and strode over to the fire, a hard uncanny light flickered over his face—a face whose intense pallor accentuated the blackness of his extraordinary eyes. Framed in the close-fitting muskrat cap, it was a face that bespoke undeveloped power, strikingly handsome in its mephistophelian mold and portending a sagacity beyond its years.

He stood with arms outstretched to the setting sun, for the moment transformed to a pagan rhapsodist, and from his lips there heaved the single word, *Kee-osti*, which in the Indian means "Nothing matters!"

"The gold mine goes to—" Slowly he repeated the dead man's injunction. The lids of his black eyes narrowed until they became slits of flame and the lines of his mouth set close-pressed and—cruel?

But when he turned and addressed the corpse, his features relaxed and his voice was guttumily soft and musical. "I shall be as you wished—my kindest friend—but, for the present *the mine is mine to me!*"

The sun, now a great, boiling globe under a fiery glaze of scarlet, eased down upon the bleak, was

ranges, bordering their purple-shrouded crests with a narrow edging of brightest gold, hesitated one brief second in fiery farewell then plunged behind the ragged rim of the northern world. Night swept with swift stealth across the wilderness, transforming it to a realm of spectre-like shadows.

A solemn hush like a requiem at nature's loss for the day that was done, lay over the forests.

The lone figure by the camp fire bent forward strangely as though gripped by an inward paroxysm.

As he did so the deeps of the woods vibrated with a long-drawn unearthly cry that echoed and re-echoed its lonesome notes to the hills. It had seemed to rise from nowhere. A howl neither human nor bestial but a demoniac blending of both; half anguished wail half mocking laughter.

No prowling timber wolf broke the succeeding silence with an answering call.

Even the wolf-dog in the sled pack cowered deeper in his snowy bed to whimpering fear.

CHAPTER I

Acey Smith

LOUIS HAMMOND picking his way in the rapidly failing twilight, dodged a pot-hole in the pulp camp's "main street," looked up at the unexpected sound of a woman's voice and, misplacing a foot, went up owling into another. He arose bespattered and with ice-cold nose seeping to his ankles over the tops of his city shoes.

The young man barely checked the exclamation more forceful than polite that rose to his tongue when a lithe, girlish form, close-wrapped to the throat in a light fall coat, stepped out to the road from the shadowy veranda of the building that had been pointed out to him as the office of the camp superintendent.

A big man in a reefer and high boots laced to the knees followed, but before he gained her side the woman turned.

"No, I thank you," Hammond heard her decline in a bright voice. "It is only a step down to the dock."

The man bowed deferentially, lifted his peaked-brimmed stetson with a courtliness oddly at variance with his rough garb, followed her with his eyes for a moment, then wheeled and returned to the building.

On the Nemabijou limits in the farthest reaches of Lake Superior's wild north shore, was about the last place on earth Hammond expected to encounter a white woman, especially one whose voice and every movement betokened long association in refined environment. Her verve and grace were the more apparent to him as she came tripping unconcernedly down through the half-light toward the water-front.

She passed him on the other side of the road and just then the door of a camp to his right was flung open emitting a widening flood of yellow lamplight that threw them both in relief—



He looked into darkened blue eyes that held start'd recognition; saw her lips open in a suppressed gasp; then she hurried on as though fearful he might accost her.

HAMMOND caught a fleeting glimpse of an oval little face, fascinating in its contour of a daintily moulded mouth and chin and fine, high arched eyebrows traced as with the delicate brush of an artist. He looked into great darkened blue eyes that held startled recognition; saw her lips open in a suppressed gasp; then she hurried on as though fearful he might accost her.

The time, the place and the extremely odd circumstances under which he had last felt the magnetic sway of those eyes beneath the unforgettable brows recurred to him as with wildly-beating pulse, he stood wiping the mud from his hands and clothes with his pocket handkerchief.

After her figure merged into the gloom down by the dock he waited despite the chill that was searching at his damp ankles. Soon he heard subdued voices and the preliminary cough of a marine engine being started. Followed the even *chug-chug* of the motor's exhaust and a moving finger of light from a small marine search light swept out and felt its way through the channel in the immense field of pulpwood booms that all but filled Nanibou Bay. Out beyond the booms the boat headed due west.

Hammond thanked him, said good-night and turned to leave the room. But hand was on the door-latch when Acey Smith seemed to glide through the air to his side. He felt his wrist seized in a grip of steel.

"Spy!"

It came a hissing accusation that sent Hammond's hot blood to his head. He flung the other free of him. "No, damn you," he answered fiercely, "and I'm not a lumber wolf either!"

He could not have explained what inspired him to say that, but, at the words Acey Smith cowered back as one might from the clinging clout of a logging whip. Hammond did not know that a ruin's face could at one moment hold as much of evil as leaped at him from Smith's. His head jerked back and the eyes that darted fire at Hammond were no longer the eyes of a human being. The taut lips bared back from the even white teeth in a hateful snarl, then Acey Smith's hands went up to his face convulsively, the palms cupping his lower features.

He whirled on a heel like an Ojibway in a war dance. Next instant, when he faced Hammond he was laughing quietly. "We'll drop the play acting," he said, "and I'll take you up and introduce you to your shack-mate, Sandy Macdougal, the cook."

"You are sure I am not a spy?"

"I am satisfied you are not what I feared for your own welfare you might have been. Let's go."

But the cook had turned in and was snoring raucously when they reached his quarters, a substantial log shack that stood directly opposite the huge dining camp. A sullen fire gave out fitful, subdued cracklings in the little sheet-iron heater backed for this night with green wood.

Acey Smith lighted a wall lamp. Only one of the four bunks built into the further wall was occupied, so Acey Smith directed Hammond to the vacant lower bunk beside him good-night and left abruptly.

* * * * *

THE young man did not immediately retire in spite of his fatigue. Instead, he sat down by the stove. Lit his pipe and tried mentally to sift something tangible out of the hodge-podge of mystery that had surrounded him since the night of September the twenty-third when he had allowed himself to be pitch-forked into a commission without definite instructions as to how he was to act or whom he was to accept as friends or enemies. Surely the whole world had not gone mad since that hour—there must be a sane method back of the whole thing somewhere but try as he could, cudgel his imagination as he might, he could build up no theory that was at all satisfying.

Then after he retired, came memory of the sinister gleam on the face of Acey Smith when he had flung him off over there at the door of his office. That was no "play-acting" as Smith had tried to pass it off. For the moment the man had been in deadly earnest, Hammond was sure of that.

And a pair of great, startled blue eyes, under fine, high-arched eyebrows, came to drive all other haunts at the night away. Those eyes seemed to speak to him out of the shadows, and the last in there took him back again to the night of the twenty-third of the month when Fate had literally seized him by the scruff of the neck, yanked him out of a commonplace groove in life and tossed him into a vortex of baffling intrigue and mystery.

CHAPTER II

A Stranga Pact on a Train

ON THE night of September twenty-third Louis Hammond had been train-bound from Saskatoon east. The transcontinental on which he was travelling had long since passed the Saskatchewan and Manitoba boundaries and was thundering over the muskegs and through the rock-cuts in the great wilderness of the Ontario divide. While the porter was making up his berth, Hammond sought the smoker but it happened that a garrulous traveler was there holding forth on how the League of Nations should have disposed of things. Craving about as much peace and the young man fled precipitately as he might have from the deadly presence of a virulent plague.

He passed on to the next coach, a compartment and parlor car. The little smoker there promised peace and quiet. In it there sat alone a spare, grey little man with a cadaverous face, who looked up from the book in his lap and gazed interestedly at Hammond. The latter lit his pipe and taking a seat in the opposite corner beside the window, peered into the moon-bathed night and out over the shadowy wastes to the ragged ranges, where fitful wisps of ground aurora seemed to race with the train like wild ghouls of the night startled from their eyries by this road-man-made thing tearing through the solitudes.

"Wild country, isn't it?"

The voice of the little grey man startled Hammond from his reverie. "It is, magnificently so," he replied. "There is something in its very hostile majesty that fascinates me enormously."

"Yes. Easterner I suppose?"

"Not exactly." Hammond laughed. The other's geniality drew him out of his mood. "You see, I've been a Westerner too, and right here I feel sort of neutral."

The little grey man laughed with him: a few, sociable cackle. "Still," he pursued, "I'd wager you're not a travelling man."

"No," a bit wearily. "Newspaper man—ex-newspaper man, I hope."

THE announcement seemed to agitate the little man more than such a commonplace announcement should. He was silent a moment while he brought forth a silver card-case. He lifted a bit of pasteboard from it, scrutinized it through his glasses, hesitated as though about to replace it in the card-case, then quite deliberately passed it to Hammond, who took it at a glance—

Eulas Daly
United States Consul
KAM CITY, Ontario Can.

Hammond drew out one of his own cards from a vest-pocket and reciprocated. The other still seemed needlessly perturbed. He spoke up at last as though it had cost him some effort to select a tactful opening. "And as you've quit the Fourth Estate Mr Hammond?"

"I intend to—that is, if I can otherwise earn a decent livelihood. I've had five years of the living ghost world and it has lost its glories. I want to get clear of its grip and live things for awhile."

"So—that is it." Quite natural too." Mr Daly seemed to be feeling his way syllable by syllable. "Do you know, it is almost providential that you should have come in here at this moment Mr Hammond."

"Yes?"

"Yes, the way—you see, I met a few moments ago left a party who is privately seeking the services of a man of your particular type—and he wants him right away."

"A newspaper publisher?" wryly.

"No—no, not a publisher. By George, I'll bring him here to meet you. What do you say?"

"Hold on," cried Hammond detaining him. "What is the job and who is the man?"

"Your first question I cannot answer, because I do not definitely know myself," repeated the American consul. "But you have just hinted to me that you would like to play a part in big things, and if there's one man on the continent who holds that opportunity for you in the hollow of his hand it is Norman T. Gildersleeve."

The little grey man stood at the green-curtained entrance of the smoker, an expectant twinkle in his grey eyes. "What do you say?" he repeated.

"Go ahead," agreed Hammond. "There can be no harm in meeting him, anyway."

After Eulas Daly had gone Hammond kept turning the name over in his mind: Gildersleeve—Norman T. Gildersleeve where had he read or heard that name before? Somehow it seemed connected with big business and stock market reports. Very likely he was looking for a private secretary, a biographer or a publicity agent. Well, any one of those things wouldn't be so bad and it would be a change from the exacting grind of the daily newspaper where one was always behind the scenes of big things in process but never never quite a part of them. Hammond was twenty five, the age of lionless discontent, alone in the world and intensely ambitious.

But he was far from guessing the extraordinary nature of the proposition that was about to be put up to him.

* * * * *

"MR. GILDERSLEEVE wishes to see you alone in his stateroom."

Hammond noted that much of the previous enthusiasm had gone from the little consul's manner. His tone now was businesslike, matter-of-fact. No doubt imperfectured Hammond he had hoped to be a party to the interview he had been instrumental in bringing about.

At the door of Gildersleeve's stateroom Hammond shook the hand of Eulas Daly with a word of thanks for the interest he had volunteered in the matter. "I'll see you later and tell you all about it," he said, a promise which, for unexpected reasons, he never kept.

Hammond found Gildersleeve with a litter of papers and documents about him and reams protruding from the open jaws of a travelling bag. He was the cut of a typical captain of big business: middle-aged, iron-grey, with a keen cold face and the drift of busy career stamped all over his personality. Two tiny spots, livid white, one below either eye lent rather a sinister tone to his face especially when his brilliant dark eyes set too close to the hawk-like nose were looking straight at you. At first glance those two marks appeared to be birth marks but closer scrutiny disclosed them to be scars.

He did not offer his hand at first, just lowered the younger man with a glance that was as swift as it was penetrating, then turned the document face down on the little leaf-table before him and motioned his visitor to a seat. When he spoke Hammond felt no electric urge to be brief and to the point.

"Mr. Daly has told me what he knows of you," he opened. "Now, will you kindly oblige me with such details as you think important about yourself and your capabilities?"

Hammond's training had disciplined him in the terse use of language. He told it all in less than ten minutes' time.

Gildersleeve appraised him keenly, interestedly. "Good—he approved. "You'll an dandy do provided you care to accept what I have to offer you. In any case can I expect you to regard this interview as strictly confidential?"

"You can," replied Hammond simply. "As you no doubt know, such a promise from a newspaperman is regarded as sacred."

"Then we'll get down to business. Would you, for in-



The girl looked back. The bright registered upon her face went to him like the stab of a knife.



His long, powerful hands closed over hers, a devil of gloating black triumph leaping to the eyes that fronted on her face.

stance—be prepared to undertake an assignment, entailing little effort beyond strict caution and secrecy, without being too inquisitive as to what its objects were?'

'That would depend on a number of things,' cautiously suggested the younger man. 'It would have to be distinctly understood it was clean and above-board.'

'The moral side of it need not for a moment worry you,' smiled Gildersleeve. 'You will be asked to do nothing that would conflict with your standards of honor, however strict they may be. In fact, in this particular case, it would be best for you to avoid even the appearance of trickery.'

'If I knew more about the nature of the job Mr Gildersleeve, I could better judge my capabilities of taking hold.'

'Your newspaper training in mixing with men, combined with a close-mouthed attitude will carry you through,' assured the other. 'I'm not saying there will be no risks, but such risks will be largely contingent upon your own shrewd behaviour.'

GILDERSLEEVE gazed at the window for a silent moment, then continued: 'The proposition in brief is this. You are to secure for yourself a position of a clerical nature—say pole-counter time-keeper or office-assistant—with the North Star Towing and Contracting Company, out at their camps on the Naonabijon pulpwood limits, located about twenty miles southeast of the Port at Kam City on the North Shore of Lake Superior. You are to hold whatever job you select until I communicate with you and while you are engaged at it, you are to forget that you have been a newspaper man, maintaining absolute silence to all concerned as to your past and as to why I sent you out there. On these two points I'd like to repeat with emphasis—*you must be particularly cautious*.

'Now, as to remuneration. You will be paid by me personally on the completion of the contract at the rate of one thousand dollars a month for such time as you put in, in addition to such salary as you draw for your work from the company operating the limits. Afterwards, if you point up to my expectations—I'll be in a position to offer you a berth that will perhaps be more congenial and unclouded by the mystery that must for the time being surround this one.

'What do you think about it, Mr Hammond?'

Hammond was for the moment lost for an answer. This high-salaried offer, though it distinctly appealed to his adventuring spirit, took him off his feet and the concealed object of his mission at the pulpwood limits made him hesitate.

'I am not expected to spy on anyone?' he insisted.

'I have assured you there will be nothing underhand about it, Gildersleeve reminded him.

There is, however, a possibility I might not succeed in securing a position with the contracting company.'

'There is such a possibility—a remote one, but the way will be made easy for you. At Kam City you will make personal application to Hon J J. Slack, M P, president of the North Star Towing and Contracting Company, presenting to him a letter of introduction I will furnish you with.'

The train slowed down to a grinding stop at a small flag station. It was but a moment until it was in motion again.

'I'll take it,' decided Hammond.

Before Gildersleeve could reply there came a light insistent tapping at the door of the stateroom. A colored porter entered bearing a sealed envelope passed it to Gildersleeve with a flash of very white teeth and retired.

Gildersleeve ripped the message from the envelope, glanced at its contents and pushed the button at his elbow.

'Porter,' he requested when the latter re-appeared, 'how long does the train stop at Moose Horn Station?'

'Twenty minutes, suh. We take on watah there, suh.'

'Very well, porter,' acknowledged Gildersleeve passing the black man a tip.

He reached for pen and railway stationery and while he wrote hurriedly said: 'This note to J J Slack will act as the open *sesame* to the job Mr Hammond. You may read it before I seal it.'

Hammond took the proffered sheet and read —

Fn Haute to Kam City Sept. 23

Hon J J Slack, M P.
Pres. North Star Co—
Kam City, Ontario.

My dear Slack—Am under immediate necessity of finding a berth out in the woods for the bearer Louis Hammond. Put him on at a clerical job not too arduous, at a good salary and charge the latter up to my account. Please do so as quietly as possible as it is highly essential that my connection in this matter should remain absolutely confidential.

Yours very truly,
NORMAN T GILDERSLEEVE.

'Now, Mr Hammond,' Gildersleeve went on as he sealed and addressed the envelope, 'we'll consider the matter closed for the present. Sorry for the terrific rush but there is one emergent matter that presses for my immediate attention.'

He arose and grasped the young man's hand. That strong grip was reassuring but it did not altogether dispose a presentiment growing on Hammond that he had let himself in for something that was even more potential in its possibilities than it looked to be on the surface. There was no more to be said however unless he changed his mind and threw up the whole thing. He had not the slightest desire to do that.

* * * * *

OUTSIDE the stateroom door Hammond stepped dead in his tracks. He was looking into a woman's face that was startlingly, unreally beautiful.

She had risen from among the chairs in the drawing-room of the coach, a dazzling apparition with great wonder eyes under finely pencilled high-arched brows. For the moment he was conscious he was staring stupidly unable to help himself then her dark-fringed eye-lids dropped and the faintest traces of a vagrant smile lit up her divinely-moulded features.

Hammond swung hastily down the aisle. Quite in a whirl he pitched into the smoker. The train slowed down under a sudden shuddering of air brakes.

He looked out the window. A sign board on the tiny freme building beyond the equally diminutive platform told him it was Moose Horn Station.

A stateroom door opened somewhere and he heard a passenger hurry along the aisle, out of the coach and down the train steps. Next instant he saw Norman T. Gildersleeve the man he had just been talking to, appear on the station platform, wearing a light overcoat and carrying a small black bag. Gildersleeve looked swiftly about the area where the dull station lamp-light and the glow from the car windows fell, then hurried around the side of the station building and disappeared in the shadows.

He had barely gone when another form seemed to rise out of the shadows near the train somewhere, a tall, graceful figure of a woman in sable furs and wearing a large picture hat. As if Hammond's stare had attracted her, she turned and glanced for a fleeting instant at the car window. Here was a savage dark beauty with eyes so intense they glowed like luminous discs of blackness in the shadowy light.

The woman went rapidly to the station, passed in the door remained a moment, re-appeared and returned down the platform to the train.

Hammond strode out to the vestibuled platform of the coach. He watched the station area closely for Norman T Gildersleeve's return. But Gildersleeve did not come back.

The engine's bell sounded and the train moved out.

Hammond thought of his lunch, but some movement within drew his gaze through the glass door of the compartment coach. The door of Gildersleeve's stateroom was open, and the little grey man, Eulas Daly, passed in, closing the door behind him. Hammond was sure Gildersleeve was not with him had that he could not have preceded him.

THE young man was about to leave when a silent form emerged from the shadowy area the coach door. It was the wonderful girl he had seen in the drawing-room, but there was great perplexity in her face now.

The train was rapidly accumulating the even roar of its maximum speed. The girl looked back and her eyes met Hammond's beyond the glass of the platform door. Her hand went to her lips as though to stifle a cry that trembled there. The fright registered upon her face went to him like the stab of a knife. Plainly, he was the cause of that fright. Mystified, and somehow deeply hurt, he drew back into the shadows and she fled like one fearing for her life.

With confusion still upon him Hammond hurried to his berth in the Pullman.

CHAPTER III

'Honor Sinks Where Commerce Long Prevails'

NEXT morning the events of the previous evening all seemed to Hammond like a hazy dream. Only the sealed letter from Gildersleeve to Hon. J J. Slack, M P., president of the North Star Towing and Contracting Company, spanked of tangibility, for he saw nothing further of Gildersleeve, the girl with the high-arched eyebrows or even the U.S. consul Eulas Daly. He could not go prowling back through the compartment coach, and besides he was really pressed for time to dress and breakfast before the train pulled into Kam City.

His first experience was a disappointment. At the head office of the North Star Company he was informed that Hon J J. Slack was away at the Dominion capital on business but would possibly be back before noon of the following day. He had therefore a wait of two days in the lakeport city.

Hammond improved his time by paying a visit to the sites of two enormous pulp and paper mills under course of construction near the water front. There was a curious rivalry of big interests told of there. The young man was the more interested on learning that one of these plants, the Kam City Pulp and Paper mill, was to derive its supply of pulp pole almost exclusively from the Naonabijon Limits, where Gildersleeve had assigned him to go. The Naonabijon Limits were said to be the largest in all the North, a government block on which the Kam City Company had secured conditional rights to the timber that very summer after a long legal battle with competitors had the signing of a hard and fast agreement with the Ontario government that their mill must be running to full capacity, manufacturing paper from wood cut on the Nanashijon Limits by October the twenty-third of that very year. In case they were cut on a portion to be on from any cause whatever they stood to lose all rights to the timber.

THE stories which Hammond gained from various sources regarding this situation were conflicting and at best rather incoherent. Out of it all he gathered that it was the result of a war between two highly capitalized organizations to gain supremacy. It seemed that originally both the North Star Company and the Kam City Company were applicants for the cutting rights on the Nanashijon and because a pledge had been made by the government during an election campaign that not one pole might be cut and carried away from the limits unless it were manufactured into paper in Kam City, both companies to prove their good faith, had purchased in Kam City and had started the building of their mills before their applications were in. The North Star Company was finally awarded the rights to the limits on an explicit agreement that they were to have their mill in full operation the following October. There was an additional stipulation that in order to renew their yearly rights on October the twenty-third they must commence the installation of their machinery by June the first. This latter clause, it was said, was added because of the North Star's reputation for trickery, the government being determined that whoever cut the poles on the Naonabijon must be making paper from them on the specified date October the twenty-third.

The North Star had immediately commenced cutting operations on the limits. The construction of their mill too was rushed but June rolled around without their having received any machinery to install in it. On the other hand the Kam City Company who had gone on with their mill just the same as if they held the contract, were getting their machinery on the ground and had actually commenced the installation of some of it. The Kam City Company immediately made a second application for the cutting rights on the limits, claiming that the North Star Company had forfeited theirs through non-performance of contract. Then there ensued a battle royal in the courts and before the Ontario legislature.

There were wrahs of lobbying, during which Slack, the president of the North Star, and a bevy of lawyers representing that company endeavored to hold the cutting rights and gain an extension of time till the North Star Company completed their mill, making the claim which may or may not have been true that they could not secure delivery of the paper-making machinery in order on account of the steel famine which then existed. But the provincial government obstinately stood out for the terms of the agreement. Slack was seeking to bring higher political pressure to bear from Ottawa when the Kam City Company's application was granted, their cutting rights to obtain from the date the North Star's expired October the twenty-third, conditional that their mill should be in full operation on that date. In order that they might have wood to grind an additional flat was issued constraining the North Star to make delivery of their cut on the limits to the mill of the Kam City Company at a price to be fixed by a commission in sufficient time for the latter to commence operations, and in sufficient quantities to keep the said mills running during the subsequent winter months. On the twenty-third, the North Star were to surrender the limits to the Kam City organization.



His gaze fell upon the gloomy spectre-like figure of Orrina Beck, the Maskinonge Man, the scars on his cheeks beaten gleamed in fresh and horrid sanitet livid.

Then a strange thing happened. The North Star Company suddenly changed its tactics, bowed to the decree of the government and withdrew all their suits in the courts of law. Immediately, however, a number of members, who were known to be under the thumb of the North Star, brought down a rider to be inserted in the agreement with the Kam City Company to the effect that if the latter company, from any cause whatsoever, failed to have their mill in full operation by October the twenty third, with every prospect of continuous operation from then on, their rights should be cancelled and the same rights revert to the original holders, the North Star Company, the latter in such a case to get an extension of time for the installation of their machinery at their mill.

The Kam City Company's lawyers made a brilliant battle for relief from this rider, which, they pointed out, would nullify their hard-won rights in case of unforeseen exigencies or accident. The North Star representatives pointed out that the North Star Company had had their rights cancelled on this very basis and what had been considered fair treatment for one company should be fair for the other. The government tired of haggling and secretly fearing to further antagonize the powerful North Star Company, made the rider law which the Kam City Company must agree to live up to.

Then was brought about the curious situation wherein the North Star Company, with a mill of their own practically completed except for the installation of machinery, were forced to cut and deliver wood from the Nanashijon for their rival. On the other hand the Kam City Company had also to accept this system for the time being whether they liked it or not. It was obvious that they did so because they could not help themselves, they had to have millions of poles ready for immediate delivery at their city docks in time to live up to their agreement and the North Star Company owned all the available tugs and machinery so necessary to rush the poles to the mill site.

For once it was believed that a coup had been put over on the wily North Star Company, but they took their medicine without murmur and not only went on with the cutting and booming of poles at the limits as before, but rushed the completion of their huge pulp mill building. People was dared what they hoped to do with it, because the Nanashijon limits now cleared by the Kam City Company would give the latter the fall advantage in paper-making competition, not only because they were by far the largest limits in the North, but because they were drained by the mighty Nanashijon River and its tributaries, simplifying the matter of transporting the poles to the lake-front, from far inland. It was true that three other limits on the North Shore were controlled by companies believed to be subsidiaries of the North Star, but they were infinitely small compared with the Naonabijon forests.

At any rate, the two big pulp and paper mills were on their way. Kam City was getting the benefit of construction work that would total somewhere in the neighborhood of six or seven million dollars, and the public as usual was mostly concerned with the wealth immediately in sight.

* * * * * *

HAMMOND incidentally gathered from what he heard here and there that Hon J J Slack M P., president of the North Star Company, was a big man in Kam City, but he also discovered a general impression abroad that he was really a figure-head—that his every move in the commercial world was dictated by a power behind, mysterious as it was ingenious and powerful. Even the policies which he espoused in the House of Commons were attributed to master minds somewhere both of the nexus. None had ever been able to put their finger on the source of his inspiration, but wiseacre socialist leaders maintained it was that much-abused, vague quantity known as 'big interests,' and the rank were contented to accept it as a good enough theory.

Hon. J. J. Slack, M. P., who held a place in the cabinet at Ottawa without portfolio, it seemed was a tricky politician of half-fellow well-met and nothing more. Before his election to the Commons he was a struggling barrister whose battle for a mere existence was a case of Greek meet Greek afterwards, he suddenly blossomed forth as president of the North Star Towing and Contracting Company, which those on the inside claimed was the parent of some twenty-seven flourishing subsidiary enterprises, including a fleet of grain carrying freighters on the upper lakes, a grain storage trust operating elevators half way across the continent a fur trading company (that had gradually dominated the adjacent

districts to the exclusion of all rivals and a string of powerful newspapers in various cities and towns all the way from the head of the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast.

THE North Star Towing and Contracting Company and its leading subsidiaries had at one time and another been accused of the boldest commercial practices, gigantic briberies and glaring steals. If there was a big rampage "barred" in evidence during an election it was usually set down as North Star money—and always. It seemed the man the North Star backed had the most votes when the ballots counting was over. But never did the North Star Company or its satellites appear in the courts of law as defendants or face a commission of inquiry. There were settlements of a quiet nature—if there had to be.

They wielded a long arm of retribution when their self-appropriated privileges were interfered with—wielded it with such cunning and far-reaching effect that even powerful rival corporations and high government officials learned, not without cost to themselves at times, it was the better part of wisdom not to stand in their way.

Whose money financed this sinister business only the company's bankers knew, and they kept that knowledge to themselves. The business seemed in some mysterious manner to run itself—so successfully that it reached out and dominated what it pleased, with an uncanny penchant for stamping out rivals and smashing all opposition in its path. Its progress and expansion had a certainty and a swiftness of a thing on the tables of Destiny. Its sub-managers were all reputed to be clever rogues deliberately chosen because past performances had given proof that a working conscience was the least of their moral burdens. Strange to say, none of them had ever been known to double-cross the North Star subsidiary for which they worked. Perhaps this in a sense was due to a knowledge that elsewhere else could they secure positions as lucrative or power of a kind such as they wielded under Slack. But most likely there was a deeper reason, a sense of an unseen guiding mind whom none could name but all felt—a power in the background that could make and unmake, could create and destroy at its pleasure.

Slack's sudden ascension to command of all the varied industries dominated by the North Star interests was at first lightly taken. Merely a lightning president appointed for political strategy, everyone said. All of which did not in the least disturb the Hon. J. J. Slark. He went smilingly on his way, accumulating millions, quite contented to be underrated in the matter of personal ability. The executives of the North Star and its subsidiaries soon learned in a quiet but effective manner that Slack's word was law; that, wherever his counsels might come from he won at all times clothed with absolute executive authority.

THE thing that puzzled the gossiping public was why the North Star Company had been so willing to cut and deliver the poles from the Nannabijou Limits for their hated rivals, the Kam City Pulp and Paper Mills. With an almost exclusive monopoly on towing and loading equipment they could have been almost certain of tying up delivery to the Kam City Company for an indefinite period by simply ceasing operations on the Nannabijou Limits until long-drawn out action in the courts forced them to abide by what was in a legal sense unprecedented action on the part of the government. Instead the North Star carried on their cutting and booming as before. By many this was looked on as portentous. The North Star's quiet submission was too obvious to be natural and without deeper designs, on was also the fact that though they had not even yet received their machinery they were going on with the completion of their pulp and paper mill building. But more ominous than any other feature was the editorial silence of the North Star newspapers on this particular question. From the day that the North Star changed its tactics before the government—the newspapers currently believed to be under the control of the North Star never again so much as mentioned the matter of the cutting rights on the Nannabijou Limits.

Goose-bone prophets foresaw the utter elimination of the North Star coming. It was a situation analogous to that of a great general ordering his heaviest guns to cease firing and retire at a time when petty strategists conceive that victory could be gained only by continued attack.

Hammond saw plainly enough now that through his deal on the train with Nurmier Gildersleeve, he had tumbled in a small way into the vortex of big things, and he had a notion that for the next few weeks at least he was not going to suffer from monotony. Gildersleeve must be in some manner financially interested—but no one with whom Hammond came in contact could throw any light on that phase of the situation. A man named Dull of Toronto they said was president of the Kam City Pulp and Paper Mills backed by international capital in which American financial interests held control. A man named Norman T. Gildersleeve had at one time been a big factor in the North but he had long since been driven out of business in Canada by the



"Then I see a long, skinny-lookin Indian slippin through the brush, close to my hide after you."

irrepressible North Star. No it couldn't be he—he had surely had enough of "hocking" the North Star.

Hammond was bound to find out Gildersleeve's connection with the affair if he could do so without arousing suspicion as to his interest in the matter. He hoped Slack would drop some hint of Gildersleeve's identity when he saw him.

But Slack did no such thing. Hammond was among the first to interview the politician on his return from Ottawa.

Hon. J. J. Slack, M. P., was a big man, physically handsome in a plump, masterful way; urbane and pleasing of address—almost oily. His face registered acute surprise on he sat across the desk from Hammond in his private office reading Gildersleeve's brief letter of introduction. He actually seemed to be trying to conceal great perturbation, but he made no comment, and to Hammond's patently thrown out feelers for information regarding Gildersleeve he made guarded, unsatisfying replies. All of which is second-nature with a crooked politician.

He did not call a stenographer, but scrawled out something on a letterhead and sealed it in an official envelope. Then he wrote a couple of words across the face of a card he took from a drawer of his desk and handed both to his visitor.

"I am delighted to comply with Mr. Gildersleeve's request," he observed. "In the envelope is a letter of introduction to Mr. A. C. Smith, superintendent for the North Star Company at the Nannabijou Limits, Mr. Hammond. The card is a pass which will take care of your transportation out on any of the tugs leaving our local docks this afternoon."

He was pleasant and smiling about it, but his abrupt rising from his seat intimated that the interview was at an end. Hammond thanked him for his courtesy and hurried to the dock.

* * * * *

LATER that same afternoon a messenger boy entered Hon. J. J. Slack's private office and delivered to him a sealed yellow envelope. It contained a marconigram in code, which after some moments of patient study, Slack deciphered as follows:—

> Re prepared sensational news. Authorize papers print verbatim all despatches signed Musson. Keep street lookout and wire exploit details regarding all strangers making to get to limits. (Sgd.) "J. C. X."

Slack's fat hands trembled. His face became red and white by turns like that of one who has been discovered in a grievous blunder. He jabbed excitedly at a push-button on the side of his desk.

A lean bespectacled man, with a jackal face, responded from the outer office. "You wanted me, Mr. Slack?"

"Yes, Jackson, send a man to the docks right away!" cried Slack. "Tell him to look up a fellow named Hammond who has a pass out on the tug and bring him back here to me. Tell him to tell Hammond there's been an overnight and I want to see him right away."

The lean-faced man craned his neck at the south window of the office. "The tug's gone, Mr. Slack!" he announced. "She's a mile out in the lake now."

Whereat Jackson discreetly withdrew while the Hon. J. J. Slack, M. P. made the air sing with dark, unparliamentary curses.

CHAPTER IV

"A Stole of the Woods—A Man Without A Tear!"

WHEN Acey Smith returned to his office after taking Hammond to his sleeping quarters the night the letter arrived at the Nannabijou limits—he sat long by his desk in strange cogitation, his eyes narrowed to breeding slits, his mouth drawn over his even white teeth until it became a long, cruel hairline in a face that no longer masked its ruthless craftiness. Acey Smith believed the faculties became most acute after midnight. Most of the problems that arose in the province of his activities were solved in the dead hours of the night. And when a light burned late in Acey Smith's office—well, there were sometimes orders to execute that proved an unlovely surprise for one or more persons of consequence on the morrow.

Of all the executives of the North Star Towing and Contracting Company and its subsidiaries, Acey Smith was the deepest enigma, a man who lived for the most part to himself, kept no counsel with his fellows. Of his antecedents there was little known. He had risen from obscurity to the post of superintendent for the North Star Company, in fact had been its chief organizer—its executive since its inception as a one-tug-and-barge salvaging and towing concern. He had seen it rise to a position dominating the marine business of the Upper Lakes and spread out commercial branches into the lumber limits of her territories, urban manufacturing and even the grain belts of the prairie west. The North Star became the mightiest commercial octopus of the North and the Northwest but Acey Smith never moved beyond the post of superintendent for the parent company and general over-man of the subsidiaries.

Why this was not even his brother executives of the North Star enterprises could understand. That he

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AS YOU WERE

By GERALD MYGATT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE Society of Historians will never send for Jimmy Blair. For one thing they probably don't know three rather essential things about him—his address, his name or the fact that he exists. For another thing, history isn't written that way. If it were—but why this effort to torture the redeemer?

One can picture the president of the society thoughtfully stroking his beard a gray beard, smartly trimmed after the latest mode.

"Blair?" he is saying. "I am rather certain our current records contain no mention of a James Blair. Of course if his career is of any intrinsic importance we shall have it investigated in due course. But tell me, simply as a matter of—er—personal interest, what has this Mr. Blair done to warrant this inclusion in the annals of our national life? Is it perhaps that he is—er—typical of a large class of citizenry who possibly—er—?"

When Jimmy Blair got out of the army, which was in the early spring of 1919, he spent one memorable day and one still more memorable evening in Montreal. Then dutifully and somewhat giddily, he boarded a morning train and started home for Carpenterville. Carpenterville is five hours west of Montreal, with a gradual change of mental outlook with every sliding mile of the way. This change is accomplished automatically under the direction, presumably, of a merciful providence. It is the thing which keeps one from going stark crazy at the end of the trip, travelling in either direction.

Staring out of the window as the long blue reaches of the river, or the quiet green of fruitful farm lands drifted past his eyes, Jimmy Blair found himself a trifle confused, even ashamed. He wanted to go home; that is he had wanted to go home. He wanted to see his mother and father and Joe Hollis and the Dansons and all the rest. But gosh—and Jimmy hated to admit it even to himself—how he actually wished he could stay right on in the big town! It had taken all his will power to keep him from hanging over for at least another day.

JIMMY grimaced and turned doggedly to the pages of a futile magazine. He knew exactly what had happened to him. He could even have put it into words.

In words he had seen Virginia Weston again for the first time in fifteen months and Virginia as he admitted the fact to himself, had walloped him cold. Jimmy smiled weakly. Virginia had done more than that. She had pasted him straight between the eyes, had sent him to the ropes, hog-tied him, put the Indian sign on him, sewed him up, knocked him for a goal. In other words—Jimmy as night vaguely and vainly for the true English of it—Virginia, who lived in one of those magnificent homes on the hill, the value of which ran five figures to the left of the good old decimal point, Virginia could have looked upon him leisurely, and using all the Latin she knew, could have echoed with no small truth Julius Cæsar's laconic crack, "Veni vidi vici." Except that in this particular case Jimmy had come, Jimmy had seen—and Virginia had conquered.

That was what troubled Jimmy. He knew it was she who had done the conquering. The only other thing he knew was that he had at least laid down an effective barrage. But just how he was going to be able to take his objective—that caused him to scowl and to lay his futile magazine aside. Yes, he should have stayed on for another day. Of that much he was sure.

"Steady!" he cautioned himself. Why, he was actually on his way home—actually living the day he'd been dreaming about for nearly two whole years!

He sat back in a sort of guilty daze and settled himself down for the final hour's run. Hmm! Everything looked just about the same.

YET as Jimmy swung off the train at the dingy old station where long ago he had climbed the forbidden freight car of boyhood romance, he was conscious of a queer lump that had risen into his throat. Then, before he could look around, he was engulfed by a wave of turbulent humanity and all at once he was being kissed and thumped and slapped upon the back and held off at arm's length and kissed again, while a machine gun fire of questions was rehounding from his ear drums. "You old scout, you!" he heard. And then his mother was looking up into his eyes.

"Hello, mother!" he said, and hugged her tight. "Dash, it's good to be back!"

"You're going to stay back now, aren't you, Jimmy? You won't go away again, will you, dear—ever in your life?"

"Same old goose," said Jimmy Blair and kissed his mother again. Then "Why, Mary Denison!" he called over his mother's shoulder, "I thought you'd be all grown up. Well I'll be darned. You look just about sixteen."



If you took Virginia to tea it cost you a couple of dollars. That was easy. But if you took her to dinner, which you wanted to do once in a while, it cost you fifteen dollars before you got through with the taxis and tips.

When they grow up' Jimmy mither laughed they orh off their hrir rnd snip off thr ir skirts and then they have to grow up all over ngain Lot of changes since you been rway Jim

But Jimmy wasn t listening. He had caught Mary Donison s hand rnd pulled her to him herr lashion rrd kissed her And then he was pairing her paternally on the brck

You look great Mary he said Gee it's good to see everybody again

IT NEVER occurred to Jimmy thr t the paternal pr t and the remind "everybody had completrly nnutterkised the lass - and everything else How could Jimmy ha expected to know that the whnthrr or nat of this particular meeting nl lhe had been the subject rl much speculation and some shame with little Mary Dnnson for m ma twenty three months past? How could Jimmy knaw that Mnry n brown velvet eyes hrd been asking him rn eonsedingly simple question during thr flash nl time when nhr was raising her face to his and hrw could hr know that in that rnn flash they had received their answer?

Mrry Dunison didn t know Virginia Westyn's name or whether Virginia was blandr or brunette or tall or chort or French rr English rr whrt not but Mary did knrw instantly thnt there was a Virginia and that rhe was a person to ha hated

Got your trunk chech Jim?" hs lrther was asking. Presently the Blrins rnd thr Dnisons and Jn Hollis rnd the rest were milling around and chrttering as they squeezed their prize up the rnaple-shaded street. Somehow it seemed to Jimmy as il it had all happened before Funny nsnsatirn, hr rrflected

Somenody was tugging at Jimmy's sleeve—a reporter from the Carpentervdin *Era*

"Just a rnn rte Captain Blair," he was sputtering Jimmy remembered afterward that he must have answered a lrt nl questions.

By supper time, however things had rathrr cirhes thrmselves dowe Except for the lrct that he was rtill in uniform Jimmy was puzzled by the leeling that he had never been away from Carpentervilln at all. Re had ns untered second all afternarrn rhrking hands with every rther person he mrt hr hrd visited his lathelr' store hr had been rut to the golf crurse The plrce was exactly as hr hrd rxpected it to be that was the trouble. He felt let down

HE WONDERED pontedly, what Virginie would think of it—the somewhrt ehoddy rtreets rl gray lranrls with which here and here a slightly more pretentious hrose of brnk but all architecturrl first consideng, the two-storied business district with its tobacco bespattered sidewrlks the golf course itself only nine holes and very seedy the one white marble building thn brnk, at the nrrorr el Park and Mrin thr twr mrvir hruses thar rmelled of pernuts, thn blank sost of the lrnight yarrds hanging over everything like a pall.

Jimmy pressed his lipe together and chunk hr head He was going to krrak it to his mother that he was going back to thr city—gorrg back just as soon as he decerrtly could. Alter nupper that evening he rrfirted that wm when hie lather would light up a cigar and sit back and mk him about his plans That would be the time.

Yet during the meal itrell Jimmy could lnot himself weakening His rrather simply lnanred. She had prepared grapefruit— and the lnnrrts lngne that Jimmy loved nr wrll and there was a juicy steak with brked potatoes and pens and cuuliflower and a salad—and thrr lemon meringur pie Mrs Blair was gaing threngh the ceromany al nutting this delight whnn there came a knock at thr door and Jne Hollar stormed in with little Mrry Donnson on his arm, rll wrapped in a soit, brown olin cloak that rntched her brir rnd eyes.

Can t lerve you alone you see, Joe proclaimed "Mary said we ought to lay rff you, but I dragged her along rest thr asme '

Thn gal lrnghed

"That how wr women lool yrn Jm As long as Jimmy wouldn t come to see nn why I hrd to comn to see him—thet's all That in thn wry girls rre now-drys so they tell us—very lorward Shr lrt her brown eyes rest lrr an lmperceptiblr second an Jimmy e lace But Jimmy Blair was laughing without carcern and his eyes were not on hers.

"Don t be a goose, Mary he said "Since whan have we got so formal and everything"

"You two sit down Mrs Blair was insisting and try a bete of this pie. It's the first t ve made in a lan a time—your favorite, Jim Then we'll all g le sut le the parlor hnd sit around and have a good old talk. I'm just going to let the dishes go to-night—so Jim can have all the evening to tell us all about the war"

"Nothing doing' Jimmy protested "I m tied up with the war Mothrr and I'll bet you all are ten '

Now Jimmy only half believed this but he was to find out, beginning this very evening, that he had spoken n profanand and wholesome truth for after the last trunnk rl pur hrd disappeared and they were serting trunnk rl pur hrd disappeared and they were serting thrmselves comfortably in the rll last rnd living room rockers Jimmy's lathny lnchirr, low-ngur asked nat abant whrt Jimmr, rnd some half-n-nelf n abut nrrn had dunn but about what Jimmy spen Finally was going to do.

Alter you get thrm trunk pas to nll In olden man said with a grin and mind you sir I respect rin as much as the next lellow which is until rl I what are you going to set nut to en thnn' Oh! p h r s rm thing r ew"

Oh you men!" hrr lan in Jimmy s rr ather Why talk about jrbs when Jim has nr much is to ll is?"

Jnhe said her husband slowly peelh g the bread lrom his rigar "John Mather, rre sometimes quite important. Pd say that he was nr of the times. Anyhow I d like to know Dre any figures Sam?

Why yes, rnd Jimmy shrt r glance at his mother "You see Dr d my major a dandy lhng named Heshall—kel r a prrtner in a big brokerage house down in the city and hr rrrt of thr nght—"

"City? ashed Mrs. Blair Whrt nity"

"Hr means Montreal Mather thr big r lather ex plained

Oh Jhmmy! Way off in Montreal!"

I'm afraid m Mather But y an see the chrnces drwn there are wnnderful—particularly with the socirl rorl nections I hrd thr lunk to establish overseas It's the chance of a lirtime really"

But you were doing rr well here Jim "

Not very well Mather—m doing goes Twelve hundred a yerr is just a scratch compared to what I nrn makr down there. Besides—"

"TWELVE hundred a year is a mighty comfortable mcome ' his mother protested What with this hame and everything " Shn turned impatiently to young Hollis. Can t you dr anything with him, Joe?"

Joe Hollis laughed

It s a disease ' he tated " Thry'vr all grt it. '

What do yru mean? Jimmy demanded There was just an edge to his tone. Joe Hollis had waited for the draft and hrd not been called

All yru gnys Joe explained "You've gone and got yourselves big ideas Hall thr mrn that have come hnh are living for well, I'm—well, thr nding rnergy"

Jimmy emiled wrnly. "I could use a soft job ' hr said "and I could ner remr big money too '

Yes, m ld Hollis hellgerently, and there are half a million rther birds just like yrn Every man who ever commended a platoon or a battalion or whrtever the word is has a sneaking hunrh that he ought to spend the rest of his lir in front of a shiny mahogany desk with plush carpets on the floor and a whole rew of push buttons to summon mennlr in with The tan t personal Jim—but it's a lnst that everybody has noticed and talked about. And mnrey! I'll say you fellows are in pikers

Jimrey Blair leveled his gaze at thr ther

Haven t your own earnings gone up nrnsidrrably in the last three or four years? Haven't yru gnt a few big ideas yourself? You've grt r rar now Haw about that?

Hellr serrtched his head

Saundr like an rrgument he mid and an argument isn t what I m rlter Still I suppose you're pardy right Jim But you see we've rctually been doing the work turning all our spars cash over to thr government and carrying bigger loads than I knew a man could rarry Isn't that rr, Mr. Blair?

Writ yes said Jimmy's father I guess that s so. '

BUT suddenly Jimmy felt annryed What did all these perplin knr w about his rffairs? How could Jm Hollis or his lather or his mother or anybody hope to understand why he absolutely had to be in Montreal why he absolutely had to make a lot r money and make it quickly? They simply couldn't thrt was all. Nn wonder he nreded to get nut of this dump and get lr eated in a place where girls like Virginie and jrbs big jobs actually grew Hr compressed his jrws and managed to rmile.

How about giving us something on the piana Mary? her rngrested.

But his mr ther was rtudying him

Seems sort rl lunny Jim" she observed the way you take up lor Montreal And yrn rprnt a whole dry and a night there too when you could have come up an yesterday s train

Mr Blair husbandlike, was now sexed with a navel idea

What's her name Jim?' he teased Blonde or brunette"

Everybody roared lr there had been tension So nobody but Joe Hollis noticed that little Mary Donison who had never said a word since supper straightened up ever so slightly an the piano stool and then—after a second laughed loudest of all

For only yesterday Mary, very pnik, had told Joe as nicely as she rould that she liked him a lot but that she could never never think of marrying him and that he must t mk hr any rnore, and Joe thought he knew the reasn why rnd the reason worried him. But now seeing Mary laugh and watching that tnss rl her hr bhad hr wn curls Joe Hrllis felt munh better indred Jm was only a man

TIF very day Jimmy Blair reached the City he railed up Virginia Westyn only to find that she was all tied nr with rrangements but the second dry he enjttued two lunes of lnr time and put her in a taxi and trk hnr to the Ritz for tea and they danced And Jimmy whose mind worked in straight lines mare than in circles told Virginir that hir heart or something inside of his rhest was dancing much hrtter than his feet They were lneing each other rrt that moment across a tiny table lor two.

Virginia knew just what to din She turned her corn flower eyes full mtr Jimmy's then dropped them for a second then rnsed them and laughed as they my in barks l ghtly

There was only one word that really described Virginia and it was only reasonable thrt Virginia herself should know exartly what it was The word was gorgerous Aside from her eyes she was possessed of waving goldfish lrwn rnlored hair which being bnbbed fluffed out gorgeously re a lrame lor the gorgeousness of her face. And what did it matter who made the hair wave, so long as it looked that way? Or whrt did it matter how much time she rpent over her rempleyion—as long as that was gorgeous too—ar over her simple little lrock which at that moment was the envy and despair of hrll the girls in the rrrm?

That's a good line Jimmy "rtated Virginia using the slow, soft drawl which had been as expensively acquired at a rnhral in England. "You must have been training with thr French'

I suppose you don't think I mean it?" the boy challenged.

If you didn't mean it, Jimmy dear, I'd probably never rpark to you again She stretched lorth a perfect hrad and hrushed nor rl hs m t lay on the table. "You ll always mean it, wr n t you, Jimmy, old thing?'.

You bet I will," said Jimmy

New Virginir leaned back into her soft furs rnd hall closed her eyes.

DO YOU know" rhe began speculatively, "you look just rdrrable in those civilian clothes. I was so afraid you wouldn t because you were so wonderful in a uniform But you're perfect I'll bet you got that suit at Root's. I jurt adore Rrrtr nlothes rn mrrn. They're rrr English and sporty and distinguished.' Virginia seemed tarigh

Now it was so that Jimmy had bought that particular suit of clothes at Kert's. He had been keeping his ears open during the last twr years, and the Rnstr tradition was one of the mrny-many things he had pernagnt tr absorb True, the suit hrd nnt him a hnadred and twenty dollars but now hn knew it was worth it

Who just said something about bending out a line? he was retorting "Funny thing, though," and rrn Jimmy was trying to chenge the subject, "I lost half an-bresed in these loose things. Particularly my legs! After night breeches and boots they lee! positively nrked

If that r how trousers feel, said Virginia blandly you aught to have tried nothing but skirts rlter humming around in r Motor Corps uniarm Honestly I was afraid to move ' She began to laugh and so did Jimmy but it came to him swiftly that in this particular laugh he was being bit out

What s the joke?" he inquired.

Dr n t you wish you knew" she mrnsed and giggled some more.

That isn't very polite said Jimmy

I don t hr ve to be polite Virginia Westyn told him Then she rmiled disarmingly And Jimmy knew that as lar as hs was concerned she had rrtired n cold lact.

As long as it wasn't something about rnother mrn? he lurhed lrmely

Jimmy said the gorgeous girl appositr lnm, 'can't you get it into your head that it's always another man?"

And always will br I suppose" he added trying to smile

I d like to know why not Jimmy Blair Honestly you're thr seriousest young person I've ever met in all my hlr!"

Jimmy leaned lorward

I am about you—Virginia—very serious '

It doesn t pay she said flippantly

Yes, but some day he persisted "some day it s going to pay '

VIRGINIA WESTYN who lived in a palatial home and whose simple lrock had cost three times the price of Jimmy a less simple suit of clothes let her eyes rest ankrly upon his

Jimmy Blair she mid the night before you went an bosed just before you went overseas, do you remember what I told you" I think I warned you that I was an expensive luxury And I told you I was awfully fickle I

Continued on page 38

Merchantmen on the Seven Seas

"A Bit of Canada Beating South"

The First of a Series of Four Sketches of Canada's Merchant Marine

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

THE fog rolls in damp, grey, thickening with each passing minute. The siren blares into the mask. Even though suspected it makes one jump The sea swishes against the sides recoils into circling foam and disappears

The Old Man is peppery "Drnm this!" he mutters savagely He paces the bridge incessantly with his Watch Officer rt thr telegraph

The hosun passing alt, stinks his head in at my door. The mr ntsee runs from his glistening sou'wester and drips from his red moustache. He tries disgusted.

"Cheer up, Bosun! it can't last forever!"

Had speech! A crawl it seems! It is now impossible to mrke out the sea alongside A bit chilly, too although the month is August. A dull morning altogether

The afternoon brings with it a salt breeze that sweeps away the fog in shreds. What a difference! In place of thrt deadening grey wall an expanse of ship-dotted ocean lrrping in the lull runlight. There still is a haze on the horizon—but astern, not ahead Faces smile Whistling sounds along the deck Our two kittens spar and tumble on the bunker hatch.

Nlnr hests and a fraction The ship settles down to it again. The engines throb, smoothly powerfully

The chief engineer is standing amidship He has just nomr lrom the engine room lor he wipes the grease lrom his palms with a bit of waste m lor breather the clear air. His nose wrinkles suggestively. "Good weather ahmd boys," he predicts. Good old sport, the Chief He crosses the deck and passes to light a cigarette

"Ever been to Australia or New Zealand?' hs m ks.

I m ofess Inexperience. He is expansive

"No more have I' he tells see,'—and been at sea for nigh twenty years, at that. All over the Near East Middle East Far East Reads the Bosphorus the Mediterranean almost any place you could name excepting Australasia and the South Seas Great countries I hear"

Hr settles in the bench and sookes.

At dusk, after a splendid sunset, a lorm sidles up. A diffident voice,

"Purser ! Purser ?"

I look up. It s a French-Canadian deck boy. His first voyage. He is addicted to dime novels and cigarettes.

"Well, Major ?"

"Purser you know dat dam' black feller what work down in da cellar ?"

Thir requires thought. Oh, yes! The Cingalese donkeyman in the engine room

Das right, sirl Well, what I ash you will da Crplain make sayt'ing me if I hit dat black feller? Sha al' time call me Jo'nny Crappo!"

"Mustn't fight, Major er, that is the coal hunkers are well out el sight, and "

"A'right sirl I understan' Purser! T'ank you "

Hn goes off, happy to wayfry the blnnk lellus in the bunkers.

Bound Ior Gathaca

IT IS now dark. The ocean has not yet appeared. Thr single coast aways in small circles against the stars. The night is perfect Astern Montreal and the Grand Banks. Ahrad, New York, Panama, New Zealand, Australia Tasmania and the South Seas and the 8,000 ton freight carrier of the Canadian Government Merchant Marina taking Canada a nanas and products to the far parts al the Empire.

The swaying are of sky the gentle swell of old ocean, long thoughts of our country's golden past and radiant future— Onward Canadians! What a night!

Shouting firemen at the ash hoist Tha scrape of the steel bins across the deck A cloud of dust and myself choking sputtering, gasping the Chief's voice bellowing at his men !

You——! ——! Don't you know wind'ard from loo'ard yet!"

He turns to where I stand shaking my powdered clothes and digging ashes and small cinders from the nooks in my nr untrance

This is too bad Mr Rofan really! They sould n t have seen you there in the gloom "

But his eyes hold a wee twinkle nevertheless. Well, I was about to turn in anyway!



"The Bit of Canada"—The Canadian Pioneer

Unfamiliar New York

NEW YORK but before we reach it a magnificent sea picture comes before us the S.S Olympic racing up rn the quarter her decks crowded with wrving passengers and the tall hull tinged with the pink of late afternoon a splendid exhibition of speed, power and beauty; knifing ahead a huge black bulk against the setting sun

Later the lights of Coney Island dancing across the dark waters. Half speed again The pilot is coming and m we hring over the rail from the Ca castle head watching him climb aboard three great porpoises, vivid green in the light of the gangway master dart this torpedoes along their high sides.

Slowly we steam up the Ambrose Channel to rur rnnhorage off Staten Island The boats rnd Chipe see on the Ca castle head The lights al the city Black, swirling water A cry from the bridge! A sullen roar, powdered rust the rmell of hot steel and the splash of the hook New York!

Early next morning word lor all hands is passed along the decks. Queer toilets emerge, particularly from the firemen a hrrnale where live an Egyptir n a Hindn an Arabian and r Cingalese. They dot the deck with spots of color. The Health Officer and the Customs are aboard as we lail in, in single file, lor examination and passports. The Health Officer—a brisk little man with a valiant moustache, a diminutive cap rnd dressed in the uniform of the United States Army calls all the names of the ship s company. Each man gets swift scrutiny but it all seems perfunctory All correct? All correct! He departs with surprising speed.

Up hook again. The propeller turns lazily with lussy tugs all about. Like a portly tourist in charge of an eight-hr cicerones we steam up river to the great oil docks at Bayonne there to load case oil lor Australasia.

In the slip beside us is a tanker lrom Shanghai A few checks rway winches clatter on the deck of a Brazilian At the end of the pier a Norwegian, spnik with new paint, is working cargo, her lascars lifting ceaselessly. Making downstream is a dingy Lmir" tramp ship laden to the Plimsoll rust flaking from her unprinted sides The old eed rnsign flutters from her staff, a rpot of brightness in the lresh breeze Sea-birds wheel and nry in thn brilliant morning and dip into the river lor fragments of food The smell of the sea quickens my dirke vitar. A splendid new ship of the United States Shipping Board, manned by a skeleton crew, lr steaming up river Shortly she is followed by r eores of her sisters all bound for that dreadest port of a deep-sea ship the honeyyard!

Loading begins to-morrow The red flag whips at the yard-end.

Queer Neighbors

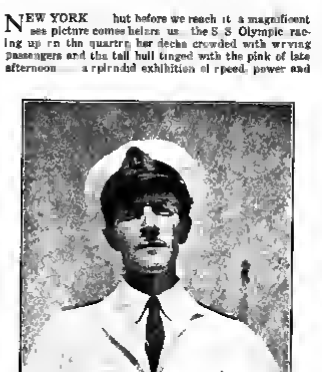
OUR neighbor is a queer fish The Chinese. I mean. Bright streamers fluttered from her ports soon after we had docked They continued to wave at intervals. Now lrom her lr'castle, come strange cries and much papping of crackers Josscream drifts to us from across the rlip. More cries A hirecughing chant. The rattle rl thin rtinks A peculiar, clamor breath of the Orient, a bit sickly perhaps but interesting Fire-crackers again, until lar into the night

"Must be a holiday," I remark to the mate.

No, not that They're driving out the effluvia of us loreign devils alrrgside Then, an an after thought—' Nasty let of dog's hellies!' he adds pleasnly The mate hates "niggers, greasers and chinks' as he carelessly duhe them—more as a matter of lath than because of anything they have dnne to him It is a trait common with seafarers And he is past master al profanity wherewith to express his dislike

A month el New York, shifting from wharf to wharf Now we are laden and coaled Our last night m hnre. A last visit to the "Follies" of nne nort eod another. We are to proceed to sea at six o'clock to-morrow morning nor are we sorry There is a long stretch before us and all hands seem impatient to be gone.

At sea once more The crew was roused out at five-thirty o'clock The run which preceded the sunrise has disappeared In its stead comes a stiff breeze, straight from the ocean. It sets the rippling waters to spouting with the sun There is a tang in the air that puts one's lungs to work. The boilers are blowing off in a cloud of white steam, as though they too feel the exhilarating of



NORMAN REILLY RAINE
The author of these articles.

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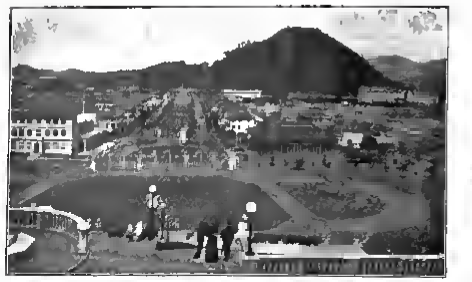
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Bolboa in holiday attire is a scene of beauty

the day The sky is a light clear blue The wind is pulling the clouds to shreds

The mate is forward with the men of his watch Chips is standing by The seamen hang over the rail after a tug has taken us in charge They view passing shipping with critical and appraising eyes.

What variety of craft! Deep-water ships and their more timid sisters the coasters Slender-sparred sailing craft of which unfortunately none too many survive Dusty old colliers from Newport News Destroyers making upstream—and here with the sun on her gleaming brass and spotless paintwork, the liner "City of Cawnpore" swinging at her anchorage off Quarantine A few coolies at work about her decks call forth visions of the swarming sweltering multitudes of the Middle East —blazing colors—white sunlight—tiger-haunted jungle —weedy hills and lonely outposts of the Frontier—and the mud and squalor of the bathing ghats on the yellow Ganges.

The breeze is freshening. Looking astern the perforated stiffs that are New York seem almost ethereal. The city wakes to the morning with a million flashing eyes.

A tall ship from the colorful ports of the Mediterranean surges past Quarantine to greet the Statue It is a day of golden hope for the crowded decks So far a morning and an time's view! What soul could be downcast?

Steadily the shores glide by green banks that are turning brown and russet under the sinking sun white ribbons of highways the flutter of signal station pennants waving groups on the decks of Sound steamers

A glow of red and yellow at the stern of a barkentine proclaims that Spain is on the high seas A seaman sits on the fo'castle head taking his breakfast from a bright blue mug While the teeth gleam as he turns to view us. Gold rings flegle from his ears A scarlet head cloth binds his dark hair A friendly wave of the thin leg clutched in one brown hand A wanderer from the light-soaked crags of the Pyreness, perhaps or the olive-clad slopes of the Montes de Toledo, lies sleeping under the sun since the bloody days of the Peninsular wars yet might he have learned his courtliness in the cobbled alleys of Valentia or old Madrid!

Beating South

WHAT matter? Onward we go! The swing of the open sea A halt to drop the pilot His farewell wave and "Pleasant voyage!" coming faint over the water Chips on the fo'castle head noisily adjusting stopper tackle to the anchor chains A shower of spray as our adventurer buries her nose in the blue of a Western Ocean comber A little bit of Canada beating for the South!

A ton of over forty days ahead The ship is deep in the water Forward and after well decks are heaped with coal to the level of the waist We have seventeen hundred ton aboard to carry us to New Zealand In addition there are bunker hatches about fifteen hundred ton of general Canadian merchandise and one hundred and thirty-five thousand cases of oil benzine motor and aviation spirit The lofty deck carries hundreds of drums of calcium carbide and two casks of pitch A fiery cargo —and the saunter to cross

The second engineer is lugubrious

"Nothing to it!" he declares with a wave of his fat hand But in mid-Pacific seas coming over generating gas from the carbide a highly inflammable cargo coal in the bunkers and on deck catching fire His gaze travels over the side Sadness lies in his watery blue eyes. Cheerful beggar!

The day passes swiftly into a warm star-burning night Cool fills our customary sitting place abaft the deck house and the skylight had commandeered the lower bridge deck, so we hatches ourselves—those few of us who have no part to go on watch to the —unsoun of the fo'castle head and spend the hours in contemplation of the phosphorescent glory that is spurned by plunging bows.

Sea at dusk is a marvel of velvet blue The moon is round about us save the sky at the horizon, the gentle churning of the ship's hull as it the sough of water his ripple The moon appears and floods us with virgin light Over all the ship it gleams and we sit drinking in the splendor of it the Chief's cigarette glowing like a jewel and the thin smoke melting into the warm air What a dream of a summer night clean quiet in pure and flawless beauty and the vague fascinating smell of the land pregnant with growing things.

Irresistibly my thoughts drift to a night such as this of a few years ago I was sitting at the balcony of my hotel room in a town of the Italian Riviera. The Mediterranean gleamed through the palms there was a breath of Africa in the gentle breeze and from some obscure corner of the old town came the strains of a violin infinitely sad. It was sad infinitely sweet. "*Coeur de mon coeur—que j' adore*" It sobbed that plaintive little love-song of the Mad Master I sat enthralled It has lived in my mind as the Silver Night—and now here on a night to match with the ceaseless heaven of the ocean in place of that long-dead music

I seem to chronicle an unbroken stream of splendid days and tranquil nights, but such the gods have sent and who could wish it otherwise?

Some Impressions

OUT of a jumble of contradictory first experiences come several clear-cut impressions. Characters and peculiarities of my shipmates take form There is a dropping of the effort to present the best side to the stranger. A writer and newspaperman comes in constant contact with a wide and overchanging range of human kind and I often have amused myself by observing the length of duration of that dear formal wall I have at times and when my profession was known to my companion detected positive uneasiness as though he feared subtly serious intent behind the slightest question as if he thought that while he spoke I was weighing his words, rejecting this making mental note of that with the intention of marketing his views for the delectation of the public Great politicians and widely known men are so coy in this respect With the ordinary man suspicion subsides with time Daily intercourse is its greatest foe

Example the Chief During my first days aboard it was but rarely that he vouchsafed an observation His replies to my advances were monosyllables Silent reserved his rather dull face browned and lined with years of sea wandering he looked a man who kept his counsel One day I chanced to remark on the transientness of past empires and their ruination to these of to-day The spark kindled In a few scintillant phrases he sketched the rise and fall of ancient powers traced the causes of their decadence and applied the results to world politics of to-day He promises comparisons and conclusions were limitless. His phraseology was like opal are—outwardly rough—but brilliantly sparkling with an intent fire

He was a deep and clever thinker, with a knack of telling phrases. And a well of absorbing anecdote Pity it is he had but always they could be quenched by cold reasoning for he was a stickler for logic and himself an accomplished logician His dis-



The Pacific squint at Balboa In the foreground the outermost fill made from the excavation at Culebra. "Rapidly we pull away from the Canal, out across the broad bay with its encircling hills"

courses were accompanied by a series of violent and sometimes ludicrous facial contortions due to nervous trouble over which he had no control So powerful was his personality during speech, however, that this peculiarity passed almost unnoticed and to be disregarded

The days ruthlessly are growing warmer The Gulf Stream has us in its embrace and presents us with all manner of shore flotsam We heed a visitor this morning A flapping bundle of feathers crimson and black a long yellow beak crane-like legs and wild squawks Tired from his long flight from land he had not strength sufficient to escape again and was barely able to summon the energy to remove a piece of skin from my finger when I sat tempted to feed him.

We are meeting many ships now, for we are running down the trade track in the West Indies and Central America The Old Man appeared on deck this morning in a pair of rubber boots blue trousers an undershirt and a battered canvas hat and set to work, painting the name of the ship on boat bands He makes a queer figure

Sea and sky are unbelievably blue and the former is jeweled with flying fish Palm fronds and gulf weed drift past continuously and our rigging is populated with yellow birds On to Panama!

Shipboard Customs

MAC stretches his lung bones lights a cigarette and settles deeper in his deck-chair with a grunt of content The stewards tray with its empty tea-cups and bits of broken biscuit lies on the desk between us. My returns of Dempsey slips from my fingers. The ship radiates with tropical heat The blue of the sea is a rolling dream The hawk dips and sway with a caressing motion, scarce perceptible. Tiny land birds, yellow and scarlet and royal blue, dart about the rigging and gladden the air with song Overside is the constant leap and scutter of flying fish Porpoises carry out their manoeuvers in squads of fours leaping in unison like advancing cavalry The rhythmic throb of the propeller is a deep undertone A sailor whistles at his work Lassitude claims us.

The second mate Cameron paces the bridge His white uniform is vivid against the blue sky The bosun hatches his bewhipped way about the ship with a keen eye for loose gear There is a faint cheerful tap-tapping of shipping hammers from the after end

I look aft. In the wont hard by the galley door the steward stands in earnest converse with French Louis the cook Something humorous is on the go for Louis lends a sedulous ear the while a widening grin separates his swarthy features. Hard luck! Before the story culminates there is a violent hissing from the galley and Louis jumps to his deserted pots Louis laugh is as wide and generous as his nature and it is characteristic of him that he always has something savory stewed away to employ the jaws of the lazy apprentices He has a Gallic sharpness of temper though as they discover who enter his domain uninvited

Daily ship-board customs form unnoticed. Subconsciously we find ourselves following a vague routine which gradually becomes more definite—visiting the Chief—chatting between watches with the junior engineers—swapping yarns with the bosun—interviewing "Sparks" in his retreat on the boat deck It is only through the casual omission of some part of the daily program that one realizes how strong a grip must things have upon one in the course of a long voyage

A Gentleman Ranker

WHILE on my way to share the genial hospitality of Busendale one evening I became aware of what was, perhaps the most unique character on the ship. I was mounting the ladder when I heard behind me a strange high pitched Oxford voice The owner was cursing vigorously and picturesquely an obdurate ash bucket. In the dusk I could not see detail but as he straightened and gazed out to sea, a slim-waisted, broad-shouldered silhouette against the saffron sky, I gained an idea of his type

His face was in profile A thin, aquiline nose, fitful lips and jutting chin betokened strength and character to an uncommon degree As he turned to the light of the gangway hulk I saw that his face was marred in places with the blue of gunpowder He was a stoker, yet beneath the grime quality spoke.

His history—the history of a wastrel—I learned later told in scratches between watches, lying under the awning of the after deck, punctuated by the thud of green seas against the side, the wash of the screw and the piping cries of seabirds against the wind-washed sky. He spoke quietly as the manner of a gentleman, without emphasis yet with evident relish and peculiarly child-like pride in the more lurid passages He bore on his body full confirmation of his story in the way of bullet wounds, cuts and scars.

Eldest son of an honored English family, he early broke all decent bounds, ruined the life of a splendid girl and made his mother's life a round of trembling days After his native land became too hot for him he became a remittance man and an outcast and wandered to obscure and exotic corners of the earth. After many vicissitudes he turned up in Zululand. Here for awhile his restless nature was held by the exertement of aiding and lamenting native wars He retired from Zululand a few yards ahead of a swiftly hurled assegai After acting the scapegrace in other parts of Africa he at length drifted into a corps of African Mounted Police With this body he regained some of his former status and served with honor for over twenty years. Because of his intimate knowledge of native life and character he frequently was employed on secret and dangerous police missions through the bush. His tales of this part in his career will some day form a book.

Then the Great War! German East Africa heard the crack of his rifle So did the Belgian Congo and German West He was wounded several times, was invalided out, rejoined and was offered a commission This he was on the point of acquiring when a bit of particularly scoundrelly work during a native orgy swept away the good record of years and he was reduced to the ranks Again he was wounded was invalided out for good and resumed his wanderings. Marseilles, Port Said, Montevideo, Rouen, Cairo Venice, Hong-Kong Alexandria Bombay and even ancient Babylon heard the echo of his step—and it seldom was a steady one He participated to a dozen shady games, in one of which—smuggling opium from Karatchi to Montreal—he was again badly hurt. I believe that this coup was responsible for the powder marks on his face, although no hint of this passed his thin lips

Finally, hard fortune laying him by the heels on the beach at Genoa, and facing a choice of jail or work he shipped aboard this vessel as fireman and has remained with her since. For the rest he is free with fist tongue and money, worships brandy, asks no favors and is an inveterate idler.

Even as I write I look aft to where he is standing, off watch, holding forth in his flawless way to a group of amused and admiring firemen—tall, well-knit figure against a ventilator, wide shoulders held with easy grace, skin deep-bronzed by years of the African sun thinning iron-grey hair parted scrupulously to the centre. Even teeth flash in his lean almost ascetic face the finely insolent eyes are hooded and lines of dissipation groove him from nose to chin Surmounting his handsome skull is a scarlet fez. The fez—ridiculous—bizarre—is the key to the man. The fo'castle calls him Sir Percy. With this he is well content.

Carrying the Necessary

THE conversation turned last night, on the Canadian export stuff in the holds. We were gathered in the room of the third engineer, a sad-eyed youth whose morose manner belied a happy nature There were present. Mac, a raw-boned Hielandman who during hours of duty, was the third mate and at other times a matchless raconteur, the navigator who kept his silent counsel and was hugely amused at the flying salkes, Sparks, the wireless wonder with his funny bone as near the surface that the smallest witticism sent him into ecstasies of thigh-slapping; the Chief, a valued contributor, the fourth engineer, with a penchant for oil, grime hard work a violin and the ladies; myself and the photographer a prized possession bought in New York.

Two only of those present were Canadians, yet had the entire gathering been sons of the Maple Leaf the talk in Canada's trade, opportunities and future could not have been more loyal or enthusiastic

West Indian Vignettes

PAST the West Indies, now and nearing Panama. Today is a succession of lovely views that fade hourly. The sea is ultramarine. Great sky-ships in white



CHIEF ENGINEER CROSS

"Been at sea nigh twenty years. All over the near East Middle East Far East Exotic The Bosphorus the Mediterranean almost any place you could name."

and tumbled beauty sail slowly across a turquoise arc. On either hand are long stretches of rolling land green and golden in the sunlight, deep violet where shadowed by the clouds

Unnamed keys, showing a few tufts of wind-blown palm and each set in its bed of coral ringed by dazzling sand and beaten by creasing surf, rise for our words of



Night on the Canal—"The canal trip is fascinating, no danger is fascinating but, like danger there is a tremendous mental relief at being clear of it."

praise and fade astern Now had again a wee white house with roof of red tile comes into view set in the dip of a snowy sand-dune Kiddies in bright-colored rags play at the door and wave us distant greeting.

Later, a low tropical mainland. Sea and sky change to a deadly copper green. A curtain of cold mist hints out the sun Then the downpour—sudden—thunderous—making the iron decks reverberate with its violence! A gust of wind, screaming in its strength! The mist clears Far off to port waterspouts careen across the sea like racing steers across from the leaden deep Sunshine again and steaming decks.

After such a squall yesterday afternoon, I was standing

by the coal pile in the starboard waist, watching the lash of retreating rain on a distant reef Hearing a peculiar racket, I turned and saw a long tailed fish like a shot rabbit from the top of the coal and fall to twisted, cursing agony into the alleyway The man a fireman, with muscles that into knots kicked spasmodically. His mouth foamed, and through his clenched teeth came stifled blasphemy A bad attack of firemen's cramps Palliatives were given Presently he relaxed, panting heavily, and declared himself fit to carry on Assisted to his feet he dropped again in an attack more violent than before. He was carried into the fo'castle, his body rigid as a board As his cramps lifted him the man's headgear fell at my feet It was a battered scarlet fez.

THE ship is resplendent to-day Paint-work scrubbed to pristine brightness and brass in holiday trim. Everything spotless The Skipper paces the bridge looking like a prairie parson in wide-awake hat and black pongee coat. He is a queer old dog

Ahead, lie the tumbled peaks of Central America deep purple in the background and garbed in swirling fog. Small steamers drift down the valleys from the higher ranges and for their temerity are caught by the sea breeze and swept to shreds. The clouds capping the mountains, roll and wreathe like the smoke of forest fires. Two or three dark islands stand sentinel off shore and the stretch of further coast is lost in amethyst mist The foreground is bright with vari-hued vegetation. The coated jungle is murmurous with life.

A coal trimmer stands by, neglecting his shovel to gaze over the side Recollections crowd upon him He was familiar with these steaming shores in the golden days of gun running, revolutions and sudden death

We lay in Limon Bay overnight The sunset was a marvel of crimson and silver blue against which arose the delicate and romantic tracery of a full-rigged ship, anchored a few hundred yards away. Like a breath of Morgan's days, it seemed, to see the graceful hull and tapering spars on a background of still lagoon, rustling jungle and lurid sky It was but a slight step of the imagination to visage the swarthy henchmen of the famous buccaneers, in bright-colored head-cloths, gold rings swinging from their dirty ears and cutlasses with broad brass guards thrust through silken sashes, hacking their way through the matted growth to regain their ship after a bloody raid on an isthmus stronghold

This morning, fish of every shape and hue tempt the angler but will not be caught. Wonderfully vivid are these tropic denizens of under-sea coral gardens—like swift-moving hare of colored light.

The passage through the canal is impressive, both because of the gigantic nature of the cut and for the rank profusion of the country it bisects

On each side is the dense green of the jungle wall Great lianas bind the growth Sweeping farms rise from miasmatic depths Exotic blooms, too vivid for healthy growth, gleam uncannily in the green light of tangled bayous. On the canal banks lie the sinister, meticulous shapes of alligators, one half flooded eye alert for prey Snakes swim the watery ditch Wanton birds sway in the branches of tall trees The air is laden with the foul smell of rotting vegetation Everywhere in life—prolific, vibrant, watchful, uneasy Parrots, white and yellow green and red, gold and purple, rose and iridescent blue—flash screaming across the jungle flecking it with sudden beauty The heat is tremendous—oppressive Frequent downpours intensify the humidity The iron decks are steaming and shimmering by turns. Over all hangs an air of brooding —as though all were not well with this sweltering patch of nature Fever is in the air—unmistakable—deadly

The canal trip is fascinating, no danger is fascinating but, like danger there is a tremendous relief at being clear of it. We are not sorry to leave astern that anguiet scene and emerge into the sunlit waters and fresh salt winds of the Pacific

Rapidly we pull away from the canal, out across the broad bay with its surrounding hills—so like that stretch of Mediterranean coast between Monte Carlo and Mentone —and watch agarist tipped Flamens and Turibits dip into the burning sea. Just past San José Rock we meet a wee steamer crossing the Gulf to Panama City It is crowded with people in bright dresses. They wave us "bon voyage" as we pass that last green island and head for the open ocean—out beyond Balboa, the last outpost of man's great enterprise and into the lure of the longe-long rollers of the Pacific, out into ocean vastness South

LETTY DOES THE EASIER THING

By HELEN WOODBURY

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



"Oh, No! No! Don couldn't. His father—his grandfather—Can't you understand? A Salvador must always swing the bars!"

THE AFTERNOON performance of the circus was whirling terrifically to its close. Cymbals banged. Drums boomed. Trumpets blasted. In the first sawdust ring an elephant picked a dwarf up by his feet and swung him high in the air, head-downward. The gnomish little man kicked fractionally with his free leg. His wide-spreading, too red lips nearly split his face as he howled.

The audience rocked with mirth.

Mighty glub-dubbering of drums. A girl ran up a ladder. Below of horns. She pirouetted out on a high wire.

Crash of noise. Blaze of color. Jangle. Laughter. Grape.

Outside the canvas a grey rain sloshed down on the circus tat. It sputtered noisily on the huge mushroom tents, raised miraculously over night, and churned the lot into darkly oozing mud. Chill, damp, salt-tingling as it blew in from the sea, the rain slanted gustily under the tent-flap of the performers' dressing tent and blew the goose-flesh on the bare shoulders of Letty Dupont. She shivered as she sat before the mirror hung from the cover of her trunk and worked deftly with grease-paint and eye-brow pencil. Stealthily she glanced over her shoulder at Belle and Alice. Their heads were together. They were talking excitedly, but in low tones. Letty knew well enough what they were talking about. A little involuntary shiver went through her. How like a wolf pack the circus people were with scant-to-snout loyalty until one of them weakened. Then how they turned to tear the helpless to shreds!

LETTY returned silently to the work of combing out the rippling black hair and fastening the wreath of satin buttercups about her head. The reflection her mirror gave back to her was not pretty. Letty needed the quick flash of her smile, the sparkle to her black eyes—the eager, joyous lift to the head that usually characterized it, to make her pretty. Seen now, her face was too darkly intense, the mouth too tight-lipped, the chin too sharply tip-tilted.

"I don't care. Let them talk," she whispered defiantly to her mirror.

But even while she said it her ears were alert to catch the low tones near her.

"I don't believe it!" She heard Alice's voice rush in protestation. "Don Salvador! Why, he——"

"Huh!" Belle interrupted, "I never thought Don was so wonderful anyway. Never saw how Letty could fall for him so. Just good-looking and that all-the-time-laughing and-joking-kid that gets some people. But I always had a hunch his nerve was sawdust. Let a little accident come along and prick it,—and Lordi he's a rag!"

"But you don't call that a little accident?" Alice protested. "Why, his sister was——"

"Well, what of it? Poor Mamie had to get hers some time, didn't she? Gosh, dearie when you've been in the profession as long as me, you won't think that nothing. It's no reason for Don——"

Letty got up suddenly. With trembling fingers she thook out the flittering short skirts of the yellow costume that closely outlined her slight but alertly supple figure. But when she turned to Belle and Alice she laughed lightly.

"This tent may be the right temperature for polar bears," she remarked, "but for myself, I'd like to see a home fire or two burning."

Alice and Belle started. Letty evaded their guilty eyes. She was about to utter some other commonplace words, then stopped. It seemed to her that suddenly a hush had descended down the full length of the dressing tent with its seventy and more gris changing from dreb serges and cotton wents into fairy tarletans, delicately tinted as flower petals, brilliant satins, tissuey silks, soft violet velvets, heavy with embroidered gold and silver. To Letty it seemed and all eyes were raised to hers.

'Sure it's cold. Cold as blazes!' Belle was the first to recover and break the hush.

But Letty did not hear her now. She stood meeting those questioning eyes. Hot eager words rushed to her lips. She longed to shout at them, 'Yes, I know what you're all thinking about. You're wondering if I'm going to stick by Don. Well, I am! He'll get his nerve back. You'll see!'

BUT suddenly the picture of Don's face as he swung on his trapeze came to her—its pallor, the dilated eyes, the twisting lips opening and shutting.

Quickly and a little unsteadily Letty turned. With mumbled words that she must get some fresh air even if it were raining, she sped out of the tent.

A moment later she burst into the squatty, little tent of Doctor Billy, pitched close up to the Big-Top.

Doctor Billy, you don't believe it, do you? It's all over the circus lot. They think Don is a coward just because it's three weeks now since he's been able to do his aerial act. But it isn't so, is it? Don will get his nerve back!"

The last sentence was not a question. Letty flung it out boldly in reckless defiance of having its fact doubted.

"What's this? What's all this?" Doctor Billy asked pleasantly, looking up at the flushed figure before him.

He was a neat, little round man with squirrel eyes and a grey wisp of hair combed carefully across an otherwise shickingly bald head. It was gossip that in the winter he was a well-known practitioner in New York, but every spring he succumbed to the lure of the nomad life of the circus.

Letty sank down on the camp stool by his side and told him again more slowly.

"You know, Doctor Billy, after the accident I took Don into my troupe to give me my signals. I thought I think," she corrected quickly, "that sometime when he's sitting up there quietly on his trapeze he will get the feel of the swings again. And then this 'feel' will become so strong that some day it will make him begin to do his act once more."

She stopped her breath fluttering.

"But, eh, I wish you could see Don! He climbs the ropes with us, and I can see he is in a fever of excitement. Every performance he thinks 'Now this is the time I get my nerve back.' And he swings out into position and the drums begin to roll, and the act begins. And then—Oh Doctor Billy he suddenly grows so white. He grips the ropes until I can see the muscles of his arms lump up clear to his shoulders. And all during the act he clings there, his mouth crooked, and gulping. Oh, I know what he sees. He can't bear to talk about it. But I know he can't forget how his sister looked when she missed the net, and they picked her up from the sawdust limp with the blood dripping——"

Letty caught her breath. In a moment, however, she turned to the doctor impulsively.

"Can't you see how Don is suffering! Of course I've been in the profession long enough to know that we circus folks have to look on fear with contempt. But they mustn't think Don is a coward."

She raised her eyes slowly until they met his. In them the fear she had been fighting back and would not as yet even admit to herself, was gathering.

"You know what it means to be thought a coward in the circus. Don's career would be ruined!"

Doctor Billy nodded. He had not been the circus doctor for twenty years for nothing.

"Well!" he said kindly, "things usually work out for the best, Letty. There's nothing you or I can do about this."

"But you can! You can do something—everything, Doctor Billy!" She threw out her hands impulsively toward him. "Everybody believes what you say. You must tell everybody that how Don is going to get his nerve——"

SHE stopped short. Doctor Billy had turned his face away. Letty stared at him; her own face blanching. She leaned toward him breathlessly.

"You—you don't think Don is a coward, do you?"

"Of course not," was the quick reply. "No coward would have risked his life to save his sister the way Don did. He's as fine a lad as you can find anywhere."

He stopped and looked away from Letty's face again. In the silence her voice rose harshly above a whisper.

"Go on!"

Doctor Billy cleared his throat.

"Well, perhaps, Letty, she rather to his nervous make-up and to forces entirely outside his control. Don may never be able to do his aerial act again. Now wait! wait!"

He held up his hand at Letty's little cry.

"I'm not stating this as a fact. I'm only saying 'perhaps'!"

He paused.

"Why don't you urge Don to give up aerial work," he suggested gently. "Now he could work up an act with the lions or join a bare-back troupe——"

"Oh-oo! no! Don couldn't! His father—his grandfather—Can't you understand? A Salvador must always swing the bars!"

Her eyes stretched and deakened with horror at the doctor's suggestion. Doctor Billy sighed. It was not his first encounter with the fierce pride of a circus breeding. He took up a cork from a bottle and began to juggle it thoughtfully in one hand. After a moment he said abruptly.

"I'm going to tell you the truth, Letty. It'll make it easier for both of you in the end. You're two young, intelligent people. The truth may be bitter, but I know you can work out your own salvation."

"Do you know what shell-shock is, Letty?" he said at last.

She nodded faintly.

"Well, Don's case may be similar, I think. He's suffered a tremendous nervous shock. Such an experience can knot up the nerves until it's beyond the ken of human will power to smooth them out again. The sub-conscious mind, Letty——"

She made a little impatient gesture.

"I don't want the truth all muddled up in scientific terms," she choked. "Tell me in plain English. You think Don will never twirl the bars again!" she challenged tearfully.

"I think *perhaps* Don will never do his aerial act again." Doctor Billy corrected. He laughed easily.

"YOU'RE making me out too harsh, Letty. Besides, I'm too wise a doctor to ever commit myself to a bald statement. I said I think Don's case may be similar to one of severe shell-shock. But I've seen even such cases cured," he added.

"How?"

All of Letty's being seemed to tremble on the word.

"Oh there're lots of ways. I've seen soldiers with parts of their bodies completely paralyzed by shell-shock, for instance, who have been almost instantly cured when they were brought back to this country and suddenly confronted with their wives or children. It's the sudden moment of ultra-emotion that does it."

Letty raised her head.

"Moment of ultra-emotion?"

Desperately she caught on to the words.

"Yes. If the emotion is strong enough it can sweep the mind clean of fear, dash down all the inhibitions built up by the sub-conscious mind and——"

"Doctor Billy!" Letty cried, "If—if such a moment came to Don, and swept away his fear so that he did his aerial act again; then would his fear be gone forever?"

"Oh, undoubtedly. You see the sub-conscious mind——"

But Letty did not hear. She sat tense, her hands twisting and untwisting in her lap. Suddenly they stopped. She lifted her head alertly. The habit of many years spent in the circus arrested her now and her keen ears caught a familiar jammering strain from the orchestra over in the Big-Top.

"There they go into Hitchey-Koo," she cried, jumping up. "That's my cue."

At the tent-flap she turned back.

"What would cause a moment of ultra-emotion, Doctor Billy? I mean, besides suddenly seeing someone you loved after going to war?"

Doctor Billy did not look up from the big bottle of amber-colored liquid which he was shaking up and down.

"Oh I don't know as I could tell all hand," he answered cheerily, but a bit absently. "But I should say," he added, "love is the spark that ignites the strongest emotions. When it's suddenly incited or goaded——"

"Goaded!"

DOCTOR BILLY thrust a cork into the last of the little bottles.

"There, now. Look at that, Letty. Enough ointment to fill six of these little bottles and some left over. Who would have thought——"

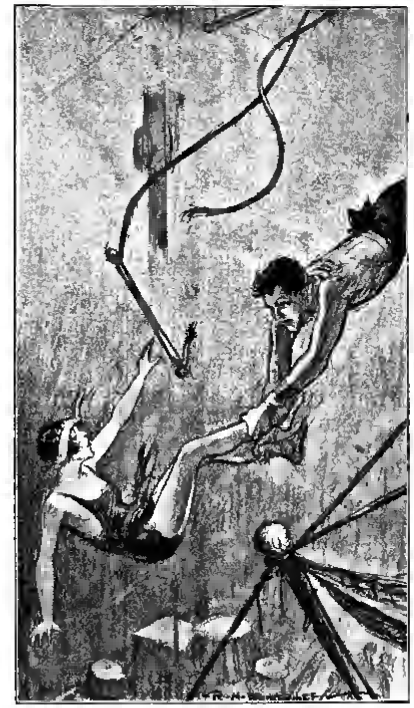
But Letty was already speeding on her way to the Big-Top. She arrived, breathless, just as a blare of trumpets announced the aerial act. Only stopping to throw off her cape she ran lightly into the ring, followed closely by four other performers. To the rear of these, there came more slowly a sixth performer. He was a tall dark-eyed and supple-waisted youth, dressed like Letty in glittering yellow. His body seemed meant to be borne along with lithe, swinging strides but now it was dragged forward reluctantly, shoulders drooping, feet shuffling. When his hands touched the ropes however a faint flush glowed on his thin face. He climbed them eagerly to the swinging base high in the peak of the tent. There was a tremor on the hollows of his thin cheeks as he swung out on his trapeze.

Letty swung out on hers and forced herself to smile. 'Full house, Don, even if it is a rainy day," she called.

Then a flare of music burst from the orchestra far below. It billowed up to them. The act began. The two couples one on each side of Letty, began their straight flights from one trapeze to another, doing simple turns over the bars for variety. In circus jargon they merely "dressed" their trapezes to frame the feats of Letty as she darted among the center swings, reversing, twirling, somersaulting.

As she worked easily up to her different positions she caught fleeting glimpses of Don on his trapeze well to the rear of the others. Her heart contracted as it always did at what she saw—the white face distorted now in an agony of fear, the gulping lips, the eyes stretched wide, leaving the eyeballs uncovered so they gazed fixedly at the terror his fevered brain conjured up to torture him.

But Don did not forget to start the trapeze near him to swinging in just the right angle and at just the right fraction of a second so that Letty could catch on to it. It was the one she used for her daring climax that ended by her swinging head downward far out over the safety net, only her toes caught over the bar.



Tremendous jerk. Blood whipping to her temples. Muscles of her back snapping taut. Her ankles locking to a grip like a vise. Blackness.

WHEN it was all over Letty ran back across the ring, unnoticed and forgotten by the crowd, their attention immediately claimed by the rush of the next troupe of performers.

At the head of the run-way she hesitated, scanning the phantasmagoria about her for Don. Animals and performers were crowding up into the narrow passage ready for the races that crowned the program. Some ponies reared nervously at a sudden fusillade of music. Dogs yelped. Jockeys in short, bright jackets ran to and fro. Cow-boys shouted hoarsely. Cracking of whips. Oaths. A parrot screaming from his perch on top of a gilded chariot.

With the shell of long practice Letty dodged through the melange. Once outside she breathed a sigh of relief. The rain had ceased but the tents were still dripping water, and a scant wind ruffled her hair.

She drew her cape more closely about her as she waited for Don, impatient, yet dreading to see him with Doctor Billy's words still ringing in her ears. At last the familiar figure separated itself from the pandemonium in the run-way. Letty ran to meet him, forcing herself to appear natural.

"I thought we had missed each other this time for good," she cried with the little lilt that always crept into her voice when she spoke to Don.

"I got held up by the crowd," he answered, urging his stiff lips to smile easily back at her.

Letty did not tell him that she knew he had lingered dabbed purposely until he could collect himself from the ordeal through which he had just been. She always let him indulge in this bit of camouflage, knowing he was too proudly sensitive to let her see the full extent of his suffering, if possible. He strove now as ever to assume for Letty his old, gaily jaunty manner.

They sauntered back to the dressing-tents, Letty increasingly conscious of the number of eyes that were following them. She glanced at Don keenly. If he were aware of the growing condemnation in those eyes at least he did not show it. He met them gaze frankly, throwing out genial words of greeting to their owners.

A TALL youth with a closely ruddy face and bare humpily muscular shoulders stood before one of the tents. His head was thrown back and he was quite obviously going through some breathing exercises.

"There's Alf!" Don remarked. "storing up energy so he can tackle the heavies in the ring. My how he used to hang around you, Letty!"

He emitted a long, low whistle with a teasing eye on Letty. The latter had the grace to blush. Alf had been a stubbornly arduous suitor. The battle between him and Don had been long and well fought on both sides.

But I always liked you best, Don," she said now.

"Oh you did, did you? Well it's a pity you couldn't let a fellow know it until he had grown grey with the fear of losing you."

"You can't make me think there are any grey hairs in your head," she laughed.

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"Yes, I know what you're all thinking about. You're wondering if I'm going to stick by Don. Well, I am."

GHOSTS OF PAST BOOMS

By VICTOR LAURISTON

HAND IN HAND with all portentous excitement three stalks Old Resource For all that read as they run there are many human life stories to be gleaned in the wake of every boom gripping stories of rapid-human achievement, glorious triumph over tremendous difficulties and, none the less interesting stories of spirited failures.

There have been booms that loomed up suddenly to collapse almost as quickly booms that have endured through many years and booms which like wandering stars have risen on the horizon of activities gone streaking in a period and then faded out only to return again in another given number of years.

In a country so vast as this great Dominion which has been aptly called the land of continual surprise most so-called booms are but a seven-days wonder. They have their little day of prestige or lot to produce so their actual merits happen to be. When a boom collapses the human exodus is rapid. The strivers for sudden and easy riches move on to new fields of adventure and the lost boom like its predecessors is gathered to the rebuilt of forgotten things.

After the pioneers have set their faces to the work of a new gleam the ghost of their past endeavors remains long on their former haunts. Time finally crumbles the buildings the workers grow up to be trees that obliterate the trails once proudly designated as "roads" and "streets" and the forest gathers in another of her hidden things the little plot in a remote corner where scattered wooden crosses once told their own story of the operations of the Gum Prospector.

Travelers to the out-of-the-way corners of Canada may stumble upon the site of a ore-time boom quite unexpectedly. It may be only a few odd rotting relics of oil-derricks along some picturesque beach in Gaspé a collection of shacks on a lonely island of Lake Superior a wild North Shore—sighing under an offshore breeze in windowless and broken-roofed old age an abandoned "townsite" with street walks and foundations for buildings partially laid on some far reach of the prairies or a mass of rusting machinery and deserted cabins in some mountain fastness of British Columbia. No matter which the stories within the actual story of the boom are ever rich in incident, humor, romance and pathos.

Oil boom great and small have been since the discovery of the rich fields in the south western Ontario peninsula the cause of great excitement at one time and another in nearly every province in the Dominion. And of all the hard-boiled risers after the fabled wealth beneath the dream-rainbow hope dies hardest in the breast of the true oil man. But the true oil man sees clear through the oil game and understands the great basic misconception that prevails regarding it—the misconception of oil as a sure road to millions. This misconception still deludes a public which sees in every tiny seepage a producing oil well and in every momentarily productive oil well the beginnings of a field that will outlast Petrolia.



THE Glimpses of Canadian oil fields derricks pumping plants, and producing wells. BOTTOM: Shove Creek field in Southern Alberta, showing in the right foreground the famous Dingman well that started the Calgary boom of 1914.

A Big Oil Boom in Canada's Youth

OUR Canadian Petrolia was and is not merely the greatest of Canadian oil fields it has been one of the world's greatest. It began producing in the early '60's and after lolly sixty years it is still productive. Outside Pennsylvania nothing in the world can beat its record.

Petrolia's history goes back to days when oil was a poor man's game it has seen oil develop from a haphazard trade into a singularly exact science in which geology provides dependable guidance to securing production and chemistry teaches the refiner to profitably utilize every component part of the crude petroleum except the smell. All this the Petrolia field has witnessed in sixty years of patient waiting for Canada to produce its equal.

Petrolia in its sixty years has produced oil worth millions and in the same long period, other millions have been spent in Canada outside Petrolia in vain efforts to duplicate its greatness. Ir return for those expended millions oil operators have little to show except rotting derricks rusty machinery, broken fortunes and a trail of lost endeavor.

The Petrolia and Oil Springs discoveries sixty years ago resulted in an epidemic of shallow drilling through out eastern Canada. To the eastern fortune-seeker one herb yard on meadow was as good a prospect as another and a derrick made it look better. Any light drilling outfit was sufficient to put down a hole and at the bottom of that hole, fortune surely waited in the shape of raucous-scented crude oil.

Costly experience and long geological research taught a rainbow-chasing world the necessary pre-requisites of an oil field. They are few simple yet tremendously significant.

There are three great essentials. The oil field may not exist even where these essentials are all present but rarely less all three are present, the chances of a commercial field are practically nil.

The essentials are first the presence of a formation known to be petroliferous second the presence of an overlying formation sufficiently impervious to retain the oil in its natural reservoir and, third, the folding of the strata in such structural form as to facilitate the collection of oil in quantity.

Given these three essentials—the petroliferous formation, the impervious cap rock and the anticlinal structure—there may be oil. And there may not.

The petroleum geologist can determine with fair accuracy the presence or absence of these three essentials in a given area. But given the initial encouragement all their presence only the drill can answer whether or not oil exists in commercial quantities.

Thus the geologist's function are rather negative. To the extent that he can warn the prospector away from hopeless fields petroleum development has become an exact science. To the extent that even the most hopeful field embodies a huge element of chance petroleum development still is, and always will be a tremendous gamble.

Petroleum geology was, however still in its infancy when in the early sixties the huge oil discoveries at Petrolia and Oil Springs inspired a rage of shallow drilling activity that washed into even the remotest corners of eastern up into low hills covered with a dense growth of black spruce with a sprinkling of white spruce birch and cedar, wild unpeopled and utterly desolate. There was not even a wagon road, and the transportation was chiefly by canoe up the rapidly narrowing reaches of York River.

To bring in drillers and drilling equipment—even the light drilling equipment of those days—was a titanic task. Yet in the face of difficulties almost insurmountable fortune-seekers whose names have been long since forgotten did in the early sixties drill three tests at Silver Brook, Sandy Beach and Dreghantown.

In one of these tests they struck oil. There was not enough oil to give the fair-bow-chasers their money back or to encourage them to spend more. But the tradition of oil in Gaspé there gained to inspire a quarter century later an epic venture that deserves immortality.

Gaspé in 1859 was little changed from what it had been in 1862. There was still the same wide York River, rapidly narrowing in its upper reaches the same low hills and rugged country the same dense and pathless growth of black spruce birch and cedar and the same necessity or pretext for deep-sea excursions. A little lumbering was carried on a little fishing there were a few farms on the lower reaches of the streams, but in the uplands where early frosts perfect the crops the thrifty French Canadian farmer found no prospect to tempt him. Gaspé was still, after a quarter century the far reserve of the world it had been when the first prospectors drifted there.

Into this corner came the British investor to launch a systematic campaign of oil development. British thoroughness and determination characterized the enterprise of the Petroleum Oil Trust from its inception.

In 1859 the first well was drilled at Lobster Cove. Between that year and 1869 some thirty-two wells were drilled some in a group right miles west of Gaspé and others still further west at the mouth of Mississippi Brook. Oil showings were met in many wells, some yielded oil from four different horizons. Beyond question there was oil in Gaspé and only determined and intelligent effort was required to prove it.

In 1897 the Petroleum Oil Trust No. 2 one of the group of wells at Mississippi Brook struck a gusher. The Gaspé oil strike stirred scarcely a ripple in Canada. Even Quebec more concerned in the recent charges of graver mery at Ottawa and at the provincial capital gave it little heed. But in Old London it began a boom in Gaspé oil.

Two new companies the Canada Petroleum Company and the International Oil Company entered the field. The Petroleum Oil Trust hugely encouraged by its gusher and a series of pumping wells besides went ahead aggressively to commercialize the results. In 1901 a refinery was built at York River. A 15-mile pipe line was laid to the producing field and all accumulated in huge storage tanks.

Then disaster hit the British enterprises. Petroleum Oil Trust No. 2 after a briefly glorious career of flush production began to grow out. In all it probably produced 2 000 barrels of oil. In 1902 it still pumped two gallons a day but at a crucial stage in the history of the venture the storage tanks and the barely completed refinery were wiped out by fire and the entire accumulated production billowed skyward in clouds of black smoke.

These fourteen years of fruitless drilling by the Englishmen in Gaspé resulted in fifty three wells being drilled of which the Petroleum Oil Trust put down forty. None were shallow most were over 2 000 feet in depth. One, near the mouth of Merlin Brook was carried to 1 648 feet. In its day the deepest drill hole in Canada. The work of those fourteen years totaled 117 943 lineal feet—over 22 miles—a drilling carried on in a wild and isolated country under circumstances of exceeding difficulty with no encouragement beyond an elusive showing of oil. Close to half a million dollars must have been spent. The Gaspé episode represents a record of tenacity truly British. One can pay it no higher compliment than that.

To-day Gaspé is wild wooded isolated little changed from 1860—an oil prospect, and nothing more.

Another Ghost at Calgary

TILL A FEW years ago there could still be seen, on a vacant lot on Second Street East, Ir busy Calgary the wreckage of a diamond drilling outfit. Mute memorial that wreckage of the year 1883 when the "cow camp" in the shadow of the Rockies had grown into a cluster of frame shacks and white tents waiting hopefully for the railroad still 200 miles away. Calgary tradition has it that W. H. Cushing, the "good old Cush" of later Alberta politics, hopelessly brought that diamond drilling outfit into the west and with it drilled the first "duster" in the history of Western Canada.

Ir than days there lived Ir up among the foothills of southwestern Alberta, an old trapper named Aldridge. "Old Bill" Aldridge as he was late known, held squatter's title to a tract of land on the shore of Waterton Lake. He roamed the mountains, living by hunting and trapping cultivating a bit of land, and raising a few horses and cattle.

One day on a trip up one of the creeks of South Kootenay Pass, Old Bill noticed a thin film of oil on the water. He patiently traced the oil film upstream to the source, a seepage from the rock. Later he brought buckets from his cabin at Waterton Lake, and filled them with the crude oil. In an improvised refinery he ultimately produced an oil fit to burn in a lamp and for years this oil from what was later known as Oil Creek, was the sole illuminant in the Aldridge cabin. Aldridge between spells of hunting and trapping found ample time to develop his discovery. He dug pits in the gravel to collect the seepage oil, and skimmed it off the surface of the water. Then he carried it down to the prairies where the farmers and ranchers paid him a dollar a gallon and demanded more.

In time Old Bill's plant expanded, till it included a wooden oil pump, a considerable stock of Aegiller casing and a sure-locked cayuse that could handle heavy loads on the treacherous mountain trails. For nine years, with this equipment, Aldridge refined his oil and peddled to Cardston the Mormon metropolis of Southern Alberta, and through out the surrounding territory.

Independent enterprise developed, the sack method of oil production being employed by settlers who needed oil but objected to Old Bill's profiteering monopoly. By this method, a sack is spread on the surface of a seepage pool or stream. The sack absorbs the overlying film of oil and refuses the water. Then the oil is wrung from the sack into a pail, a fair illuminant and a medicine guaranteed good, though sometimes drastic, for man and beast.

It probably never occurred to Old Bill Aldridge but he had developed the first commercial oil production in the Canadian West. Yet to the strut sense of the word, he had a commercial field—a field that produced oil at a profit to its operator. The accumulated profit after nine or ten years, was represented by horses and cattle to the extent of several hundred head. Old Bill with his regime and his oil cans was the Standard Oil Company of Alberta in his day and generation.

Into this peaceful scene of petrol industry, as yet untapped by the railroad, there penetrated, in the latter '80's the wise figure of a rock hound—to wit, Doctor Selwyn of the geological survey of Canada. Selwyn it would seem came primarily to investigate the results of a resultless drilling test put down by Bill Fernie at Pincher Creek and remained to take cognizance of the Oil Creek seepage, and to refer to it in a learned report that after due deliberation was entered in a blue book at Ottawa. Out of that report grew the Pincher Creek oil boom.

About the time the Petroleum Oil Trust was building its refinery in Gaspé, John Lineham of Okotoks and a few other men prominent in southern Alberta formed the Rocky Mountain Development Company. Like the Britishers on the eastern fringe of the Dominion Lineham and his associates were undeunted by difficulties. It meant nothing in their optimistic lives that the potential oil field lay far from railroad communication far from even the prairie trails of that day in a country that even now, twenty years later presents almost insurmountable obstacles to oil development.

Whatever the outcome of the tragic venture this much can be said the men who launched it were as thoroughly tenaciously British in the face of difficulties as were the born Britishers who struggled against the difficulties of Gaspé.

The Seekers Find a Gusher

THE Rocky Mountain Development Company struck oil—a gusher. It was the first producing well in Alberta or, in fact, in the Canadian west. Optimistic estimates rated the flush production at 1 000 barrels a day. It does seem to have flowed at that huge rate—for a few hours. Later it dwindled to a modest pumper and after years of neglect followed by years of effort to revive it, the old Lineham well "as it is known, still has some pretensions as a producer.

This report of the oil strike started a stampede for South Kootenay Pass. The townsite of Oil City was laid out. Claims were staked by prospectors and speculators, new companies were organized and development went ahead with feverish haste.

Though the mother of the field the Rocky Mountain Development Company seems to have resented the brood of baby companies it reluctantly hatched. Nor were the latter grateful to the parent venture. The working crews were as antagonistic as the management. Time and again the mounted police had to intervene, till eventually a constable was posted at the entrance to the pass with instructions to make a daily patrol of the oil camps.

Before that happened, however, the flint and steel of oil-field rivalries came close to striking fire. The Pincher Creek Development Company organized by Pincher Creek men secured drilling rights on the height of land in the pass, south and west of Oil City townsite, and sent in a temporary outfit to hold the leases.

To reach their holdings the Pincher Creek gang had to cross the leases of the Rocky Mountain Development Company. The Rocky Mountain officers objected. The Rocky Mountain drilling crews took up the fight, promising a red-hot scrap. The Rocky Mountain camp shut down work and for days the rival crews glared with rifles, while the Pincher Creek outfit slept on the trail under canvas. Neither side would budge.

In the American southwest, the stretcher would have ended in battle and sudden death. But the ways of western Canada were not, even in those days the ways of Bill S. Hart. A messenger was sent to the nearest mounted police headquarters. He returned with an escort.

The invaders mounted their wagons and, with derisive hoots drove their mules past the office window of the Rocky Mountain Development Company and on up the trail.

The difficulties to be overcome in bringing in drilling equipment were prodigious. The Pincher Creek men hauled their heavy machinery by teams from Macleod to the end of the prairie, after that they cut a road through wooded, mountainous country to the seepage at Oil Creek. The Southeastern British Columbia Land and Oil Company brought its tools and machinery from Kalispel Montana by pack horse, over a narrow mountain trail. Then gangs were put to work cutting a wagon road clear through to Kalispel. The Western Oil and Coal Company, a Vancouver venture, used block and tackle in places to hoist its machinery over sections of the mountain trail.

This company did its first work at Camp 4 just where the first climb up the mountains is made at the entrance to South Kootenay Pass. The well ran into difficulties owing to broken and faulted structure and in the hope of better luck the equipment was hauled to the mouth of Cameron Creek. There at Camp 23, within sight of Cameron Falls, several wells were drilled.

R. M. Yeager was in charge. He was a practical driller and a firm believer in the field. He found difficulties innumerable to test his mettle. The formations again proved broken and faulted, crooked holes resulted, fishing jobs recurred time and again, and delays and drilling difficulties seemed interminable. But the indomitable Yeager kept on.



Have you any oil stock certificates? If so—or even if you haven't—you may recall the Calgary boom days of 1914, and recognize one of those fifty-foot companies. Those were just a few of the oil concerns selling stock in Calgary eight years ago.

The Collapse of Oil City

EVENTUALLY a wire from Vancouver instructed him to stop work—temporarily. The men were laid off, and left Pincher Creek. They never came back. For years the abandoned drilling outfit and deserted shacks blistered by sun and rusted and weathered by rain occupied the site where the workers had left them. Waterton Lakes Park came into existence eventually. The superintendent had no use for ugly relics of a lost cause—and the wreckage was moved outside the park limits.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent in such honest development work—and much crooked work in the way of empty promotion and flagrant fraud—and all hundreds of thousands more. The sky was the limit to the claims of some promotions. One enterprise that never even drilled advertised that crude oil was flowing like gas and had blown its drill and pumping machinery far down the pass. Another company staged pumping demonstrations at which oil gushed from the well and the hopeful purchasers of gilt-edged stocks were ordered that the oil was promptly run back into the hole nor did they discover—what developed long afterward—that the original production had been hauled in tanks from the one real producing well at Oil City.

Far-off investors sank their money in hopeless ventures. One woman who had put hundreds of dollars into an Oil City town lot came in 1913—ten years later—to have a look at the derricks refineries, pipe lines and community of teeming thousands. She found a wilderness.

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I was soon interested in watching the flush of excitement that crept into the cheeks of Elise Dodson and Bert Frawley, who had been standing there with a curtain suspicion of forced calm about them.

THUMBS DOWN

By GUY MORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

IT TURNED out just as the telegram and promised. The tall thin man with the grey, peaked cap, was waiting at the rear step of the rear coach, and as we reached the platform, his countenance had assumed a trace of apology. But even apart from any description whatever, it would not have been difficult to pick him out from the thin cluster of hangers-on as the Inspector Fargus who was awaiting us.

Still, the car was already well in motion and we were being whirled through rural scenes before Fargus made any remarks other than those required for purposes of identification. The meantime had just topped a rise and had thrown open before us a broad vista of sweeping country-side, with the bright spectacle of a long, low bungalow sprawling among the pines on the hillside when the man broke through his seeming mask of reserve.

"I see afraid, Mr. Dawn," he remarked with apology in his voice just as it had already shown upon his face "that you will find it a perfectly simple case, and that you will feel that your time has been wasted. I could not explain it all to you in the telegram but the evidence, such as we have it, is remarkably clear. It is so clear that I did not wish to send for you but Mr. Dodson insisted. He is terribly cut up over the whole thing, though he tries not to show it, and you will understand, after you have seen him for a time, why I could not refuse to send for you, even though it might mean a waste of your time."

I was inclined to agree with Fargus, for such of the details as had poured through to the papers were decidedly clear-cut and free from the circumstantial, though one could not help feeling rather keenly for Miss Dodson in the matter. For the newspaper photographs had shown her to be of the proud, yet reserved, old-family type which would suffer sharply from the notoriety which had been thrust into the calm routine of her life.

"Is young Frawley still under arrest?" Dawn asked, "I am afraid my knowledge of the case is very fragmentary. All I read of it was one of those warmed-over, let-me-up stories in an early morning paper which presumed that I, like everybody else, had been reading the thing from the first. But I did see that they had caught Frawley strangely enough on a train coming this way."

Some of the apology slipped from the manner of Inspector Fargus, and his smile let us know that he was aware of the trick of the world.

"Strange, perhaps," he admitted, with a smile somewhat grim at the edges, "but no stranger than young Frawley's story that he did not know Frecher had been attacked and robbed in the Dodson home until he read it in the newspapers. There is too much child-like innocence in that particularly when he went on to say it had never occurred to him to imagine that he would be suspected until the papers pointed out that the police were looking for him because he had fled from the scene of the robbery. So he claims he was on his way back to give himself up. Innocent-like, isn't it? Except that they don't grow them like that any more. A bit thick, I say—"

IT DID seem that Fargus was right for there were one or two things in Bert Frawley's past—if one could judge by the somewhat sketchy biographies which the papers had furnished—which scarcely seemed to harmonize with a pose of innocence. For one thing he appeared to know too many of the ponies by their first names, and for another he had shared in quite too many athletic events during his University career to be left with any of the fledgling garb of youth.

"He is under arrest, and yet he isn't," Fargus went on. "You might call it on parole. Mr. Dodson insisted that he should be released at least until Frecher has recovered sufficient consciousness to tell his story. There is just a chance, you know, that Frecher might say that Frawley wasn't the lootpad who laid him out and cleaned him of something like ten thousand dollars, though the evidence is so strong that I cannot imagine such a thing happening. At any rate Frawley has the freedom of the place. He has promised not to leave it, besides, we have him watched constantly. No, Mr. Dawn, you will find it a perfectly simple case, hardly worth the application of your talents. Still, Mr. Dodson insisted so strongly."

Undoubtedly Inspector Fargus was right. At any rate the newspaper stories gave up to unswerving end as the last remnants of the fury from his own knowledge it became quite obvious just where the reporters had struck their well of information. Still, as Fargus had said, the thing was so absolutely clear-cut that it seemed as though the very act of a criminologist like Dangal Dawn must take upon itself the complexion of sheer formality. For the facts were plain enough.

The Dodsons, it appeared, lived a quiet and sinople life in this somewhat massive bungalow on the hillside. It was the retreat in which Elise Dodson passed her summers, and it was the sanctuary to which the world-harried Solomon Dodson fled each night the moment the shackles of business routine were freed from about him, and it was there—as well that he worshipped before the shrine of Elise. From the descriptions of a life of old fashioned ease and simplicity which had been sketched by the papers one might have fancied that the Dodsons would be almost the last people in the world to be thrust into the glare of publicity.

Yet it had come, just three days ago, when Levi Frecher, guest of the Dodsons, had been found in the reading room weltering in his own blood, and so close to death's door that it was only within the last few hours that it had been realized that the soon could live. There had been attempts to hush the matter up. Fargus gave us to understand, but Mrs. Frecher, it appeared, did not belong to that self-contained type which could suffer in silence, particularly when she came to understand that a wallet containing some ten thousand dollars in bills had vanished. So the Dodsons had been thrown into the glare of the limelight, and the rays grew all the more intense when it became known that Bert Frawley, the fiancé of Elise Dodson, was missed from a quiet week-end gathering at the same time.

"Still, it is something in his favor to think that he was on his way back when he was caught. I suggested as we drew close enough to the pine-encircled bungalow to feel some of its atmosphere of quiet and repose. "I hardly suppose any of the money was found on him?"

Fargus' eyes became almost pitying.

"No, he would hardly be fool enough to carry it around with him, but I don't look for any trouble in finding just what he did with it," the Inspector replied. "He had some debts we know that much. The case I say, is clear-cut. We'll be in the reading room in five minutes, and you can see the evidence for yourselves."

As we circled up the driveway beneath the cool shade of the pines there were three figures in sight. The nervously-eager, middle-aged man, who was awaiting us at the edge of the verandah, it was evident could be none other than Solomon Dodson. The young man at the distant end of the verandah, a carefully-dressed and somewhat handsome person, whose back was turned partly towards us and who seemed to be maintaining a pose of indifference, must be Bert Frawley. Yet his indifference, I discovered shortly, was nothing but a thin veneer, after all, for he kept glancing at us constantly across his shoulder, and he was smoking much too vigorously at the cigarette hanging from his lips. The third person who had evidently been calmly reading a newspaper, I took to be one of the guards of whom Fargus had spoken.

Inspector Fargus it seemed, held the situation in hand for he paid but little attention to the nervous hustling of Solomon Dodson and he ushered us directly into the reading-room without asking the owner's consent.

"I do hope there is something you can do for us, Mr. Dawn," Dodson burst out at length, "though Mr. Fargus tells me there is nothing that can be done, that the case is so terribly clear against Bert—"

Perhaps we had better let Mr. Dawn judge that for himself," the Inspector interrupted, with a faint suggestion of superiority in his manner. "This Mr. Dawn is the room where the assault and robbery took place, and things have been disturbed as little as possible. You see the writing table by the wall with the electric light over it. Well, Mr. Frecher was sitting there; he had just started to write a note, when some person entered the doorway at his back, crossed the room, struck him on the head with the loaded end of a billiard cue, took his money and left Frecher stretched out on the floor. As nearly as we can estimate he was lying there two or three hours, for it was not until Mrs. Frecher wakened at three in the morning and became alarmed at his absence that a search was made. The billiard room, you can see, is directly across the hallway from the entrance to the reading-room and that is important, for the last Mrs. Frecher heard of her husband was shortly before midnight when she and Miss Dodson were playing billiards. Frawley and Frecher had been playing with them but they stopped shortly after eleven, came into the room together and were perfectly quiet for a time, then later, from the sound of their voices they seemed to be quarrelling. Mrs. Frecher says she and Miss Dodson stopped playing because of that, though when they passed up the hallway to their rooms the quarrelling seemed to have ended."

"Three hours later, Frecher was found lying upon the floor, unconscious, his wallet was gone, the ink was spilled over the writing-desk, the floor and his clothing, as though there had been some slight struggle, and, here is the clinching piece of evidence."

There was a dramatic touch in the Inspector's attitude as he stepped across the room to what seemed to be a closet, unlocked a door and drew an object from within.

"The thing is extremely valuable, as evidence," Fargus added, "We are looking after it with the utmost care."

The object was a billiard cue which he tendered to Dangal Dawe with the greatest of punctilliousness, and I noted instantly that it was a point to the man's credit to see that he was not handling the stick with his own fingers, but that a string had been looped about the chalked end, and that it was merely the string which was extended to Dawn.

"THE evidence there is cocksuring," Fargus resumed, seemingly indifferent to the nervous suffering of Solomon Dodson and careless likewise of the fact that Bert Frawley was now pacing up and down the hallway, with an occasional glance cast into the room. "You will notice that the person who used this cue to strike down Frecher must have used it as a club. The nature of Frecher's wound corroborates that. The would-be assassin gripped this club rather better than half way back from the loaded end, where the cue is about three-quarters of an inch thick, but you will notice, Mr. Dawn, that the fingers of both his hands were still wet with ink. There must have been some slight struggle before, but however that may be the finger prints of the man who attacked Frecher were left behind him in ink on the billiard cue. You will observe Mr. Dawn that one hand must have been much wetter with ink than was the other, for that hand gives a clear print of the first three fingers and the thumb, while the other hand-grip is blurred as that it shows only the forefinger and the thumb clearly."

Fargus paused, with a definite amount of professional pride showing through the mask of his austerity, and as Dawn held the cue suspended before his face I noticed that young Frawley came and stood in the doorway with an assumption of indifference which was but poorly done.

"You see," Fargus resumed, "the finger prints are quite plain, though naturally there is a blur where the palm or the ball of the hands gripped. So it was not difficult to identify the prints, particularly as our suspicion was already aroused."

"So you have identified them?" Dawn asked curiously, as he leaned the cue against the wall, took a tapeline from his pocket and began to make a few careful measurements. "It might help me to know to whom they belong."

Fargus it became evident was definitely satisfied with the results of his own work, a fact which became apparent from his tones rather than from his words.

"I regret to say that they correspond with the finger and thumb prints of Bert Frawley," he said with a certain unction. "One of the first things I did after Frawley was brought back was to take his prints, having already seen this billiard cue."

"It's a lie. They are not mine."

THE impetuous interruption was been and high-pitched, and Frawley made two or three steps within the room, just as though he had been checked out of his pose of indifference by the sudden realization that the case against him was stronger than he had ever imagined. Then he stepped and pulled himself together again with something of the courage of the stoic and for that instant I began to feel a secret, though but half conscious admiration for Bert Frawley. Doubtless he was a young scapegrace still in spite of that he commanded a definite amount of respect, even after this short observation.

"You will excuse him Mr. Dawn," Fargus suggested. "I did not explain to him why I took his fingerprints, and this doubtless is the first he knew about those prints being left behind on the cue. You would oblige me if you would compare them for yourself."

Dawn, it appeared was already working in that direction, and I noticed that while he was making his observations through a high-powered glass there was a faint flush which stole through the grey of Frawley's cheeks. There were some minutes through which to watch the youth, for Dangal Dawn was working with care and it almost seemed to me that as the flush grew upon Frawley's cheeks there was a return of real confidence.

At last Dawn glanced up and he held in his fingers the print which Fargus had taken.

"There can be no doubt of the fact," he announced, "that the prints on the cue and on this piece of paper were made by the fingers of the same man."

Frawley did not make a sound, though I noticed that his eyes blinked sharply, as though there were something which he really longed hard to understand.

"They must be Frawley's finger prints of course," Dangal Dawn went on, "but you will excuse me for verifying that point myself, Mr. Fargus. I always make it a point never to accept second-hand evidence where the first-hand is to be obtained. Mr. Frawley, if you please."

Bert Frawley's fingers trembled slightly while his prints were being re-taken; and this time Dawe contented himself with a much more casual study.

"Yes, they are the same," he said quietly.

The youth left the room with the air of a man who struggles for poise and Dawn, I noticed was watching the retreating figure.

"Luckily we have him watched," Fargus remarked. "He hasn't a chance of getting away. You see it is all so perfectly clear. Frawley and Frecher quarrelled, doubtless over money for Frecher has the reputation of doing a bit of note-shaving. Frawley is the kind which is mostly in debt, and we have found out that he has been pressed of late. Besides, there is this further little bit of clinching evidence."

As he spoke Fargus extended a folded sheet of stationery upon which a few words had been written.

"That," he declared, "was the top sheet of this pad which is now lying on the table. It was still attached to the pad, and from the way in which the pen has fallen and blotted the last word, you can see plainly enough that this is a note which Frecher was actually writing when he was struck from behind."

It was plain from the lights which came into Dangal Dawn's eyes that the matter was of extreme importance to him.

"Besides, Mrs. Frecher has identified the hand writing as being that of her husband."

AS I glanced at the sheet of paper which Dawn handed over to me, the facts did seem convincing enough. For the words which Frecher had written were:

"Dear Dodson: Much as it grieves me to be obliged to draw such a matter to your attention, I feel for your sake as well as mine that I must do so, and I have just been threatened by a prospective member of your household, none other than Mr. Bert Frawley. Of course you will understand that while I feel secure from such threats, the motive which prompts them cannot be passed by without—"

Just there was the blot which drew the veil across the deeds of the past, yet which at the same time added a fresh barb to curiosity. For there was one to whom that note revealed much more than it did to me, a fact which I appreciated only when the sharp veins of Solomon Dodson harked out past it my back. "Where it you get that, Fargus, and when?" Dodson's face had gone livid and the nervousness which before had characterized him had been crystallized into a sudden outcropping of some latent spirit of battle.

Fargus stared for a moment at the swift change which had come upon him.

"Why I told you, sir, just

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He saw him step across the room and grip a woman by the wrists.

OVINGTON'S BANK

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY TUDYNI SUMMERS

VERY different was the scene inside the bank At that matter indeed discipline failed the moment the door fell to behind the last customer The clerks sprang to their feet cheered danced a dance of triumph stench a hundred attitudes of scorn and ridicule They cracked silly jokes, and flung paper darts at the public side they repaid by weary hand of monkey trick the alarms and exertions from which they had suffered during three days They roared Oh dear what can the matter be! in tones that reached the street They challenged the public to come on—to come on and be hanged! They ceased to make a noise only when breath failed them

But in the parlour whither Clement followed after a moment's hesitation by Rodd had hastened to join and to congratulate his father there was nothing of this The danger had been too pressing the margin of safety too narrow to admit of loud rejoicing The three men like ship-wrecked mariners drawn more closely together by the ordeal through which they had passed like man still shaken by the buffeting of the waves They were quiet as men amazed to find themselves alive The banker in particular sat sunk in his chair overcome as much by the scene through which he had passed as by a relief too deep for words For his son to see that it was by an act of his own and through no resources of his own that he survived and his usual self-confidence, and with it his aplomb, had deserted him In a room vibrating with emotion, they gazed at one another in thankful silence and it was only after a long interval that the elder man let his thoughts appear Then 'Thank God!' he said unsteadily 'and you Clement! God bless you! If we owe this to any one we owe it to you my boy! If you had not been beside me God knows what I might not have done!"

"Pooh pooh, sir,' Clement said—yet he did but disguise deep feeling under a mask of lightness 'You don't do yourself justice And for the matter of that if we have to thank any one it is Rodd here' He clapped the cashier on the shoulder with an intimacy that brought a spark to Rodd's eyes "He's not only stuck to it like a man but if he had not paid in his four hundred and fifty—"

"No no sir we weren't drawn down to that—quite '

"We were mighty near it my lad! And easily might have been"

"Yes, and the banker "We shall not forget it, Rodd, but after all' with a faint smile, 'it's Bourdillon we have to thank' And he explained the motives which, on the surface at least had moved the Squire to intervene "If I had not taken Bourdillon in when I did—"

"Just so" Clement assented drily And if Bourdillon had not—

Umph! Yes But—where is he? Do you know?"

"I don't. He may be at his rooms or he may have ridden out to his mother's. I'll look round presently and if he is not in town I'll go out and tell him the news"

"You didn't quarrel?

CLEMENT shrugged his shoulders Not more than we can make up" he said lightly "it is to his interest

The banker moved uneasily in his chair "What is to be done about him?" he asked.

"I think, sir, that that is for the Squire Let us leave it to him It is his business. And now—come! Has any one told Betty?'

The banker rose, conscience stricken 'No, poor girl—and she must be anxious I quite forgot,' he said

"But that is an odd way of showing it my dear

'Oh he quite understands In fact—' In understanding father And we want you hall laughing and hall crying to witness it

I'm afraid I did witness it," gravely

But you're not going to be angry? Not to-day? Not to-day, father" And in a small voice He stood by you You know how he stood by you And you said you'd never forget it '

"But I didn't say that I should give him my daughter, did I?

No, father, she gave herself

"Well there! He freed himself from her 'That is enough new girl We'll talk about it another time But I'm not pleased, Betty I'm—

No" said Betty gaily, but dubbing her eyes at the same time "He said that He said that you would not be pleased He was dreadfully afraid of you And I said you wouldn't be too , But—"

"Eh?"

I said you'd come to it father by and by In good time '

'Well, I m—" But what the banker was was lost in the hearty peal of laughter that Clement could no longer restrain

Unless Rodd has" Clement replied with a queer look at his father For Rodd had vanished while they were talking of Arthur whom it was now clear to all that neither of them now called by his Christian name

"We'll go and tell her" said Ovington reverting to his every day tone And he turned briskly to the door which led into the house He opened it and was crossing the hall, followed by Clement who was anxious to relieve his sister's mind, when both came to a sudden stand The banker uttered an exclamation and so did Betty As for Rodd he recked with extraordinary rapidity through a convenient door, while Clement the only one of the four who was not taken completely by surprise, laughed softly

"Betty!" her father cried sternly What is the meaning of this?'

'Well I thought—you would know" said Betty blushing furiously "I think it's pretty plain To it, throwing her arms round her father's neck, 'Oh father, I am glad, I am so glad I am so glad'



"What do you mean?" He tried to bluster afresh but the stick shook in his hand. 'Confound it, what do you mean?"

CHAPTER XLI.

ARTHUR after he had dropped from the posthouse that morning did not at once move away He stood on the crown of the East Bridge looking down the river the turmoil of his feelings such as to render thought of the future impossible and even for a time to hold despair at bay The certainty that his plan would have succeeded if it had not been thwarted by the very persons who would have profited by it and the knowledge that but for their scruples all that he had at stake in the bank would have been saved—this certainty and this knowledge with the fact that while they left him to bear the obloquy they had denied him the praise for which he had sinned so maddened him that for a full minute he stood grasping the stone balustrade of the bridge and whipping curses at the gleaming current that flowed smoothly

The sunshine and the fair scene did but mock him The green meadows and the winding river and the crescent of stately buildings spire-crowned that curving with the stream looked down upon it from the site of the ancient walls did but deride his misery For how many a time had he stood on that spot and looked on that scene in days when he had been happy and care-free his future as sunny as the landscape before him! And now—oh the rewards! The cowards! Who had not had the courage even to pick up the fruit his daring had shaken from the bough

Ay his daring and his enterprise! For what else was it? What had he done after all at which they need make mouths? It had been but a loan he had taken the use for a few weeks of money which was useless where it lay and of which not a penny would be lost! And again he cursed the weakness of those who had pandered with all that he the bolder spirit had done who had consigned themselves and him to beggary and to failure! He had bought their safety at his own cost and they had declined to be saved He shook with impotent rage as he thought of it.

Presently a man passing over the bridge behind him looked curiously at him paused and went on again and the incident recalled him to himself His remembered that he was in a place where all knew him, where his movements, and his looks, would be observed, where every second person who saw him would wonder why he was not at the bank He must be going He composed his face and walked on.

But whither? The question smote him with a strange and chilling sense of loneliness Whither? To the bank certainly, if he had courage, where the battle was even now joined He might fling himself into the fray play his part as if nothing had happened smile with the best, ignore what he had done and if challenged face it down And there had been a time when he could have done this. There had been a time, when Clement had first slighted on him in town when he had decided with himself to play that rôle, and had believed that he could carry it all with a smiling face And now now as then he maintained that he had done nothing that the end did not justify since the means could harm no one.

BUT at that time he had believed that he could count on the complicity of others, he had believed that they would at least accept the thing that he had done, and throw in their lot with his, and the failure of that belief, brag as he might affected him It had sapped his faith in his own standards. The view Clement had taken had gradually eclipsed his view until now when he must face the bank with a smile, he could not muster up the smile He began to see that he had committed not a crime, but a blunder He had been found out!

He walked more and more slowly, and when he came, some eighty yards from the Bridge, and at the foot of the rise to a lane on his left which led by an obscure short-cut to his rooms, he turned into it. He did not tell himself that he was not going to the bank He told himself that he must change his clothes, and wash and eat something before he could face people That was all.

His reached his lodgings, beneath it the shadow of an old tower and looking over the meadows to the river, without encountering any one. He stole upstairs unseen even by his landlady and found the fire alight in his sitting-room and some part of a meal laid ready on the table He washed his hands and ate and drank but instinctively as he did so, he brushed his mouthpiece and tried to pray When he had finished his meal, he stood for a moment, his eyes on the door, hesitating Should he, or should he not go to the bank? He knew that he ought to go But the wear and tear of three days of labour and excitement, during which he had hardly slept on many hours had lowered his vitality and sapped his will and the effort required was now too much for him. With a sigh of relief he threw up the sponge he owned himself beaten. He sank into a chair and moody and inert sat gazing at the fire He was very weary, and presently his eyes closed and he slept

Two hours later his landlady discovered him and the cry which she uttered in her astonishment awoke him. "Mercy on us!' she exclaimed "You here sir! And I never heard a sound and no notion you were come! But I was expecting you Mr Bourdillon He won't be long, I says to myself, now that that plaguey bank's gone and closed worse luck to it!"

"Closed, has it?" he said dully

"Ay to be sure, this hour past" Which of course was not true, but many things that were not true were being said in Aldersbury that day "And nothing else to be expected, I am told, though there's nobody blames you, sir You can't put old hands on young shoulders, asking your pardon sir, as I said to Mrs Brown no more than an hour ago. It was her Johnny told me—he came that way from school and stopped to look Such a night of people on Bride Hill he said as he never saw in his life, 'cept on Show Day, and the shutters going up just as he came away "

He did not doubt the story—he knew that there was no other end to be expected. "I am only just from London," he said feeling that some explanation of his ignorance was necessary. ' I had no sleep last night, Mrs Bowles and I sat down for a moment and I suppose I fell asleep in my chair.'

"Indeed and no wonder From London, to be sure' Can I bring you anything up sir?'

"No thank you, Mrs Bowles. I shall have to go out presently And until I go out don't let me be disturbed I'm not at home if any one calls. You understand?"

"I understand, sir '



Clement boggled a little over the considered phrase—he was nervous and his voice betrayed it.

And on the stairs, as she descended, a pile of plates and dishes in her arms, "Poor young gentleman,' she murmured, "it's done him no good And some in my place would be thinking of their bill But his people will see me paid. That's where the gentry come in—they're never the losers, whoever fails"

FOR a few minutes after she had retired he dawdled about the room staring through the window without seeing anything revolving the news, and telling himself, but no longer with passion, that the game was played out. And gradually the idea of flight grew upon him and the longing to be in some place where he could hide his head where he might let himself go and pity himself unwatched. Had his pockets been full he would have returned to London and lost himself in its crowds and presently, he thought—for he still believed in himself—he would have shown the world what he could do

But he had spent his loose cash on the journey— he was almost without money and instinct as well as necessity, turned his thoughts towards his mother's The notion, once accepted, grew upon him, and he longed to be at the cottage He felt that there no one would watch him, and stealthily on tire to be gone now that he had made up his mind—he sought for his hat and coat and let himself out of the house

There was no one in sight, and descending from the Town Wall by some steps he crossed the meadows to the river He passed the water by a ferry and skirting the foot of the rising ground on the other side he presently struck into the Garthmyle road, a little beyond the West Bridge

When he had left the town two or three miles behind him he breathed more freely He loosened his pace. Presently he heard on the road behind him the clip-clop of a trotting horse, and not wishing to be recognised he plunged into the mouth of a lane and by-and-by saw Clement Ovington ride by He flung a vicious curse after him and returning to the road went on more slowly chewing the sour cud of reflection until he came to the low sedgy tract where the Squire had met with his misadventure—and where in earlier days the old mare had nearly a time hamed the bittern's note

He was in no hurry now for he did not mean to reach the Cottage until Clement had left it, and he stood leaning against the old thorn tree, viewing the place and thinking bitterly of the then and the now. And presently a spark of hope was kindled in him Surely all was not lost—even now! The Squire was angry—angry for the moment and with reason But could he maintain his anger against one who had saved his life at the risk of his own? Could he refuse to pardon one but for whom he would be already lying in his grave? With a quick uplifting of the spirit Arthur thought that the Squire could not. No man could be so thankless so unmindful of a benefit, so ungrateful

Strange, that he had not thought of that before! Strange that under the pressure of difficulties he had let that claim slip from his mind. It had restored him to his uncle's favour once. Why should it not restore him a second time? Properly handled—and he thought that he could trust himself to handle it properly—it should avail him. Let him once get speech of his uncle, and surely he could depend on his own dexterity for the rest

HOPE awoke in him, and confidence He squared his shoulders, he threw back his head, he strode on, he became once more the jaunty, gallant handsome young fellow whom women's eyes were wont to follow as he passed through the streets. But steady not so fast. There was still room for management. He had no mind to meet Clement, whom he hated for his interference, and he went a little out of the way, until he had seen him pass by on his return. Then he went on. But it was now late, and the murmur of the river came up from shadowy depths, the squat tower of the church was beginning to blend with the dark sky, lights shone from cottage doors, when he passed over the bridge He hastened on through the dark, opened the garden-gate, and saw his mother standing in the lighted doorway She had missed Clement, but had gathered from the servant who had seen him that Arthur ought be expected at any moment, and she had come to the door with a shawl about her head, that she might be on the look-out for him

Poor Mrs Bourdillon! She had passed a miserable day She had her own private grounds for anxiety on Arthur's account, and that anxiety had been strengthened by her last talk with Josina. She was sure that something was wrong with him, and this had so weighed on her spirits and engrossed her thoughts, that the danger that menaced the Bank and her little fortune had not at first disturbed her. But as the tale of village gossip grew and the rumours of disaster became more insistent she had been forced to listen and her fears once aroused she had not been slow to wake to her position. Gradually Arthur's absence and bee misgivings on his account had taken the second place The prospect of ruin, of losing her all and becoming dependent on the Squire's niggard bounty, had closed her mind to other terrors.

SO AT noon on this day unable to bear her thoughts alone she had walked across the fields and seen Josina But Josina had not been able to reassure her The girl had said as little as might be about Arthur and on the subject of the Bank was herself so despondent that she had no comfort for another The Squire had gone to town—for the first time since he had been laid up—in company with Sir Charles, and Josina fancied that it might be upon the bank business. But she hardly dared to hope that good could come of it, and Mrs Bourdillon, who flattered herself that she knew the Squire had no hope She had returned from Garth more wretched than she had gone, and had she been a much wiser woman than she was, she would have found it hard to meet her son with tact

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REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men and women of the world to-day.

Life Beneath the Ocean Wave

Risks Under Sea Men Face in Submarines

HOWARD MINGOS

SUBMARINE now have their own traditions, tales of unparalleled heroism, deeds of sacrifice, weird stories of terrible explosions, unphysicians are filled away in dull official reports which barely hint at the strain that officers and men undergo almost daily as a matter of course. In the New York *Times* Mr. Mingos pictures for us the routine of their everyday life—

"Throughout the novice of the world those who serve on submarines are known as gorbes. The name was first applied by the British seamen to Ubboat crews. The present word is ghoul. Figuratively they frusted on the hulks of ships that made their prey after dragging them to the bottom of the sea—the graveyard of ships. While other naval men in all countries were immortalized in song and story, the man of the submarine prowled about the deep, uncelebrated or sharing the bad name of the German U boat man.

"Now at various naval bases young officers are being transferred to the submarines. During their thirteen weeks of intensive training notwithstanding their long apprenticeship before braving the gorbes, they attend school on shore. They must pass a detailed examination concerning everything about a submarine, from every part, the tanks the rudders, engines and the innumerable instruments, the entire system in fact. every jiint fo rod bit of bone and sinew of their most sensitive and intricate combination of machinery ever invented. After that the officer must serve six months aboard a submarine before he can take the examination qualifying him for command. He must be able to issue orders so swiftly and with such exactness that the thirty members of his crew scattered throughout the hundred feet or so of cramped space in the hollow cigar-shaped hull with each pull, twist or turn gears, controls, levers so speedily and yet with such synchronization of effort that the entire operation is accomplished within sixty seconds two minutes at most.

"The skipper of a submarine is the only one who sees outside of his craft. He uses the periscope, watches all the gauges and the registering dials. Every thing dawdves upon him. He cannot err even momentarily. After doing all these things which in the navy is the only way to prove that one can command the submarine commander must identify describe and operate every valve pipe line air line, salt water line the engines and masters thoroughly understand his batteries and his torpedoes; and then fire several salvos at dummy torpedoes. After that if the examiners cannot find any flaw in his mental make-up and his physical being and personal bearing have not been impaired by nearly a year spent in the oil and grime they let him command a submarine. He in his turn takes on a class of officers and enlisted men and once, twice or three times daily runs out to sea no matter what the weather and flops over and under. They call it training.

"'Rig ship for diving!' The word from the skipper instantly sets all hrs da busy.

"'Everything secured Sir!' come back from each direction to the mectrcls where rll rentrals rrs being operated in dead rdrnes to avoid confusion. One slip, the slightest mistake would hr crtll cal it got fotal.

"'Stop main rngines!' The Diesel rngines are stopped. Bring oil burnersthey would sink every bit of vital air out rl the hrrt in two minutes if operated after the hatches are closed. The electric rctors are turned on as quickly as one shifts gerrs in a motor car.

"'Fllrd main ballast.' The vents are rpened all controls electrically operated, each one by an individurl member rl the crew who is trained also tr work lastrntly the hand control without delay for only the rlectrl devices frlls him. The watrr rnters. The sub rtarts drwn rwis depth ganges registering rvery frrt; the engineer closes the rlt hatch the skipper thr hatrh on rhr bridge, he is the last man below and he rrlases the harch shut hr knows frrt his craft is serlrd. By the time the rub has reached the desired level the nghr ornount rt brillast has been roken to rnd the craft remrins, or should remain, poised at that level. The skipper by the time is at his perrsrop in the central.

"When hostilities nrased all the great powers were building submarines lrrgerfaster and gnnrally mrre effective than had been designed before the wrr. Today they thrt under all flags. They are increasing nnmerically.

"And rl one believes the constructors and designers— they are only in the experimental stage—that is rverything obrut them hells, engines, motors brteries perarrpes diving gears rontrolr and communnaators systems rre subject to improvement must be improved if they rrs to be trustworthy rllectiveand safr. To-day they are dangerous to thrir crew. The slightest error in judgment or mustcalculation on the part of any member rl the crew might send craft and occupants to the bottom where only a miracle can svvr them.

"Is Psycho-Analysis a Fake?

Prominent Physician Recants His Belief in the Theory Claims it is Unscientific

DR SAMUEL A TANNENBAUM

THAT the structure of Freudian psychoanalysis with its sexual interpretation of nervous symptoms is somewhat on a level with the performances of the Indian medicine man is the opinion of Dr Tannenbaum as expressed in the New York *Herald*.

Dr Tannenbaum has been in general practice for years, during twelve of which he applied the Freudian method.

Having studied what he calls 'the pseudo-science' long and faithfully Doctor Tannenbaum has concluded that psychoanalysis is a clever system of suggestive psychotherapeutics practised by a few physicians and a large number of untrained laymen. Doctor Tannenbaum does not charge the practitioners of this "cult" with being impostors but he believes that those who follow from the Freudian principles re be scientific verifies are blinded in the logical faculty or in capacity to think relentlessly. Since Professor Sigmund Freud—the founder of psychoanalysis —first propounded his psychoanalysis theories in Vienna there have been added three more important theories which have been used in working bases for practising psychoanalysis. All of these are more or less unscientific says this physician and each of them touches only one phase of the psychology of the human being.

What Doctor Tannenbaum takes exception to are the four fundamental theories underlying Freud's teaching and method. These include the assumption that there exists an unconscious mind which in turn depends upon the assumption that all unpleasant and forbidden things are repressed and banished into the unconscious. Doctor Tannenbaum takes exception likewise to the idea that all neurotic states or "nervousness" arise from disturbances in the sexual or love life of the person and the idea that nothing, no matter how trivial happens in the mental realm, without a meaning and purpose. These theories can be called the theory of the unconscious the theory of repression the theory of sexual interpretation and the theory of psychic determinism. The Doctor writes:

"One thing that made me doubt the existence of the unconscious was the fact that we do not fall out of bed when we are asleep. I asked a number of psychoanalysts and psychologists about for an explanation of this phenomenon. None could or would answer the question. Finally some one to turn showed us that we do not fall out of bed when asleep because we are conscious of the fact that we are asleep. For that we are really never wholly asleep and do not wholly forget our environment. An example which explains this in a measure is the fact that no member of my household awakens when the telephone rings at night whereas I do at the slightest tinkle. On the other hand any mother awakes at night when her baby cries or moves, even though the father does not hear it. We all ignore the sounds heard in sleep which it is unnecessary for us to take notice of."

In rejecting what he knows are dream making processes Doctor Tannenbaum and that there is nothing at an unconscious nature about our dreams. As a matter of fact dreamer are nothing more than associated ideas proposed by the mind working thoughts. If you are worried about paying a bill before retiring you'll have one or more fantastic pictures in your sleep to represent that worry. These pictures will in turn, by the law of association, arouse other images. Dreams are foolish and illogical only because the individual is not using his intellectual processes the way he does in his waking state. His thoughts are like the workings of children's minds much like what we see manifested in the random utterances of a child talking to itself.

"There are unconscious mental processes but only in the sense of being performed unwittingly, unawares or without a definitely conscious intention. We forget to pick up our umbrella or we make some other kind of mistake because of the failure of our mental processes to coordinate properly—not necessarily because we surrrect that umbrella with something unpleasant.

"There are times when we do forman unpleasant association without object or even a word. But the psychoanalysts always manage to find some hidden meaning of a wicked criminal disgusting or carnal nature in these acts. Freud of course finds a sexual one. The unconscious that dungeon full of raging beasts, waits to break loose and ravage and ravish the town of 6 Pearl Street because a woman named Pearl we were once disappointed to learn was an immoral woman.

"One who has practised psychoanalysis strictly according to rule for so many years knows that for the sake of therapeutic success or in vindication of his theories the analyst often has to resort to certain subterfuges. These he is unaware of them does not make them any the less subterfuges.

In relation to forgetting painful things reflection and common sense tell us that in the construction of these are things we are most sure to remember because they are the most useful possessions. It is biologically necessary for us to be able to recall readily painful experiences so that we do not duplicate our errors and suffer again, or perhaps even endanger our lives.

To explain certain processes the operation of the instincts by referring them to the unconscious is an unscientific make-chift it only puts the explanation a step further back, for we are not told what this unconscious is why it is or how it operates.

Home Rule for Egypt

What England Has Given Egypt in The Way of Home Rule

ARDERN HULME BEAMAN

THE PROBLEMS of Ireland, India, Russia, and Turkey have lately distracted the attentinr of statesmen and the public from Egyptian affairs. Little has been said of the experiment which has been made at granting a species of Home Rule to Egypt. In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr Beaman explains the nature of the new government which has been set up. It is a government composed of Egyptians though certain of the ministers are nationalists, under Sirwat Pasha as premier, and responsible to a parliament which is to be popularly elected by the Egyptian people. The proviso however has been made that Lord Allenby, High Commissioner will have the right of intervention whenever he considers it necessary.

The new government it appears has adopted certain energetic measures in dealing with the extremists among their own countrymen who desire nothing less than complete independence from the British Empire and their policy has given rise to violent complaint by the Nationalist party.

"According to this complaint" writes Mr Beaman "the little finger of Sarwat Pasha would seem to be thicker than the thigh of the Protectorate. The Executive is avidrntly considered by the Nationalists as a mere instrument of the Powers which in interferes as vigorously with the expression of opinion and the exercise of political liberties by the Nationalists and, after having been given so much hope in times past by the promise of Home Rule, are disagreeably surprised to find their own countrymen practising exasperating severity towards their patriotic aspirations. But the methods of Oriental governments with their political adversaries have always been summary, and it is certain that a Cabinet placed in power under the conditions that prevailed when Sarwat Pasha accepted office would have little reluctance to act firmly and promptly if it was to prevent anarchy. To principle therefore it cannot be blamed for necessary decision, however unpleasant the consequence to the victims.

"It is not clear exactly what has been the role played by England during this first difficult period, nor is it easy to see what is to be her future. Whatever we must there or disown all responsibility, which will most surely be attributed to us unless we do so. In no independent sovereign State it is not usually the business of a diplomatic Agent or High Commissioner to govern or interfere in the internal government of the country. But the situation is layed by a most unusual one, and the right is reserved to the British Representative to intervene whenever he considers that the security of the Empire or of foreign subjects is endangered. This right of intervention can obviously be almost indefinitely extended to cover any extraordinary action of the King or his Government.

"According to the new policy however, the Egyptian Ministry is responsible for good administration and security to a Parliament and Egyptians will interpret this to mean that only if and when the Ministry remarks in a time line of action that is deemed detrimental to the interests of the British Empire or the security of foreigners, or when it voluntarily applies for advice or assistance will the High Commissioner or British officials intervene in Egyptian affairs. Hitherto as real Ministerial responsibility toward a Chamber or towards the nation, has been unknown in Egypt. The Government will was responsible to anyone was responsible to the Khedive or Sultan, amongst the latterwas there has never been popular fault in the capacity and integrity of the Egyptian administrator, and every British official has a position of influence and authority received almost daily letters begging him to have some grievance or injustice suffered at the hands of Egyptian authorities inquired into by himself or by some other Britain. It is now for the Egyptian to show if he can meet and inspire more confidence when left to himself, and it will be instructive to watch the minor efforts of the Egyptians to govern each other without the comfortable, familiar backing of a British Advisor, Inspector or other mentor.

"It has been comparatively rare for any complaint to be lodged against British officials and the wish of the Nationalists to see their backs is chiefly because the evildoers objected to the check on their malpractices and the rest found that there were too many Pitshers occupying positions which might have been filled by themselves, blocking promotion of Egyptians in all the services, and drawing high pay which might otherwise have gone into native pockets.

"Nevertheless it need surprise nobody if the present Ministers weeded out in the beginning comparatively small. In the first place every English official eliminated will be richly remunerated, and the new *regime* will probably prefer other ways of spending its money. Secondly, nearly every Minister, Mondie, Mahmoud and other seirs or less responsible official will feel a trifle shy and diffident in shouldering the white man's burden. Whereitre it is tolerably safe to predict that for some time to come all the British officials who may elect to stay at their posts will be applied to for advice and support as often and as regularly as in the past if not more frequently and more will quit of their own accord than will be asked to go.

"It seems to be admitted that Lord Allenby is in possession of a *carte blanche* from Downing Street, and it rests with him to assume or reject the account of authority that will very probably be offered or thrust upon him from various directions. But no good purpose can be served by any contemplation of this aspect of England's position in the present transitory stage.

"Paradrical as it may appear, one of the most promising elements of stability in the new sovereign State is a certain sovereign weariness. Neither the classes of Egyptians nor restless foreigners will wish to disturb a *regime* where the active the intelligent and the rank, who alone are capable of organizing or lighting like a civil life, will be free to flourish and have much their own way. It would be folly for any of them to add in rubstituting an unknown and perhaps stronger rule, which might not be so accommodating. The newly named *regime* has the inestimable advantage of being a continuation of the old one under which Egypt ranked amongst the most prosperous countries of the world, and it is to the clear interest of all Egyptians, including Nrtionalists of even the extremest tirt, to make the best they can out of their Ministers and Parliament. and give no little ground as possible for interference last worse befall. The Ministers themselves may be expected to be wise enough to avoid giving pretext for British action and the more dread of intervention should provide the required nbenk and heronte se effective an horror control. The good boy does not fear the rrdio pickle, but its existence in the cupboard is a wholesome incentive to best behrviour.

"It would be a grave and fatuous error to hrlieve that the Egyptian question has already been permanently solved. The Egyptian question of to-day was asked by Zrglul Pasha and nine tenths of the people behind him when they demanded full sovereignty over Egypt and the Sudan free from all restraint. The reply was a distinct negative. As long as England intends to hold Indie and as long as Egypt is her high road of communication, the English must remain keepers rl the gate. They cannot permit the custody to pass into the hrrds of any Power or of Egypt, which is obviously incapable of ensuring any outside attempt to wrest it from her. Wher rertain like the Egyptians rlre possessions rl the right to take the place of guardian of the security of the British Empire, it rrdshlts a lamentable want of proprrlire to lis ideas. Until it shringes its perspective and recognises that fundamental remonessae prevails England from totally abandoning the country to the mercy of any reckless adventures, the Egyptian question will necessarily subsist in materially its original form.

"In spite of the abolition of the Protectorate, England remains and must remain, the protecting Power. It is not Egyptian diplomacy but England, that undertakes to negotiate the revising of the Capitulations with foreign Powers, or dlis England that has officially warned the nation that she will consider any interference whatever in the affairs of Egypt as an unfriendly act. The safeguarding the protection she extends to the internally self governing State.

"The situation must appear to all but the die-hard Nationalists as simple that it hardly needs explanation. For the last year or two we have perhaps decided them into false hopes by protracted negotiations but we have now declared in unmistakable terms, to our letters to the King, the minimum requirements of our policy. It is an honest straightforward policy dirtated by a genuine wish to satisfy Egyptian aspirations to the utmost limit of compatibility with our own vital Interests. The carrying out of this policy has been entrusted to an honest and straightforward reldier who with a real sympathy towards Egypt, was the true author of it.

"It may be several years before these truths are generally recognised and until the constitutional machinery has been framed and set in motion the prospect of freedom from agitation is not very favourable.

"Only when the Nationalists can be brought into the rehrse and can be interested by having a responsible share in government under the new conditions, will a beginning be made at a real and lasting solut on of the Egyptian question which depends on the whole nation realising that its happiness lies in the exercise of complete internal reverelgnty and self-government under the unessary international segis of England."

Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

COLLED BY J. L. B

Which is Difficult—The Allies love France still. But they want her to reseam that way.—*Kitchener Record.*

Yes, Evidence Is Plentiful—Many men would rather work someone than work for someone.—*Oshawa Reformer.*

Paired with the Pink Lemonade—Why not arrant the proposed Canadian navy on wheels and throw it rt the lail laird?—*St Thomas Times Journal.*

First Mirroke Leads ro Others—Too many people who think they were born to rule the universe rerke a mistake by being born at all.—*Calgary Herald.*

The Dangerous Extrenal—Those who judged men by their clothes are all dead now. They were foolish enough to judge hentels by the label.—*Toronto Star.*

Where Ideas are Unnecessary—If a man hasn't entertained an idea in 37 years he always glows with pride when called a 'good party man."—*Sherbrooke Record.*

Life's Little Ironies—After a woman has been married long enough to secure a five-passenger car, she is usually large enough to fill the back seat.—*Calgary Herald.*

Company for the "Rags, Bones"—The sentiment you feel you aren't properly appreciated, it is time to reserve parking space in the scrap pile.—*Kitchener Record.*

Prompt Measures—A man who stole a corset has been sent to the penitentiary. It was wise to take this precaution. He might have learned to play it.—*Ballyvilla Intelligencer.*

Posterity's Ponderous Thumb—Modern inventions are developing a race of button pushers. It means that all of the physical exercise of the future will be confined to posterity's thumb.—*Medicine Hat News.*

Won't Relinquish the Perquisites—Another thing that adds no little to the gayety of nations is the right of an emasculated-and-independent suffragette suing for divorce on the grounds of non-support.—*Kingston British Whig.*

A Suggestion—Ask your grocer to adopt Russia's proposed economic system. Tell him to cancel what you owe him and then loan you money with which to buy more goods. The proposition will tickle him. Tell him by telephone.—*St Thomas Times Journal.*

The Cynic—Oo the sea of matrimony many a man is satisfied to raise the bank.—*Galt Reporter.*

Live and Learn—These misfortunes have at least taught us that Ford isn't the only one who can make flivvers.—*Toronto Star.*

These Hardy Souls—The modern man thinks he is roughing it when he wears a soft collar and drives the open car.—*Nelson News.*

The Healthful Apple—You can't tell about motives and it may be that Eve was just trying to keep the doctor away.—*Stratford Beacon.*

The Groaning Shame—A woman's suffering is nothing compared with that of the man whose wife calls him "honey" in public.—*Nelson News.*

His One Chance—Once there was a born who rae the whole world. That was before woman came. His name was Adam.—*Toronto Telegram.*

The Unspeakable Turk—Only a people hardened by killing Armenians could prefure a cigarette with that kind of rmell.—*Brantford Expositor.*

A Telling Test—The Windsor pastor who preached on modern womens dress very rppropriately took his text from Revelations.—*Border Cities Star.*

Adding Insult to Injury—It's a blooming shame to have to pay taxes on what some people smoke. At least so writes a subscriber who declares he was gassed in the war.—*Ottawa Journal.*

"Have Courage My Boy to Say No"—There will always be need of courage as long as the water brings back at least three dollars of your money in small change.—*Brockville Recorder and Times.*

Their Foolish Funny Bone—A New York man told a judge he had married his second wife as a joke. They are surely showing a highly-developed sense of humour in that country.—*London Advertiser.*

Not So Much—A Philadelphia professor declares he has patented a light without heat. That's nothing very big. Why some of the coal we had last winter did practically the same thing.—*Brockville Recorder and Times.*

Their Capacity—"Have you any room?" asked the traveller. "Room!" exclaimed the landlady. "Why, we've got rooms to let that would make a dozen hotels!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Why Not?—Why not have a Canadian Navy? Why not have a Canadian Army? Why not have a Canadian Air Force? Why not have a Canadian Foreign Service? Why not have a Canadian Flag? Why not have a Canadian Constitution? Why not have a Canadian Citizenship? Why not have a Canadian Nationality? Why not have a Canadian Parliament? Why not have a Canadian Government? Why not have a Canadian Country?—*Ottawa Journal.*

Not Enough Room—Some people are so fond of their own company that they never have room for anyone else.—*Toronto Star.*

Not Enough Room—Some people are so fond of their own company that they never have room for anyone else.—*Toronto Star.*

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Eyes That Never Forget

Kindly Advice is Given Behind the Scenes at Monte Carlo

ANDRÉE VIOLLIS

THE first time you go to the casino at Monte Carlo you will be greeted by various scribes ensconced behind a small counter at the entrance. They will ask to see your credentials and you will be obliged to fill a form. While being questioned two or three individuals walking up and down past the counter nonchalantly will make some idle remark to you and might possibly tell you some innocent joke and you turn round and receive full in your face the concentrated glare of the individuals and—since your pictures are photographed in their eyes for all time. If you should not reappear at the casino for ten years you will be instantly recognized and remembered. The individuals are known as "physiognomists" and have the gift of never forgetting a face once seen.

Andrée Viollis writing in the *Daily Mail* says.—A friend of mine who six months before had spent but an hour in the casino explained at the barrier that he had forgotten to bring his card and his passport with him. "You are Monsieur K— are you not?" said one of these walking card-indexes, "and you live in the Rue Z at Nantes? I recognize you."

"Now go into the sanctuary. Behind the tables stand tall lackeys in blue uniforms embroidered with silver, ready to make friendly answer to any demand for information.

"But do not trust appearances. These splendid puppets, with the bulging white reives are not meant only for decoration; these glassy eyes can see, these mouths with the fixed smile can talk. Each attendant keeps under his personal surveillance one or two of the old habitués of the rooms.

"Between the tables move quiet gentlemen, dressed in black, with an air which is both nonchalant and acute. Others, men and women, dressed like you or I, mingle with the groups of players.

"Take up your position in front of the croupier; this automaton with the mechanical gestures who, perched up on his high stool, scoops in the counters with that inexorable rake of his, gently scraping the green cloth. Keep your gaze on him and from time to time you will observe in this wooden face an all but imperceptible movement of the eye in the direction of some player, who, perhaps is leaning too far forward on the table who snatches too promptly at the counters he has won, or at a face which is too pale, too ravaged or distorted by some nervous trick or other.

"Behind you, be sure of it, someone has noted this movement of the eye. The invisible surveillants is concentrating is drawing in, upon the spot.

"In the hubbub of the crowd the turncoll of the swarms which gather and disperse again, one does not catch a brief dialogue in undertones or note the swift exit of two persons which marks the removal of a broken gambler or a delinquent.

"Behind the scenes at Monte Carlo a permanent court, with judges, witnesses, and advocates is in session. The kindly president will advise the despairing gambler to leave Monte Carlo and return home; will add, maybe some philosophical reflections upon the instability of Fortune, her inconstancy and her fashion of coming back.

"Still better if the prisoner at the bar is absolutely at the end of his resources, ready to pay his hotel bill and his ticket home will be advanced to him, but he cannot return to the casino until he has discharged his debt to the authorities.

"As for the delinquent, he will be punished more or less severely, but always with the same penalty, expulsion from the rooms—for ever, for ten years, for five, for one."

Do You Spend Money Wisely?

How Much Should You Save? How Much Should You Spend on Pleasure? This Article Will Tell You

HOW MUCH is a man justified in spending for his holidays? What should he pay for rent or food? How much is it his duty to save? These are questions which crop up from time to time and are not always easy to answer. What would be extravagance on the part of one man may amount to parsimony on the part of another, while a certain percentage of his income saved by the one may indicate a high degree of thrift, the same percentage saved by another would fall far below the standard of economy his position demands. Below will be found a table, issued by the Babson Statistical Bureau, which gives the results arrived at after careful investigation as to how men with incomes ranging from $1,500 to $25,000 a year should apportion their outlay in accordance with their needs.

Income Months	Per Cent.	Insurance	Investment	Accumulation Children	Savings Bank	Total	Per Cent.	Food	Shelter	Living Expenses Clothes	Operating Maintenance	Total	Per Cent.	Education Recreation
$1,500	0	000	$00	$0	$0	$0	0	$623	$400	$200	$50	$1,273	85	$79
1,800	0	75	75	0	0	150	8	756	480	240	60	1,536	85	114
2,000	0	75	100	0	0	175	8½	840	500	260	60	1,660	83	165
2,500	10	150	100	0	0	250	10	900	600	300	60	1,860	74½	390
3,000	10	225	225	0	0	450	15	900	600	360	60	1,920	64	630
4,000	10	300	300	0	0	600	15	1,000	800	425	60	2,285	57	1,115
5,000	10	400	400	0	0	800	16	1,000	900	525	60	2,485	49½	1,715
6,000	11	575	575	0	0	1,150	19	1,000	900	625	60	2,585	43	2,265
7,000	11	575	575	0	0	1,150	16½	1,000	900	625	60	2,585	37	2,265
8,000	11	575	575	0	0	1,150	14½	1,000	900	625	60	2,585	32½	2,265
9,000	11	575	575	0	0	1,150	12½	1,000	900	625	60	2,585	28	2,265
10,000	11	575	575	0	0	1,150	11½	1,000	900	625	60	2,585	25½	2,265
12,500	12	750	750	0	0	1,500	12	1,000	900	625	60	2,585	20½	2,265
15,000	12	900	900	0	0	1,800	12	1,000	900	625	60	2,585	17	2,265
20,000	12	1,200	1,200	0	0	2,400	12	1,000	900	625	60	2,585	13	2,265
25,000	12	1,500	1,500	0	0	3,000	12	1,000	900	625	60	2,585	10	2,265

*Net after Income Tax.

Accumulation—Living Expenses—Welfare

Investment, and Speculation, and the Living Expenses column into Food Shelter, Clothes, and Operating Maintenance, which covers all kinds of expenses not included in the other columns.

One point which will strike the observer who studies this table is that the percentages allowed under the various headings differ considerably according to a man's income, under some heads increasing as income rises and naturally therefore decreasing under other heads.

For instance the thirty dollar a week man is acting judiciously if he allows five per cent. of his income for insurance and investment. The fifty-thousand a year man is failing in his duty to himself unless he allows fifty per cent of his income for the same purposes. Again the thirty-dollar a week man cannot afford more than five per cent of his pay envelope for pleasure, whereas the fifty-thousand a year man cannot be accused of undue extravagance if he spends twenty-two per cent of his income in this same way.

When we come to living expenses however conditions are reversed and whereas the thirty dollar a week man may be expected to allot ninety per cent of his income to this end, his wealthier brother may well be content to spend only twenty-eight per cent for the same purposes.

We are often warned against the dangers of speculation. In this table this warning is confined to those with an income of $5,000 or less. Above that amount it is evidently considered that a man is entitled to a little flutter if he feels so inclined in the hope of getting a little more than his safe five per cent. The extent to which it is considered he may justifiably do this varies from about 8 per cent with the $7,500 a-year man to 20 per cent with the fifty thousander.

A careful study of the table will show that the figures have been logically arrived at. The man of means being allowed to spend more in proportion on luxuries than his less wealthy brother while in proportion to his income his living expenses should be much less and more nearly approximate those of the poorer man. The figures should prove of interest to all.

A Street of Strife

Some Reminiscences of Sackville Street, Dublin, and a Tragic History

JAMES DUNN

EVERY great city has its distinctive or principal thoroughfare. In Dublin it is Sackville Street—or as everybody in Ireland names it O'Connell Street—a street of vast spaces and stirring sensations.

"This splendid street," writes Mr. Dunn in the *Daily Mail*, "is impressive as Princes Street, Edinburgh, is picturesque. It has always been Dublin's storm centre. Any agitation, whether political or industrial, culminates in Sackville-street.

"In the space where Lord Nelson on his high monument dominates the Parnell Memorial there have been more fights and disturbances during the last twenty years than in any other street in the world, not even excepting the famous Falls-road of Belfast, the corkscrew of Ulster.

"For the past five years Sackville-street has been a hot-bed of plotting and counter plotting. It has harboured queer clubs and its hotels have been the refuge of mischievous characters.

"Among other things, it was, and is the beggars' paradise. From the Gresham Hotel—now taken over by de Valera to O'Connell Bridge, the visitor to Dublin has to run the gauntlet of beggars whose eloquence and pertinacity are not excelled by the beggars of the East.

"The Easter rebellion of 1916 largely concentrated on Sackville-street, where the splendid Post Office—two hotels, and a row of handsome shops were destroyed by fire.

"The Post Office, once the pride of the city, is still a shell but during the past three or four years fine shops have been rebuilt on the opposite side of the street, and the cost has been largely borne by English money.

"Now that the rebels are in charge of the great thoroughfare the fate of these shops will probably be the fate of their predecessors.

"The Gresham Hotel, aptly described as the Dublin Savoy, has always been a favourite resort of Irish politicians and Irish clergy.

"I myself have been in the Gresham Hotel when three British officers were shot dead at breakfast time.

"I have seen men with prices on their heads calmly chatting in the smoking-room, and I have seen British officers dining in the same room with men for whom they were searching.

"Sackville-street, with its jaunting-cars its flower-women its child beggars, is one of the most interesting streets in the world. It was here I saw Jim Larkin, the founder of the Citizen Army, stand on the balcony of the Imperial Hotel, now burned down, disguised as a clergyman, addressing a huge crowd while detectives were searching Dublin for him.

"What the Rue de la Paix is to Paris the Unter den Linden to Berlin, and Piccadilly to London—that is Sackville-street to Dublin.

"And it is now in possession of children in arms—for most of the irregular troops are little more than schoolboys."

Letty Does the Easier Thing

Continued from page 19

He ruffled his black hair playfully.

"Well, they're there all right. And by George!" he went on, still laughing, "sometimes when I look at Alf I don't feel safe yet. Alf is too good-looking for any girl to see around every day."

"I wish we were already married, Letty," he blurted half seriously, after a pause.

"Well ——"

Instantly the laughing lips pulled thinly straight.

"No," he said, lifting his chin ever so slightly, "I'm not the one to marry you when—I'm like this. You're going to marry the 'Prince of the Air' little girl at a long-headed milk-blooded knock-kneed ——"

She reached up a quick hand to cover his mouth.

"Those aren't pretty curses. I won't have you call yourself them."

His swung about, then his face suddenly rettling into grim lines, but his eyes glowing with an intensity of purpose that held her own uplifted to his as with an irresistible vise.

"But, Letty, I'm not always going to be like this. I'll be 'Prince of the Air' again. I will do it! I'll climb up there to my swing every afternoon and every evening until I get my nerve back. It isn't easy."

He broke off; his throat drawing tautly upward, the veins weltering out on his thin temples.

"Oh, Dan, of course you're going to do your act again."

Frantically she reached back into her memory for those other words of Doctor Billy.

"A sudden moment of ultra-emotion sweep his mind clean of fear."

Love is the spark that can ignite the strongest emotions. Suddenly incited or goaded ——

"Goaded!"

She clung to the word. With a little gasp her eyes left Dan's face. Slowly, cautiously, even while her lips went breathlessly on with the words that were already making Don recover himself, Letty's gaze traveled back to the figure of Alf. He was standing leaning against the tent-pole now, his arms folded, his face turned in profile toward her. The sun caught on his mass of straw-colored hair and outlined his whole powerful figure. In that instant he seemed like some young Jupiter caught in a moment of relaxation and easy grace.

AT LETTY'S glance, as if her eyes had some secret power of instantly arresting his attention, Alf turned and apparently saw her and Dan for the first time. With a smile—for they were still good friends although they rarely saw each other of late even for the most commonplace words of greeting—he waved. Then he turned and walked away to join a group of men teaching a little spotted dog to jump through a hoop.

"Dan," cried Letty abruptly. She was flushed and panting, but he did not seem to notice it. "I'm rehearsing. I'm going to run back to the tent for a sweater. Meet you down at the mess-top."

Already she was off, waving gaily back to him.

But it was some time before she came into the mess tent. The evening meal, just out on the table reserved exclusively for the stars of the show, had already grown cold, and Don was becoming a little impatient in waiting. When Letty did come. All was with her. She was still



The Six Secrets of an Ideal Shaving Cream

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

I wonder if many men ever consider what a shaving soap requires. And how difficult it is to excel in it.

We know soap making well. One of our soaps—Palmolive—is the world's leading toilet soap. But we made and tested 130 formulas before we had a shaving soap to match it.

What you know you want

First we asked 1,000 men to tell us the qualities they wanted. Then we studied to excel in each.

They wanted quick action. We have it. Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water and that makes any beard waxlike.

They wanted a work saver. Palmolive Shaving Cream requires no finger-rubbing, no hot towels, no extended application.

They wanted abundant lather. Our Cream will multiply itself in lather 250 times. One-half inch is enough for a shave. One 35-cent tube supplies over 100 shaves. They wanted enduring lather. We have made a lather which maintains itself 10 minutes on the face.

Where It Excels

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times. Thus a tiny bit—just one-half inch—suffices for a shave.

It acts quickly. Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water.

The lather maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.

The bubbles are small and tenacious. So the hairs are well supported to be cut.

The soap sets up a lather lotion due to palm and olive oils. The after effects are delightful.

They wanted to leave a smooth, soft skin, free from irritation. We do that with palm and olive oils, as in our toilet soap.

One still greater need

But not one man knew his greatest need. Very few chemists know it. That is this:

A shaving lather must consist of small, tenacious bubbles. The purpose is to support the hairs—to hold them upright so they can be cut. The greatest fault in shaving soap is bubbles thin and flimsy. They quickly break, then the hairs fall down and the razor passes over.

We have met these needs, better than anyone else ever met them. So we have the finest shaving cream that is yet created.

Be fair enough to try it. We have made it for you, and made it well. Let us send you ten shaves free. Cut out the coupon now.



Made in Canada

Copyright 1922 The Palmolive Co., of Canada Limited 140IC

10 Shaves FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

The Palmolive Co., of Canada Limited
Dept. B-348
Toronto, Canada



They Fight Film—

They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

Why teeth are cloudy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains then it often form the basis of thin dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods do not effectively combat it. So most teeth are discolored more or less.

Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

Now a daily remover

Dental science, after long research has found two ways to combat film. Authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging their daily use.

Made in Canada

A new type tooth paste has been created to comply with modern requirements. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Its unique effects

Pepsodent with every use attacks the film on teeth.

It also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may cling to teeth and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

In these three ways it fights the enemies of teeth as nothing else has done.

One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film coats disappear. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects.

Do this to learn what millions know—the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY

Dept. 205, 191 George St., Toronto, Ont.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Pepsodent CANADA

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists almost the world over. Used by careful people of some forty races. All druggists supply the large tubes.

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flushed and the two were evidently joking about something. Alf's big laugh true as day came rather more mildly to the other tables, caused many eyes to tilt to them.

All nodded casually to Dor as Letty slipped into her accustomed place by the latter. Then he hesitated. There had been a time when he had sat at the other side of Letty. But of late he had taken a seat at the farthest end of the table. He seemed to waver. Letty looked up. She made the barest of gestures—a slight motion of her head—a lifting of one hand.

The meal was a merry one. Letty did most of the talking, but Dor filled in the pauses with some funny stories and a humorous account of an incident that had happened down at the freak tent that afternoon. All did rather more than was wont above other than those of either Don or Letty. But the hearty booming of his laughter made up for his silence.

After that evening All somehow found occasion to sit beside Letty at every meal time. Chance seemed to bring them together more often in the daily routine of morning parade, afternoon and evening performance, then the lost-care journey late at night through the urban-ajar streets of ever-changing cities until they found the circus sleeping cars.

THERE came a time when All even pridefully walked for Letty after each performance to walk back to her dressing tent with her. Of course Don was there too. The three of them would walk along together. All suddenly grew solemn when Dor came between.

"See here, Letty," Dor exclaimed at last, "this fellow All is getting to be a nuisance. I don't have any time alone with you now."

She did not reply.

"I don't want to appear unreasonably jealous." He tried to laugh lightly. "I'm only standing up for my rights, All is a good fellow, but he ought to understand we might like to be left alone a little."

Still Letty was silent.

"It's always best to be frank." Don went on. "I don't you think either you or I better tell him, Letty?"

Tell him what? Letty asked suddenly. Her voice sounded unnatural as if she had been through a weakened from some secret and absorbing trair of thought.

Tell him you would enjoy yar self better without as much of his company."

Don grimly.

"But, Letty was breathing quickly now. "If I couldn't say this and he truth, fri?

"What?"

Drr drew up in his tracks.

Supposing I enjoyed All's company," Letty flung out defiantly.

Dorr eyes riveted upon her startled amazed.

Supposing I enjoyed Alf's company—a great deal," she cried breathlessly, her head at her throat.

Don stood transfixed.

Then how sorry do you enjoy Alf's company?" he asked at last, waggling each word and pulling it out slowly, painfully. "Answer me, Letty."

She hung her head, her hand still catching at her throat. He lifted her chin until she was forced to meet his eyes.

All so brave with the weights," she panted. He dares do anything. He's in the circus a coward."

With a cry Donr hands dropped limply to her side. His face greyed at the stab of her words. For a moment he swayed unsteadily.

My God!" he cried hoarsely. "You not you!"

He stood numbed, blinded. Then, irrespectedly, he wheeled away from her and rar stumbling in the direction of his dressing tert.

Letty rar after him.

Don! Wait!" she cried frantically. But hr was gone.

ment of ultra-emotion Love goaded

She repeated the words desperately over and over, stifling the sobs that traveled up her throat with them. Grop-ingly she lirred her way back at the ter to t the farthest errant of the lot. There a deserted wagon stood, piled high with hay. Letty stumbered up arto it and flinging herself down in the fragrant grass let the whe e came uncontrolled.

WHEN her strength was spent she still lay there dry-eyed courting feverishly the hours to the evening performance. Suppose Don should never make Dor understand. Supposing it had all been to war anyway. Supposing Don

But she refused to form even the thought of her defeat.

He must! He must! He must!" she cried aloud, beating her clenched hands rp and down ir the hay and with all the tremendous nervous vitality and will-power, that seemed impossible to be stored up in such a childishly slight little body, flowing out into the words.

The afternoar performance was over before the thought of leaving her hiding place. The strains of the band lazily floating out from the Big Top at the other end of the lot had ceased. The sluggish shuffle of thousands of moving feet, the babble of voices, cries and laughter as the crowd passed out of the lot and down a side street rad died away too.

Two hours before the evening's performance! Nearly four hours before the aerial act was scheduled and she could watch Don climb to the swings again and

Letty!"

She drew up short. Don was coming toward her, stumbling, reluctant. Letty stood aghast at her face. It was that of an old man drawn and whitened by years of sickness.

Letty!" His voice was curiously devoid of all timbre. I've been a fool. I've come to tell you that I don't blame you for—for changing your mind about marrying me. I am a coward. I grew it. At first I kept thinking every day.

He broke off. With an effort he controlled himself.

And then you seemed to believe in me, too—at first. I suppose that kept me from seeing the truth about myself. But this afternoon—"

He rushed on now, not letting her speak.

Oh, I don't blame you, Letty. That's what I've come to tell you. All's a fine fellow—a big ringer. You know I'd never have held on to you—never would have left that I had only right to you if I'd not been so sure that I, too, would be a big ringer again some day."

He drew a quivering breath.

Well—that's over now. Tonight is my last night on the swings. I'm only telling you this so that you can get someone else to give you your signals."

Dor!"

Letty's voice rose sharply strident with premonition.

He could not answer her immediately. When he did his labored words came hoarsely, sinking almost to a whisper at the end.

I'm leaving aerial work tonight, Letty—for good."

HE TURNED away, but in a moment he met her bewildered eyes again. With a supreme effort he gathered himself together to blurt out all his shame.

I've got work down in the grub-tent, Letty."

He crumpled then before her horror-stretched eyes. In a moment the had flung herself upon him.

No! No!" she cried clinging to him. "Listen. Dor it's all a mistake. I love you. I do love you. I was only trying to help you. I thought if you were jealous of All—it's just like that—Doctor Billy said so. But—oh, it doesn't matter. Listen! Look at me, Don!"

But with a sudden wild gesture Don threw his hands above his head as if to tore away from her.

Letty watched him go. She tried in vain to lift her voice to make a motion to detain him. But she could not. She stood hypnotized. Darkness of grief, despair, fury at her own folly closed in upon her. But her whirling thoughts leaped at the truth with terrifying directness and clearness. She knew that she had wrongly analyzed Don's and her own faith in himself. The impetus of his will power that had made him climb to his trapeze day after day there to sit gulping at his fear but even so not quite beaten by it. At least he had had the strength to fight it but feebly. But now he had given up! Now he was willing to be beaten because he thought he had lost her.

It seemed an age before she could pass this blinding realization. Relentlessly at last she spurred herself beyond it.

She must prove to him that this was not true. His was beyond words. Well!

The rush of her thoughts drew up quickly.

Actions then!

HE HAD said tonight was his last time on the swings. Knowing Don, Letty knew with what finality this decision had been made. Whatever the did must be done tonight.

Tonight?

Suddenly her hands, tightly clasped, flew to her lips. Her eyes bulged at the picture she forced her brain to paint quickly before them.

For a moment she swayed undetermined. Fearfully she glanced about. No one was in sight. It was the hour for the evening meal and the tat was deserted of circus-folk.

Letty began to run in the direction of the Big-Top. Then she stopped. Then she ran again. She reached the run-way leading through the Big Top to the arena within. She crept up it. It was grotesquely quiet and dingy within. The vast arena was empty, silent save for the hollow echoes of some ushers clattering about the higher benches, gathering up empty pop-corn bags, newspapers, and the hundred other varieties of débris left in the wake of the crowd who an hour before surged down from those benches. The lights had not been lighted yet. The mellow dusk of the early summer evening drifted through the mammoth tent, until lapped up by the flat, splotching shadows that flowed away in oily ruts the farthest corners.

Letty kept under the cover of those shadows, a trembling, panting, little figure.

WHEN the other girls trooped back from the mess-up to the dressing tent that evening they found Letty already there. She was hovering impatiently about the big wardrobe trunks.

She sensed eagerly upon Ma' Florentine, the handsome grey haired mistress of the wardrobe.

'Ma,' she cooaxed 'dig up my scarlet outfit tonight. Please!"

"Why, Letty, this isn't a big stand. You know those new costumes must be saved."

Oh Ma, now please!"

Ma' Florentine hesitated. She had had her orders to have those higher up. But Letty was very dear to her. She always found it impossible to deny her anything with the latter's dark, warmly luminous eyes coaxed pleadingly to hers.

"Well," she said at last, 'you know you ought not to wear your new outfit tonight."

But she was already stooping to unlock the big trunk.

Letty danced before her.

'And my scarlet slippers, too," she cried.

She dressed with meticulous care, not adding to the already high flush on her cheeks and outlining the black hair, that grew so mottly soft about the ears, with a silver band. The flash came to the small face a madonna-like touch strangely incongruous with the shimmering scarlet of her costume.

Throughout her dressing Letty kept up a banter of merriment with the other girls a little brittle, verging on hysteria but sufficient to keep them all in gales of laughter. The shyness, the suspicious constraint she had felt with them during the last few weeks seemed to have dropped away, leaving her a recklessly gay and impulsive Letty whom it was impossible not to love.

You'll be the death of me, Letty," 'Ma' Florentine cried at last, laughing until the tears rolled down her face at Letty's latest sally.

All right Ma. I'll be getting along out of your way. It's time I was going I guess."

She stepped down from the top of her trunk where she had been sitting and gave her hands a last rub with rosin. When she looked up, the lantern from a near-by tent-pole showed her face suddenly pinched and white.

She pulled a thin silver bracelet quickly from her wrist and pressed it into 'Ma' Florentine's hands.

Take this. Here. Don't lose it. Keep it. Good-bye!"

Why, Letty child, what's this? What's the matter?"

Instantly Letty flung back her head, flashing back an assuring smile.

Nothing, Ma. Just keep this bracelet for me until—I come back. It feels too tight or my wrist somehow tonight."

She darted back to the opening of the tent.

So long girls!"

WITHOUT a look back she dodged out into the right. A few minutes later to a rush of jazz she was running lightly out into the ring followed at a respectful distance by the rest of the troupe. Out of the corners of her eyes she saw Don stumbling in the rear.

They all climbed the ropes and swung out on their trapezes. The act began. Letty commenced the first fearless flights down her string of swings in the center. When she had these all in motion she started the longer, more sweeping flights, hooking now by her knees, now by her hands, twisting, turning, twirling, a bit of human life, defying the relentless laws of gravitation by a single catch of slim fingers, a slight pressure of knee muscles, an eye trained from babyhood to measure distances down to the last minutiae.

Finally she swung up into position five. In a moment now she would swing on to the trapeze that hung close to Don, but somewhat lower than his. She did not use this swing except for her daring toe-hanging climax.

She saw Don already starting this trapeze in motion. She lifted her face to his as she caught onto it.

"Good bye, Don!" she called up at him, her voice lifting clearly above the muffled clamor of the music far below.

Then the drums began the jarring crescendo roll that announced to the already breathless audience that the apex to aerial thrills had arrived. The little scarlet figure swung higher and higher. Far out over the safety net she whooped backward, catching her knees over the bar. A moment later and she had slipped head downward, only her scarlet slippered toes, and the momentum of her swinging keeping her from plunging into space.

LETTY closed her eyes. Through the hotly rushing darkness she felt stabbed in upon her. Would Don see that the bar for her upon which that swung nearest to him was half out away?

She felt herself sweeping backward in the first long arc of her swing. She had passed Don. Had he seen? Supposing his excitement he rushed out with his hand and tried to stop her trapeze. The sudden jounce this would give her would certainly break the grip of her toes over the bar. Blood foamed in her ears at the thought. But no, she could trust Don's long experience with the swings not to do that!

She was rushing back on the second arc of her swing.

"Don! Don!"

Her whole being cried out the words. If only she could see him! She shut her eyes again. She knew that to save her she would have to swing with her head on to a lower trapeze. He would have to hook headlong on that with his toes caught in the ropes at each end. By swinging sidewise in this position he could catch her by the ankles as she swept by him and seize her off her trapeze. Would he dare?

Darter Billy's words hussed in her restless brain.

Sudden moment of ultra emotion clean of fear clean of "

Tremendous jerk. Blood whipping to her temples. Muscles of her back snapping taut. Her ankles ashing in a grip like a vise. Blackness.

She fought down the blackness to feel the grip on one of her ankles loosen cautiously. Her quick wits cut through her taunting consciousness. She understood the signals. They were directly over the net. The grip on both ankles let go. She plunged headlong. The habit of long years made her body twist agilely to land safely on her back.

She bounced from the net revived her. With a hot rush her consciousness came back. On the second bound she regulated her feet and can nimbly to the edge of the net to the ladder there.

She lorked up. The trapeze from which Don had raised her was swinging unevenly. One of its ropes was broken. Dor was still swaying on his swing, but he had raised himself until his knees were caught over the bar. His muscles

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful



What a Mother Can Do to Keep Her Child's Hair Healthy—Fine, Soft and Silky—Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the soft life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, it does stiff and gummy and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch. It is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and gentle washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and dry.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clean, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich creamy Mulsified lather rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinse in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

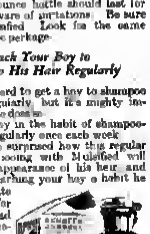
You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations. Be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT does be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's a mighty important that he does so.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life. For a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels might proud of.



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were relaxed resting. It was evident that he had seen her land safely

Suddenly his downward glance caught on her eyes It was as though until then he had been acting purely as an automaton Now he gave a whoop of triumph He swung himself quickly over the bar shot to the next trapeze and to the next until he had all the center span swinging again with renewed force

Then, obviously unconscious that the performers who dressed the side trapeze had gone leaving him the sole performer in the ring he ran out only at the little scarlet figure still standing on the ladder below, laughing up at him and clapping her hands Don Salvador began the long swirling flights, the breathless twists the triple somersaults high in the air that had made his name once one to be spoken with awe

When it was over he swung over to the little perch. He stood there a moment sprightly his head flung back It was the old self confident pose when his whole being tingled with the knowledge that he feared nothing that the balance of every muscle and nerve in his body was perfect his eye true his grip sure Again Prince of the Air"

With a spectacular dive he jumped into the net, turning at the last possible second to land in a favorable position Hardly had he regained his feet when Letty was by his side

'Don! Don! You did it!'

He looked down at her a little dazed He tried to speak Then the quick memory of the rat rope and the slender ankles he had seized came back to him

'Gad Letty! Our rope was nearly worn through It broke just as I grabbed you Did I scare you?'

She laughed at the look on his face

'I did it Don'

'Did what?'

Cut the rope'

'Cut ? Why? What ?'

'I knew you'd save me'

'What do you mean?'

She shrugged her shoulders, her voice catching beneath the lightness she tried to force into it

'Oh well! I was going to swing there until either you saved me or the rope broke.'

'God! You'd been killed!'

The joyous peal of her laughter rang to him above the stridor of the orchestra the thunderous roar of applause from the audience who never dreamed it had witnessed anything but the usual aerial act billed on the program as LETTY DUPEEL MOST DARING AERIALIST IN THE WORLD'

Don, Letty cried happily, 'you're the dearest donkey in the show Don't you know it'd have been easier to have been killed than to have lived to see my husband in the grab-tent?

As You Were

Continued from page 14

wanted to play square, you know, because we really were awfully crazy about each other then

'Aren't we yet?'

She eyed him speculatively "Maybe" she admitted

'Well I am' said Jimmy "and if you're not, you're going to be again"

De you realize parried the girl, "that we have seen each other just about five times in our lives? And all the war stuff and everything

'Are you in love with somebody else?' Jimmy demanded

Virginia laughed scornfully

'You funny boy! Of course I'm not. What would I want to be in love with anybody for?

Are you trying to let me down easy, then?' he asked

'Oh Jimmy!' Virginia's blue eyes opened wide "Yes know I'm not I think you're a dear

But you keep ducking so when I try to put you down What's the point of that?

Virginia smiled—she had practised it often before her mirror—enigmatically

The most desirable fruit, she paraphrased, is often not the easiest to shake off the tree.' Suddenly she smiled "Jimmy dear don't let's be silly and serious any more. Why can't we just have a good time, the same as everybody else does? Oh there's the music! Come on let's dance"

JIMMY danced. He danced then he danced through the spring When Virginia went out to 'Bluff Point' he followed her there every week-end she would let him—which was about once in three He followed her to St. Andrews in August. He followed her to St. Agathe in the fall And he danced

Not even Virginia's closest and dearest girl friends questioned the fact that she possessed a genius for attracting men Some of them—the girl friends—perhaps admitted to one another in the strictest confidence of course that anybody who spent as much thought and time and money on herself as Virginia Wastyn did certainly ought to make a splash. It was hinted too, still in confidence that Virginia's ethics in the matter of property—man being the property under discussion—were not above cavil But that must be as it may The simple truth was that Virginia was gorgeous and she knew it and her girl friends knew it and, as it seemed, half the men east of the Great Lakes knew it

Virginia liked Jimmy all right. Well he might come through at that. He was working hard in a mighty good office —though what Virginia probably meant by good was fashionable—and maybe he might make a killing. And socially lots of people were taking him up, though naturally she herself had helped there Anyway, and here Virginia would yawn prettily, there was heaps and heaps of time —and there always were heaps and heaps of other men.

There were, too They bothered Jimmy Blair For things were not going exactly as he had hoped they would

For one thing there was the job. It was a perfectly good job, and everybody told him he ought to be tickled to death with it but somehow it seemed a little bit flat. Not exactly that, maybe, but sort of—well, flat was the word after all Selling stocks and bonds! As a matter of fact you didn't sell anything You told somebody about something which somebody had told you possessed a certain theoretical value, and you tried to sell that intangible something to the somebody who didn't want very much to buy it

Selling a pair of shoes now—that would be easy You'd have something in your hands and you could say: "These are good shoes. Real leather. Look!" And the other person would look, and if he wanted a pair of good shoes—well it would be a cinch But this other thing was not a cinch. How could you know the shoes were good if you'd never even been there? Yet you gave your word on it, just as if you personally knew Funny business!

THEN there was the cost of living That was another thing to think about. They paid you what they called a drawing account of sixty dollars a week down there at the office, and that was really your salary. You were supposed to get commissions, and it worked out on paper that you got a lot of them But you actually didn't get very many commissions, because nobody much seemed to want to buy shoes by bonds it seem, and besides half the snutty pressed young men you saw seemed to be selling the very same things that you were trying to sell.

That was probably because that was the thing to do. Then too, there was always the chance of big money any minute But nobody seemed to be making it. Certainly Jimmy's own companions didn't.

You get sixty dollars a week maybe a little bit more. Call it three hundred a month Well your room cost you fifty dollars, and your meals cost you at least seventy-five—just your own meals that is—and you had to have two good suits for the office, and evening clothes and a dinner jacket and a silk hat and all sorts of shoes and shirts and things And gosh, how you wanted to have a morning coat—a cutaway that is—which in turn would call for a special pair of trousers! You wanted it, but it would have to wait Because in addition to all this there was Virginia

Virginia! Jimmy Blair wiped his forehead.

IF YOU took Virginia to tea it cost you a couple of dollars That was easy But if you took her to dinner which you wanted to do once in a while it cost you fifteen dollars before you got through with the taxis and the tips. If you took her to dinner and the theatre—and of course you had to get decent seats—it would knock a good thirty dollar hole in your wallet. Thirty dollars in one evening Zip! Just like that! And by the same token, if you took her to dinner and the theatre and out to dance afterward—and you just had to do that occasionally—you were mighty lucky if you got out of it for forty-five cool iron men Jimmy knew He knew until it hurt.

Goshalmighty! You made thirty-six hundred a year and you stayed in debt every minute Up in Carpenterville, if you made twelve hundred it wasn't a hard job to put say, two hundred and fifty aside Jimmy knew that too. Because he had done it

Just the same it was worth it. Nobody could tell Jimmy it wasn't And Virginia was worth it—you bet she was! There was something about the whole thing that was worth it And no matter whether you had a date with Virginia or not the world was a great place to be in

Take to-day, for instance Jimmy Blair hadn't sold a single stock, but he had left the office at four-thirty—that was one nice thing about being in the market. It was May time, and the town was abuzz with life real life not the kind of thing they called life in such towns like Carpenterville Imagine living in Carpenterville! Some day after he'd made his killing, he'd bring his mother and father down here and buy them a snappy apartment Westmount way and give them an idea of what they'd missed all their lives. Yes, he would, just that

THERE was a yellow envelope for Jimmy stuck cornerwise in the mirror of the dark entrance hall He seized it gingerly, tore it open. Telegrams always made your heart stop a little, even though you pretended they didn't.

This one was from Jimmy's mother

"Your father facing operation" It read "Not serious but want you home soon as possible"

Jimmy stood there, irresolute He knew about his father's operations; the old man had told him six months ago Just a couple of days in the hospital and then rest again. But still! Jimmy scowled. Darn it, he'd been invited to Virginia's for dinner that evening! And afterwards they were all going to the Ritz. Yes, and that Conrad bird would be there, and Jimmy didn't trust him a bit Now what difference would one evening make?

Jimmy looked at the telegram again. Then he shook his head mournfully, went to the telephone instrument that hung on the wall, dropped a nickel into its slot and called Virginia's number

Virginia was out—likely enough with that blooming Conrad bird!

"Please tell Miss Wastyn," said Jimmy evenly, "that I have been called home by a sudden illness in my family. Tell her I'm dreadfully sorry, but I can't help it. Yes this is Mr. Blair"

JUST before he was to be wheeled out to the operating room Jimmy's father asked to see the boy alone

'Son' he said, with a smile that wasn't much of a smile after all—"the doctor has told me about this thing of mine I've known it quite a while Your mother doesn't know—not exactly. I've got a good chance they say, but if anything should happen—"

'Rot' scoffed the boy "You're as healthy as a horse Forget it."

"—if anything should happen, Jim, I'm depending on you' The older man hesitated. "There aren't in as good shape—financially—as I'd like to have them But I've got you That's a big relief That's all Call 'em in, Jim So long old man Wish me luck' He grinned again and held out his hand.

Jimmy took his mother downstairs to the waiting room He was wishing his father did not look so pale And why did hospitals always have such depressing medical smells?

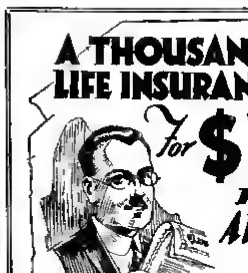
After what seemed like hours and hours a nurse all in white, came softly into the room Mr Blair was out of the ether, she said and resting comfortably

'Thank God!' said Jimmy's mother, and stood up 'She's going to live!' she affirmed her eyes gleaming moist, and clutched for Jimmy's hand The nurse smiled and nodded

But the nurse was wrong

It was not until the day after the funeral that Jimmy was able to get his thoughts in any kind of order Somehow he had managed to wire his office to tell them he could not be back for another week at

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boost For the rest he had arranged the funeral and cried about the cemetery lot as I gave it to him two long talks with his father lawyer and held his arm tight about his mother's shoulders. Her sister butted in a couple of times. He seemed tired that his Aunt Hat had been scared and Mrs. Dunnet and Mary all walking softly as I talking softly and doing it unnatural trumpet-banshik things. But I like three or four of him was constantly with his mother That is how was good

BUT now at last he was seeing clearly again and thinking clearly and lurching. They were ten thousand lacks.

First there was his father's store. The banker held the tale figured a question. For four years past the store had been losing money. Jimmy never believe that retail he had gone over the books several times and then talked with the president of the bank. He father had been old-fashioned and easy going—and he had been in competition with three chain stores each are of them run by a local man. They could undersell him and undersell him and they had. Only Mr Blair's popularity and his name for square dealing had kept him in business at all.

Now the president of the bank knew. He did not like to say what he was saying he explained, but it was his best judgment that Jimmy had better take steps to sell the stock on hand and dispose of the lease or the store building. This would give him a few thousand dollars to hand and thereby place him in a position financially to meet most, if not all of his father's debts.

"Debts" Jimmy demanded.

Well yes, there were some debts. The facts of the matter were that Mr. Blair had made a number of investments on margin. In the hope of recovering some of his recent losses, and the investments had turned out pretty much as everybody except Mr. Blair had predicted they would. The banker coughed deprecatingly.

"THAT was about your father's only fault, Jim. He never could seem to understand the value of money."

Jimmy stared moodily at his fingertips. "I guess I don't either," he confessed.

Good time to learn," said the older man not unkindly. By the way, your father carried a little insurance. That is, intact as far as I know. I've been figuring up things up for you Jim, in a rough sort of way. If you can get rid of the stock on hand down there at the store for a fair price and get rid of the lease, there'll be somewhere between hitteen hundred and two thousand dollars left over after you've called in all the paper your father had out. Your mother will have this and the house. That, I'm afraid, is all. You know, except for a three hundred dollar first mortgage."

Jimmy continued to stare at his fingertips.

"Of course," he said presently, "we can sell the house and I can take Mother to town with me. I'd thought of that a little."

His voice trailed off uncertainly.

The banker laid a large paternal hand upon Jimmy's knee.

"I'd think about that a long time," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked the boy.

"Frankly, I don't know of your father, Jim. I don't think she'd want much to go to the city. Carpenterville has been her home for a good many years. It's—well, it is about all she has left now. You're not old enough to understand that, maybe. But it's my opinion that taking your mother to the city—uprooting her right at this time—would just about end her."

That's what Aunt Hat says' Jimmy muttered.

Well, I'd listen to your Aunt Hat, Jim."

Jimmy Blair raised his eyes to those of the man opposite him.

That means I'll have to stay here," he stated dully.

It does." The banker nodded slowly. Jimmy shook his head doggedly.

"There must be some other way. In this town Mr. Parker—some that I could get money—that pays more than twenty-five dollars a week."

The banker admitted this.

I can't see that," said the boy miserably. "I've been earning pretty near four thousand."

Yes," put in the man, "and spending most of it before you got it."

Most of it!" Jimmy agreed wearily.

The banker paused.

"I TELL you Sam," he finally began, "I imagine I know about how you feel. Carpenterville doesn't look very big to you just now. I don't know as I blame you. You've gone and got yourself big city eyes. But maybe Carpenterville's a bigger place on the map and run your map Jim—than you'd think for offhand. Besides, I've got an idea for you."

"You have?" Jimmy was being politic. He really didn't much care. In fact all he felt all torn apart. Why did problems like this have to be put up to a fellow? Why, if life have to be all boiled up this way? He ruddily leave his mother ran. He knew that. But how how in earth was he going to be able to give up Virginia—Virginia and everything she had come to symbolize during this last turbulent year? It only there were some way out of it some way—"

"My idea is this" the banker was explaining. "You have old Jed Fisher? Well, Jed has worked himself up quite a retail creamery business—mostly buttermilk and print butter covering this whole section of the county. He uses a horse and wagon, but my idea would be for you to use a flivver truck. Cover four times the territory. Well, Jed is getting pretty well along in years, Jim, and those forty quart cans are something of a chore to handle."

"What's he do?" asked Jimmy impatiently. "Doesn't he peddle the stuff from house to house? I think I remember him. I don't want to do that, Mr. Parry."

"There's a whole hell of a lot going on in life we don't want to do Jim that we do particularly when we're responsible for somebody or inside of ourselves."

Jimmy rather nothing.

"Jed's got a good trade worked up, Jim, and he's willing to sell. It's mostly good will except for his contract with the Gulerville creamery, but it's worth quite a lot. He'll sell I happen to know, for six hundred dollars asking price. He'll take five. Now here's what I'll do, Jim. I'll advance you the five hundred and I'll advance you the first payment on a flivver truck—and the rest is up to you. But I'll back you that much."

Yes," said Jimmy wearily. But I can't see that it's worth all an opportunity, Mr. Parry."

"You can't buy? Well maybe it isn't but I'm willing to takes little gamble on it if you are."

That night Jimmy Blair began at least six different and separate letters to Virginia Westyn. But one by one he tore them up. What would he tell her? He didn't know. He would try to tell her when he went back to the city to resign his job and get his things.

WELL, he had done it, and here he was at last—a buttermilk peddler, rattling up the road toward the Gulerville creamery in a dusty truck that had seen many better days. Yes, he had done it—and that last day in the city had seared itself indelibly into his memory.

Resigning his job had been nothing. They did not seem surprised. They did not seem to care. Of course Major Heshell had been decently sorry and had wished him luck, but scarcely and her read had been irritated. There was always a long list of really pressed and well-spoken applicants waiting for such jobs. That was one thing about it. Jimmy reflected. If you were in you were in, but if you stepped out you were out and the city moved on. Well that was that.

But saying good-by to Virginia had been another story. He had told her that he couldn't afford a party as and it was mighty decent of her, she had met him at the Ritz and they had walked up the street together and that even to her home. And then seated side by side on a velvet couch, with satin hangings on the doors and an inlaid mahogany tea table before them, he had told her that he was leaving—perhaps for good.

Virginia gorgeous as always, knew how to be sweet.

But you'll come back," she insisted. Everybody does."

He shook his head in profound gloom. He would try to get down once in awhile but for a time he would have to be very careful of every nickel. He laughed to make every nickel sound less doleful.

Oh I know!" Virginia murmured him. "Daddy talked five years ago and we had to economize like the devil for almost a year. We gave up all but one car and never opened the summer place at all that summer." She squeezed Jimmy's hand. "Don't think I don't understand," she said.

JIMMY told her what he was going to do—that is, he almost told her. He was taking over a big creamery business, he explained, and it would mean working about twenty-five hours a day.

"Isn't that splendid!" Virginia cooed. "It must be a wonderful to be a man and accomplish things. I'll never forget you, Jimmy boy," she added.

Also a while he did cool up to go—

"Can't you give me this one evening?" he pleaded half wistfully. "I don't start home till the midnight."

"I'm afraid not Jimmy dear."

Just at that moment, as if with dramatic forethought, a maid entered the room.

"The telephone Miss Virginia," she announced. "Mr. Conrad on the wire."

Jimmy gritted his teeth as Virginia excused herself.

Conrad this evening!" he asked meaningly when the gorgeous girl came back.

"I'm sorry, Jimmy," said Virginia contritely shaking her lawn-colored curls. "If you'd only asked me before."

"Can't you break it?" he insisted.

"Jimmy!" Virginia's cornflower eyes opened wide. "You wouldn't want me to break a date with you would you? Then how could you want me to with anybody else?"

Somehow he managed to say good-by. Something had happened to Jimmy, he didn't know what. He only wished that it was midnight.

WELL and that was that. Jimmy laughed heresbly as he swung his rattling flivver alongside the loading platform of the Gulerville creamery. Well—and this was this.

"Right on the dot, Jimmy," he called out as a man's head appeared in a doorway. "And I'll be back for another load this afternoon." He leaped out of the driver's seat and into the building. Presently he appeared again, trundling the first of the big forty-quart containers.

"Gosh!" he grunted as he heaved it aboard the little truck. "I don't blame old Jed Fisher. Wonder to make had any back left for."

Ten minutes later Jimmy and his flivver were roaring and bouncing down the road toward Carpenterville again. Casually he looked at his wrist watch. It was just quarter past seven—in the morning. But Jimmy grinned. The sun was warm and the leaves were green and the birds were singing by the roadside. And the earlier you got started the more milk you sold—and the more milk you sold—Jimmy's right hand straggled into the pocket of his blue overalls and there sounded a pleasant jingling of small change.

Now he laughed again as he thought of the picture he must make—he, Jimmy Blair, in an old rinsah hat and a faded brown flannel shirt and stained overalls, ploughing along as the captain of an exceedingly battered and loud smelling gas wagon, with eight tin cans haunting and splashing and gurgling in the back and on either side a sign white letters on a black ground, announcing "Blair's Buttermilk—Always Fresh." He laughed but he did not laugh harshly. After all life could be worse.

BY THE first of July Jimmy had settled down to a steady schedule. Every morning he got up at five and by quarter before six he would be away from the house. This brought him to the creamery by quarter past. Here he loaded and set out.

He had found a small boy who wanted to help him haul for the adventure of the thing and half for the sum of fifty cents a day. When they started to make deliveries the boy would take one side of a street and Jimmy the other, and Jimmy figured that this method increased his day's sales by at least a half. They would rattle into a street and stop, and Jimmy would jangle the old locomotive bell with which he had equipped his car, and straightway the people would swarm out, children with empty bottles women with quart and two quart and gallon jars. And for every quart a nickel, cash went into Jimmy's pocket.

He was doing a real business now. He had made a new contract with the creamery to take its entire buttermilk output, and as a side line he sold print butter and heavy. Jimmy disliked handling milk so much himself that he was always surprised to find out that as many people seemed to enjoy it. On Mondays and Thursdays he covered Tarrytown, where he sold gallon quantities to the hotels. On Tuesdays and Fridays he took in Gulerville itself and certain outlying towns. On Wednesdays and Saturdays he sold his wares in Carpenterville and the country to the south. And on Sundays he rested. He rested as if he had never rested before.

BUT the best time of all was at half past seven of a week-day evening when Jimmy would paint his little kiss into the backyard of his mother's house and kill the engine. Then, with the shadows long across the cool sweet grass of the lawns, Jimmy would unburden his overall pockets of his day's earnings threwing bills and coins upon the warm stone kitchen doorstep.

His mother would help him then and generally Mary Dunnet and side by side they would kneel and count, smoothing the bills out in neat thirk piles, stacking half dollars and quarters and nickels and dimes. And Mrs. Blair would be seen all over as they talked the score, and little Mary Dunnet would literally jump up and down with happiness and excitement. For Jimmy was making money.

He paid sixty five cents for a forty quart can. Out of that he sold thirty-seven quarts—three quarts were always lost—at five cents apiece. This gave him a profit at $1.25 on each can. He was selling eighty-five runs a week now, and his profits, with his butter and all, were running over twenty dollars a day. Of course the car and its upkeep was coming out of that, but Jimmy was very well satisfied. In fact he had already arranged with his friend, the president of the bank to finance a second car and a helper—an commission for Blair's Buttermilk was becoming known and Echoes and Elindale lay to the East.

But so did Montreal.

Jimmy Blair felt strangely guilty about Montreal. He felt, in fact, as if he were being disloyal. He must be lacking somehow in stability. For Montreal—and what Jimmy really meant was somebody in Montreal—was not as constantly in his mind as he thought it ought to be.

THEN, out of a clear sky, Virginia's telegram came, and Jimmy found himself shaking as he read it. That was on July second. She was motoring through tomorrow, she informed him on her way to her father's summer camp that was in a little lake region forty miles or so further on, and she would stop for him at two o'clock and pick him up and take him along for the week-end. Where should she meet him?

Week-end! Jimmy laughed. That chance I've got with the Friday and Saturday deliveries. Still I can ere her anyway. He hurried to the telegraph office and wired his reply. He would be at the Gulerville creamery at from one o'clock on. Jimmy waited covertly at his chara at the Gulerville creamery as a meeting place. Might as well let Virginia think the place was somehow his! Then abruptly he scowled.

Shucks! He'd promised Mary Denison to take her along as the route to-morrow. Mary enjoyed it as just like a kid, and she'd been helping him a lot. Already she knew by name all the housewives in Carpenterville as steady customers and to-morrow she was planning to start in on Gulerville. Well—he'd have to make some excuse and put it off. He'd tell her most of the truth, that he was expecting some city friends of his to pick him up along the road.

Mary looked at him quite steadily with those soft brown eyes of hers and said, "Of course, Jimmy. What does it matter?" But it made Jimmy feel as if he had cheated.

Jimmy cut his morning deliveries short next day and raced back to the house at noon to change his clothes.

"You'll ruin that nice suit" his mother reproved him mildly. "And how can you handle the cans with that still white collar on, Jim? Won't those city people notice you in your working clothes?"

"Oh I feel better in these things!" said Jimmy lightly.

But he didn't. As he drove back up the Gulerville road with his empty flivver rattling under him and bouncing behind him he felt suddenly foolish out of place, nettled. He Jimmy Blair—

LUX dissolves instantly in hot water into a wonderful suds that makes your dainty things as fresh and lovely as when you first saw and admired them.



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assumed of the clothes he worked in! He wished hotly that he had left his flannel shirt and stained overalls on.

"I she doesn't like 'em," he informed himself, shaving man to man that's all

HE REACHED the creamery at noon and then he began to wait. One of the men there good-naturedly loaded his truck for him and that again made him my feel ashamed. He smoked a cigarette and looked at his watch. He smoked another and another and another. He walked around and down, and up and walked around some more. He looked at his watch again. Great Scott—half past three! Two hours gone by, and those eight cans to be sold quart by quart, before nightfall. Jimmy scowled

AT TEN minutes past four a sleek Delft blue touring car slid to a halt by the creamery gate. Somebody was passing out a man and a girl, and the girl's hand waved. Jimmy Blair ran out.

Hallo, Jimmy old thing," said Virginia. She was as gorgeous as ever her fawn colored hair fluffed out above a soft, tawn-colored motoring coat

Hello Virginia. Gosh it's good to see you! Oh hello, Conrad! How see you?" Jimmy extended his hand, but surprised him that his feeling toward this quondam rival was, for some reason quite cordial.

Rupin "the gorgeous girl commanded "Where's your bag? Were two hours late now. Make it snappy, Jimmy.

"I know darned well you're two hours late" Jimmy heard himself saying coolly "But I can't go along with you, Virginia —can't leave the job. I wired you that.

"Oh, forget it!" the girl diverted petulantly "You and your stupid old job! You make me sick. Come on—we're going to have a great party. You know the gang

Get a little of the old stuff on the hip, too." Conrad volunteered pleasantly.

"Here!" From somewhere beneath his coat he produced a quart bottle, half full

More where that came from," he added

You tempt me," laughed Jimmy "but I can't. I'm awfully sorry. I hope you don't misunderstand my wire, Virginia. I just wanted to say hello

Well if you can't give up a blooming old job for me I'd like to know what good you are anyway. Virginia stated brit ishly.

"Can't you see I can't?" Jimmy pleaded

THEN suddenly he knew he was angry He found himself appraising Virginia almost indifferently. For the first time since he had known her it occurred to him that she was a spoiled, selfish young person Her nose he now noticed was a trifle snub-blown. It made him want to laugh What a lateness both he'd been! Why, the girl's worth was far more apart from his as—he almost laughed aloud!

She was pressing her loot on the starter

"I think you're the most selfish thing I ever knew," she said as the engine caught

"I certainly am," said Jimmy pleasantly "I certainly am. Irons the ground up," Virginia was throwing in the gears "So long folks" Jimmy called. And they were gone

Jimmy Blair walked slowly back to the creamery

Darn look! he was muttering "Well, that's the way life goes I guess. Darned good thing" He scowled And to think of me old Jimmy Blair falling for a thing like that—yeh falling and scraping my nose on the pavement. Why—put her up against a girl like Mary Denison—wait a second now!"

HE SEATED himself on the splintered sun-warmed boards of the creamery delivery platform and there for perhaps ten minutes he swung his legs and sifted sandy thoughts and arguments. Then he stood up shook himself and walked in to the office where stood a telephone

Sell that cream and still tomorrow," he enquired cryptically "To-day goes in profit and loss" Then he called a Campbellerville number

"That you, Mary?" he asked "Say, Mary, wait for me—will you? I'll be at your place in half an hour"

Jimmy Blair made it in twenty two minutes On the way he rehearsed over and over, just what he was going to say He was going to tell Mary about being in the service and seeing Paris and London and getting big ideas and being all enclosed and getting all balled up about life and its ramifications and he was going to tell her —and, Jimmy knew it now—that he had been in love with her all the time, which was a fact as I that he hoped—gosh, how he hoped! that she'd let him hang around and try to show her that he was just an ordinary guy who would try like the dickens to prove himself worthy to kiss the hem of her dress—or something like that, anyway

But when he pulled up at the Denison house three was Mary at the top of the steps, sort of holding her hands together at her breast and staring at him with that funny questioning look in her big brown eyes And she was dressed in that brown and white checked thing that he liked so much and her brown hair all

Thumbs Down

Continued from page 25

where I found it, he hesitated somewhat in astonishment "It was the tip sheet of this pad"

Then why didn't you tell me about it before?" he demanded, as he took the paper calmly from my fingers and walked swiftly from the room

He went straight to Bert Frawley perched there so restlessly upon the railing of the verandah, appeared to be staring at him through a period of silence and then led the way for a series of pings back and forward across the lawn

For a moment Fergus watched that scene with widening interest

Gad" he exclaimed with the glow of a new idea showing upon his countenance. And to think it never occurred to me to keep an eye on the old men!"

THE inre of the new idea pulled him away as that for the first time since our arrival Dawn and I found ourselves alone. We two strolled into the hallway and down towards that new scene and I recall the queer impression which came to me that the surface of events had barely been scratched For at this moment Soloman Dodson appeared to be in the midst of a horongue so self-centered that he had totally overlooked the possibility of prying eyes.

Fergus it was obvious was craning forward in an effort to catch some stray words and I was wondering what Donegal Dawn would do when suddenly some flitting sound from behind us caught her attention Almost it seemed as though it was something in which he had been waiting for the thing which drew Dawn had been too faint to register upon any of my senses

Yet I followed his swift course back to the reading-room and it was with some astonishment that I saw him step across the room and put a woman by the wrists As he did so the billiard cue loosened from her fingers and fell with a clattering noise upon the floor In one hand there was a handkerchief slightly stained with ink and though at first she made a little effort to conceal that tell-tale bit of evidence against her she now stood with whitened features staring back into the face of Donegal Dawn.

At length he dropped her hands with a gesture almost of wonder

Woman Woman" he spoke softly You don't know what you are doing."

With that he stooped and picked up the fallen cue

It might easily have been much worse," he pronounced as he looked once more

Another thirty seconds would have been almost fatal As it is, you have managed to remove the most of the finger prints of one hand and have blurred the others considerably Still there is enough left for any purposes

AS DONEGAL DAWN broke off, I noticed a queer little twitch of a smile about the corners of his lips and just there for the first time in our association I experienced a slight feeling of antagonism For that girl standing there before him proud and silent in her sullen calm yet pale in the grip of her emotions could be none other than Elise Dodson the reserved old family type which could suffer so keenly and yet could struggle to conceal it And this moment I felt was no time to mock her with even the tolerant smile

"Out of range are Miss Dodson Dawn spoke again still mercilessly One could tell that from the photographs in the papers. Would you mind telling me just why you were removing the most valuable piece of evidence and the most interesting I might add which the case has produced"

Strangely enough there was no hesitation in the girl's manner there seemed to be no thought of evading facts no equivocation or dodging nor even the faintest suggestion of forced dignity

It was quite true that those finger prints were Bert's" she said firmly

Fergus watched that cue being gently and firm voice as thing. It were a consolation Then they could not be

Why did you say that" Dawn asked

"In the first place because he would be totally incapable of making such an assault upon any person as was made upon Jim Prether He isn't that kind as he couldn't that self."

Dawn nodded slowly "Women's intuition he suggested But I must inform you Miss Dodson that you are entirely wrong about the finger prints I speak modestly when I say that I am regarded as being something of an authority on the point Any rate my word is accepted in high places and I am quite prepared to stake my reputation upon the statement that the prints upon the billiard cue correspond line for line with Bert Frawley's That Miss Dodson should tell you the same thing it tells me

But it is impossible" the girl spoke more swiftly I am satisfied of that Listen Mr Dawn I know the story which Mary Freeber has told about the way we were playing that night She has said that we stopped because of the quarreling in this room It was not that, for the verses were so taunt that we could hardly hear them

Then there was quarreling?' Dawn interrupted

Has Bert ever denied it?" the flash in the eyes that was almost scornful, and it gave us some hint of the depths of the esteem in which she held Bert Frawley

Seared there Dawn admitted with a little laugh For I must admit that I have taken a sneaking liking for him. But please go on Miss Dodson"

We stopped when I saw Bert crossing the lawn He was leaving that night and I was watching from the billiard room windows Mrs Freeber will tell you that

Dawn's movements were methodical almost studied, as he placed the billiard cue in its rack, locked the door and dropped the key in his pocket When he faced about again I was conscious of a strange elation

Words you mind showing me just where you were standing and where you saw Mr Frawley" he suggested as he led the way to the adjoining room

Miss Dodson indicated the window nearest angrily and she likewise pointed to a distant pathway leading across the rear lawn to the garage

He had come out from the city to his own car the girl continued Iook him across the lawn and when I heard him drive away we stopped playing So it is impossible that Bert could have attacked Mr Freeber in that manner for when he drove away all the billiard cues were in the rack and if any of them had been ink-stained in that way we must surely have seen it Bert drove straight to the city He has told me so So how could his finger prints get on that cue when he was miles away? It is impossible There is a mistake somewhere

Besides" she continued, I remember that ink-stained cue distinctly Three is a small section chipped off the cracked end and at the one which Mrs Freeber was using when Bert Frawley drave away You see the whole thing is impossible Bert could not have done it

Was the moonlight particularly bright that night? Dawn asked

It was only fairly bright," Miss Dodson replied Why do you ask?

Because of a peculiar fact which has been established by science It may seem to you Miss Dodson but all things must be measured upon the cold basis of possibility The pathway which you have indicated as the place where you saw Mr Frawley is forty yards at the very least from this window Science you know has proved definitely that it is impossible for the human eye to identify another person at night even with the brightest of moonlight at a distance greater than twenty to twenty five yards So no matter how literally you may believe what you have just stated its effects could be nullified in court by any natural lawyer

FOR the first time since we had seen her the girl's lips quivered and from the quick helpless glance which came to her eyes for an instant it was plain that the foundation of confidence had been suddenly swept from her

You have also made my wonder," Dawn went on firmly, just why you should have been watching at this window for Bert Frawley to leave and why you kept Mrs. Freeber playing billiards with you until he had gone There are clocks Miss Dodson in every chain of circumstance Possibly if you would tell me that it could make matters much simpler."

For a long time it seemed to me the girl stood there with wide eyes and pale cheeks, staring at Donegal Dawn as though she had never in the room some occult gift of prescience and when she spoke again, it seemed that he had read correct much in that pern'd through which she had stared at the human eyes

I do not propose to tell you that Mr Dawn," she retorted calmly enough in the end. "You seem to be a gentleman, terribly at home with my limited experiences but if you see as gifted as you appear to be—you will find out how Bert Frawley's finger prints could get on a billiard cue when he was miles away at the time"

With that she turned and left us, and as she retreated down the long hallway which Mary Freeber had told about the way we were playing that night She has said that we stopped because of the quarreling in this room. It was not that, for the verses were so taunt that we could hardly hear them

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NOVA SCOTIA

By W B MacCOY, K. C.

The Land of Romance and Beauty

FOR ALL who would see at close range Nature in her most beneficent expression when all component elements have been harmoniously combined these words of welcome are written You are invited to come and share in the joy of a region not yet spoiled by human hands All forces have contributed towards its glory and in its creation nothing was overlooked that might minister to the physical need and innermost longing of man

The most skilled word painter must lose a tremendous task in attempting to do justice to Evangeline's Land In its hills and dales, in its meadows and marshlands—there romance lives. Its story is written on a thousand pages of history and the book is open all the way from the crumbling forts of Louisburg to old Annapolis Royal from Cape North to Cape Sable Small wonder that one finds the almost lost imagination of youth reawakening over the historic spots of New Scotland.

What visitor to Nova Scotia, however casual can journey down through the land where Evangeline lived —stand on the shores of the Basin of Minas and look long off in the northward, see stern old Blomidon encircled by soft white mists without a feeling of the rare entertainment that rests over the place "Naught but traditions remains"—but a tradition that is a romantic heritage, and over all the Minas marshland hovers the charm of a rich and varied history

A spirit of romance envelopes the ancient country of Acadie, begotten it seems largely by the landscape rather than by any particular episode of the history of the country. Yet there are certain lasts of history that quicken and stir the imagination Some of its pages are mellow with love and patriotism and noblest self-sacrifice others tell of hate and greed and ambition The nodding bumbels and the murmuring pines seem to whisper of the old glory and chivalry of the olden time of the bravery of Culloden Moore of the struggles and devotion of the loyalists of the sufferings and endurance of the Acadians. It is the region's native wistfulness casting its spell over the mind and the visitor with artistic sensibility will forever keep in memory the perpetual haunting charm of the landscape



Canal Lilli

The Picturesque Scene

THE scenery of Nova Scotia is wonderfully picturesque The eye never wearies of the diversity of hill and dale of mountain and meadow, and of broad ocean valleys and rich intervales Almost surrounded by the sea it has broad safe bathing beaches, where the surf from the great restless Atlantic rolls in never ending rhythm over the smoothly shelving white sands. Near by rich fields of emerald green slope gently down to the sea or mayhap great cliffs rear themselves reminiscent of the rugged coasts of old Scotland against which the mighty ocean dashes and breaks and retreats in its mysterious depths only to renew the endless conflict



The Cut

From the ocean countless inlets stretch inland for several miles expanding into beautiful bays and basins studded with charming little green wooded isles At any of these places the visitor may summer dinghys canoe and motorboats and without following any of the beaten roads of travel may explore in their hearts content and at their own convenience these treasures of nature

A Charming Climate

PEOPLE considering a vacation trip are always interested in the climate of the locality attracting their attention They know that absolute contentment can for a brief period, is only possible when there is a friendly attitude on the part of the elements. Nova Scotia received a full share of climatic blessings as well as scenic beauties Without extremes it is the natural haven of escape from the un-nerving heat of the over crowded centres of the inland The panorama of the seasons unfolds itself in sweeping and magnificent array and during its summer months the Province has few peers on the American continent No part of the land is more than forty miles from the living waters of the restless Atlantic All during the season the warm days of summer are tempered by cool refreshing breezes laden with fragrance of the woods and the revivifying salt tang of the sea

The days are unusually long with warm balmy sunshine and the evenings and nights are cool After the warmest summer day the heat disappears and whether in country or city the visitor will not have any sleepless nights as this score at least

In nearly every part the roads will be found good for motoring and at every town and village are garages where motors may be hired and supplies secured or repairs effected Nova Scotia is spending $1E 000,000 on high-



Curiosity (Deer)

A Land of Hill and Valley

CAPE BRETON is a country of heights and depths with mountains hills valleys, rivers and lakes and to this magnificent variety owes much of its charm nothing is monotonous, nothing tame and on every hand the scenario is calculated to fill the mind with emotions of the keenest pleasure

Halifax, the stately old Capital of Nova Scotia, has for many years been a mecca for tourists not only because of its interest, but for its convenience as a centre from which to make trips to other places in the Province For the lover of the ocean the surrounding waters may be taken as a sample of many other points the names of which recur to thousands of visitors, all of which however have their own peculiar and individual charm The historic old city has one of the finest and safest deep water harbors in the World. East and West of the city, which is founded on a great rock the sea comes in, rolled of its terrors and appearing only as a thing of beauty

The North West Arm on the west, is one of its wonder spots A placid sheet of water the east shore at which is dotted with fashionable boating and rowing clubs, and on the other with cosy little bungalows perched high on the hillside or set in amongst the maple and birch trees which grow densely down to the granite guarded water.

On regatta days this beautiful child of the sea is the haunt of thousands and its calm serene surface is alive with variegated canoes, and boats Fairyland it is when the sun goes down in a golden glory of orange and crimson and with the dusk the moon climbs up over the tree-tops and high in the heavens casts a silvery bewitching light over the phosphorous waters.

An Accessible Land

THERE is scarcely a point in Nova Scotia's charming stretch of summer play ground that cannot be reached by railway by water or by highway and has not some feature with utility too pleasure or recreation.

Splendid bathing beaches with nothing but the emerald of the ocean as far as the eye can see and always, night and day can be heard the pounding of the surf A few minutes will take one to streams that yield the wary trout or a short ride in a motor boat will afford the angler plenty of deep-sea fishing Saddle horses, automobiles motor-boats and tennis courts are at one's disposal and the possibilities for pleasure and sport see boundless.

Creeping with all its pleasures is one of the most healthful ways of enjoying a summer vacation particularly when one has interesting scenes to see and beautiful views and glades for camping spots For those who love camping and canoeing there are watery, all the pleasures of outdoor life under ideal conditions A traveller seeking rest may find it at any one of the still lakes of the untenanted wilderness.

If you want a summer cool on or Broadway do not come to the land where Evangeline lived If you do want to hear the music of lummerable streams and waterfalls if you want crooning billows wonderful breezes, cool evenings, savage trout lordly moose and glittering stars there is a little spot in the East that is calling to you and it's down in Nova Scotia

figure of a Chinese servant coming from one of the remote wings. The man passed us without a glance, like a well trained piece of human machinery, and I noticed as he went, that there was dangling over one arm a neatly pressed grey suit which nevertheless was spotted here and there with dark stains.

Then Dawn overtook him with the manner of a man with whom ink stains are a passion.

"Who are you and where are you going with that suit?" he asked, as the Chinaman came to a pause.

"Mr.? Whong Ho. Find him, suit under bed. Ask Mr. Dodson what do with him."

"Whose bed?" Dawn demanded.

"Nobody," Whong informed calmly, and made as though to move on.

Yet it developed through the process of questioning that Whong had found the grey suit in a room now unoccupied but which was generally used by Bert Frawley during his many visits to the Dodsons. It further appeared that this was the suit worn by young Frawley on the night of Freeber's assault, and though it was Frawley himself who admitted the fact instantly when Whong Ho carried the suit across the lawn to where he was standing, he showed considerable impatience with the fact that there were ink-stains upon it. So he followed Whong back across the lawn to where Dawn and I were standing. Fargus strolled up at the same moment.

"I AM not asking for sympathy, Mr. Dawn," Bert Frawley spoke in a well-controlled voice, "but things are happening here which I cannot understand."

"They are perfectly plain," Inspector Fargus put in. "A person with half an eye could see them."

Frawley went on, as though he had not heard the interruption.

"That is my suit. I never denied it, for it has been here for months, and Whong must have known it. It is an old knock-about which I use in strolling about the country, but . . . when I took it off two nights ago there were none of those ink-stains upon it."

Fargus started to laugh, then broke off suddenly like a school-boy caught in an improper act.

"You mean you didn't see any," the Inspector corrected. "A person in a hurry probably would not, for you notice the spots are pretty much on the inner sides of the sleeves and on the outer sides of the pant legs where a person would be apt to rub his hands if he was a bit excited."

"I tell you I didn't do it," he exclaimed, with sudden anger as he turned his back upon Inspector Fargus. "I can't talk to that person, for every move I make he's hounding me down. For Heaven's sake, Dawn, give me a minute away from here."

TOGETHER we three made our way back to the reading room and it was with a sigh almost of relief that Frawley sank into a chair and allowed some of the mask of calmness to slip from him.

"Confess! His laugh was slightly hysterical. Confess! Yes, I am going to confess. My God, Dawn! I know nothing about the robbery. And that is my confession. I did threaten Freeber that night, just as that note of his to Mr. Dodson says. But I did not run away, Dawn. I want you to believe that. I went away because I felt that I could not stay in the same house with the man a day longer without assaulting him, perhaps something worse. We were quarrelling fearfully, I am afraid. I did even put my hands upon him. I think I rushed him just a little. And it was then that the ink was upset, but it spilled over the writing table and there was none of it upon my hands or my clothes. I left then, and I have never seen him since. I tell you, Dawn, that is the God's truth of it, and the rest of it I cannot understand."

"You are of course shielding the Dodsons in something." The suddenness of Dawn's charge seemed to strike Frawley like the flip of a lash upon the face. For his features went gray, and he appeared to shrink involuntarily.

Dawn went on firmly.

"Miss Dodson has practically admitted that she detained Mrs. Freeber in the billiard-room that night while you . . . what shall we call it? . . . worked your will upon Freeber. Besides, there is another little thing which was sent up to me from the telegraph office a short time ago. It is a copy of the telegram which Miss Dodson sent to you on the morning of the assault, and it is interesting chiefly because of what it does not say. The one word 'To-night' rather provokes the curiosity, does it not, particularly as it was the same night that Freeber met with his little misfortune? So the thing is perfectly clear up to a certain point. You are shielding the Dodsons—in what?"

FOR a time Bert Frawley met the compelling gaze of Donegal Dawn just as Elise Dodson had done but a few minutes ago, and with the youth, as with the girl, it seemed that some of the futility of struggle had been stripped aside, for when at length his words came they were a confession, an admission of much.

"I could not tell you that," he said simply, yet almost with despair.

"Not even with that finger-marked billiard cue staring you in the face?"

"My God, Dawn, are you going to be worse than that fool Fargus?"

Just then Dawn did a surprising thing. He smiled abruptly, and he patted Bert Frawley lightly upon the shoulder.

"I think not," he replied easily. "Perhaps I have merely gratified a whim of mine to test the strength of human devotion. Now, Frawley, get out of here. And you, Brad, keep people away. I still have to make those analyses."

II

WE WERE all waiting, some with strained anxiety, some with mere curiosity, some with confidence, when Donegal Dawn completed his ramblings and his tests, stepped into the reading room and closed the door behind him.

Inspector Fargus was the first to speak, with a trace of impatience showing in his manner.

"You have satisfied yourself, I hope."

Dawn's lips suggested a smile. "Absolutely," he replied. "You have constructed your case, I presume, or do you want to go into that?"

"Want to go into it?" the man retorted, with increasing impatience. "What is there to go into? It is as clear as the nose on your face. Frawley and Freeber quarrelled. They had a scuffle. The ink was spilled, some of it got on Frawley's hands and clothes. The women left the billiard room. Frawley went out and got a cue. While he was gone, Freeber sat down to write that note to Mr. Dodson. He was still writing when Frawley hit him over the head, then the kid grabbed all the money and lit out. That's all there is to it."

"You saw the note which Freeber was writing to Mr. Dodson," he suggested. "It was all about Frawley's threat, so I ask you, Fargus, if you had been Frawley, would you have left that note behind you?"

"The billiard cue, of course, is the key to the whole thing," he remarked with marked triumph.

"Exactly," Dawn agreed. "Now let us examine it. I think you will agree that it tells an interesting story. You see the position of the finger and thumb prints, for I have sketched in the ones which were rubbed out. Now just grip the cue and cover the prints with your own fingers. . . . You can't! Why?"

SLOW puzzlement spread over the features of Inspector Fargus, but for the moment I was more interested in watching the flush of excitement that crept into the cheeks of Elise Dodson and Bert Frawley, who had been standing there with a certain suspicion of forced calm about them.

"You can't cover them because you are right-handed," Dawn pointed out. "It is simply that the person who made those prints has the left hand lower down the cue with the finger tips pointing in . . . a left-handed person, that is all."

A quick exclamation slipped from Frawley's lips, and his eyes were dazzling.

"Frawley, by the way, is right-handed, the same as yourself, Inspector," Dawn went on. "But that isn't the real thing which counts. Note the position of the thumb tips."

"I don't care a rap about the thumb tips," Fargus retorted angrily. "They're Frawley's. I'll swear to it, and that's the end of it."

"Of course they are Frawley's," Dawn admitted readily. "But kindly look at them."

Fargus studied the prints shrewdly, but the inspection seemed to bring no new light to the fog of his anger, for when he looked up again he declared with conviction: "Those thumb prints are Frawley's, or I there is enough evidence here to convict him in any court in the country."

"Viewed from your angle I am afraid there is," Dawn mused, "and that is the unfortunate part of it. But notice closely. The cue at the point of the finger prints is about three quarters of an inch in thickness. The thumb prints showing the balls of the thumbs are both directly in line with the finger prints showing the balls of the finger ends. Which is impossible! There is no living man with a normal hand who could possibly have thumb prints in such a position as that. Grip the cue with both hands. Where do the thumbs go? They overlap the first finger, and in no possible manner could a person twist his thumb in such a position that the print of the ball would rest flat upon the cue beside the print of the first finger. The thing is humanly impossible."

FARGUS worked with the cue for a moment in silence and through the pause a flush of confusion gradually crept up beneath the tan of his cheeks. At length he glanced up reluctantly.

"You're right," he admitted, then he tried to laugh. "That means you have kicked over my whole case, Dawn?"

"Possibly," Dawn agreed, "but let us follow things through logically. Those prints were put there by some person who is an expert in his line, but who overlooked the point that he could betray himself by putting the thumb prints in the wrong position. It was upon that observation, of course, that I worked from the first. That is why it was so simple to discover the guilty party."

Fargus ran a hand slowly through his hair, as though the fogs were still thick about him.

"I don't follow you," he declared with a certain tinge of admiration creeping to the surface.

"As I have said, the rest was simple, with that much to go upon," Dawn resumed. "Knowing that some person had deliberately placed Bert Frawley's finger prints upon the cue, following the fire opening which Frawley's quarrel with Freeber provided, it was perfectly natural that I should examine the ink closely. Ordinarily a person would not notice the clue there, but if you look carefully, Fargus, you will see that the ink upon the billiard cue has a high lustre, and that though it seems to be a jet black, there is a tint of brown running through it. The ink which was spilled upon the writing table is a pure black ink without the lustre. That, in itself, would mean nothing except for the analyses which I have made. The answer is that there were two distinct inks."

"My God!" Fargus exclaimed, as he ruffled his hair still more. "You mean the ink on the cue isn't the ink Freeber was using?"

"Exactly that," Dawn informed. "The ink in that bottle, which Freeber was using, and which was partly spilled over the table and his clothing, was merely one of those cheap old-style inks containing a combination of tannic acid and ferric oxide as its foundation. The other ink, found on Frawley's grey suit and upon the billiard cue, was entirely different, showing, of course, that it had been deliberately placed upon the cue and on the suit. It is a peculiar ink of the sort which is ordinarily bought in sticks, to be mixed with water and used with a brush, and it is the over dilution which produces that brownish tint showing through the jet black. It contains neither tannic acid nor ferric oxide, but there is in it a high percentage of the soot which comes from the burning of oil of sesamum, and there is as well some medicine and a trace of musk."

Dawn glanced about indifferently, then through the intense silence he added:

"It is, of course, Chinese ink. The rest is obvious."

Donegal Dawn rose to his feet as though the case were finished, but the sound of Fargus' voice cut through the amazed silence.

"Whong Ho!" he exclaimed.

"Precisely," Dawn agreed. "You will find him in that closet just behind you, Inspector, where I thought it best to lock him up. The money is in a box back in his sleeping room, beside a stick of that Chinese ink and a half dozen sets of gelatine finger prints of every member in the house. Whong, it appears, is something of an artist and is industrious. He has been prepared for just such an emergency as this for some time, but all big failures, of course, hinge upon some trifling detail."

DAWN broke off his sentence hurriedly, for there before him were Elise Dodson and Bert Frawley, and the message which lay in their eyes was far deeper and more devoted than anything which could ever be freed from the human tongue.

"That, of course, was the strange part of it," Dawn confessed some time later. "I did forget at the time to find out just how young Frawley had been shielding the Dodsons on that unfortunate night, but Solomon Dodson was grateful. He opened up his heart to me. The Freebers, it appears, were most unwelcome guests. I will tell you the story some other time, but the long and the short of it is that Freeber was a polite blackmailer who had a grip on Dodson. Miss Dodson knew something of it, and Frawley was trying to help her out by threatening Freeber and by quarrelling with the man. What the end would have been, goodness only knows. Except that Destiny, in the shape of Whong Ho, stepped in. Well, they will all be happy now, for Freeber, I hear, has left the country."

Ovington's Bank

Continued from page 25

When she heard his footsteps on the road, "Is it you?" she cried. And as he came forward into the light, "Oh, Arthur!" she wailed. "What have you brought us to? What have you done? And the times and times I've warned you! Didn't I tell you that those Ovingtons—"

"Well, come in now, mother," he said. He stooped and kissed her on the forehead. He was very patient with her—let it be said to his credit.

"But, oh dear, dear!" She had lost control of herself and could not stay her complaints, if she would. "You would have your way! And you see what has come of it! You would do it! And now—what am I to say to your uncle?"

"You can leave him to me," Arthur replied doggedly. "And for goodness sake, mother, come in and shut the door. You don't want to talk to the village, I suppose? Come in."

HE SHEPHERDED her into the parlour and closed the door on them. He was cold and he went to the fire and stooped over it, warming his hands at the blaze.

"But the bank?"

"Oh, the bank's gone," he said.

She began to cry. "Then I don't know what's to become of us!" she sobbed. "It's everything we have to live upon! And you know it wasn't I signed the order to—to your uncle! I never did. It was you—wrote my name. And now—it has ruined us! Ruined us!"

His face grew darker. "If you wish to ruin us," he said, "at any rate if you wish to ruin me, you'll talk like that! As it is you'll not lose your money, or only a part of it. The bank can pay everyone, and there'll be something over. A good deal, I fancy," putting the best face on it. "You'll get back the greater part of it." Then, changing the subject abruptly, "What did Clement Ovington want?"

"I don't—know," she sobbed. But already his influence was mastering her, already she was a little comforted. "He asked for you. I didn't see him—I could not bear it. I suppose he came to—to tell me about the bank."

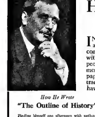
"Well," ungraciously, "he might have spared himself the trouble." And under his breath he added a curse. "Now let me have some tea, mother. I'm tired—dog tired. I had no sleep last night. And I want to see Pugh before he goes. He must take a note for me—to Garth."

"I'm afraid the Squire—"

"Oh, hang the Squire! It's not to him," impatiently. "It's to Josina, if you must know."

She perked up a little at that—she had always some hope of Josina, and the return to every day life, the clatter of the tray as it was brought in, the act of giving him his tea and seeing that he had what he liked, the mere bustling about

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He called his wife. "My dear," said he, "please write at my dictating!
Ho hum! We'd best explain at once this business of creation."
Explain he could! Explain he would! In phrases clear, pellucid
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him did more to restore her. The lighted room the blazing fire the cheerful board—in fact all those things it was hard for believe in, ever to fancy that life would not be always as it had been. She began again to have faith in him.

AND he, whose natural bent it was to be sanguine whose spirits had already responded from the worst, shared the feeling which he imparted. That girl knew the worst was something that at any rate was over. Confidently he began to build his house again. You won't lose her said easily, dark the looks from her forehead with the gesture proud of him. Or not more than a few hundreds at worst, mother. That will be off mine. I'll see to that. And my uncle you may leave him to me. He's terribly vexed with me before and I've brought him round. Oh, I know him. I've no doubt that I can manage him.

But Josina? timidly. Do you know she was terribly low. Arthur—about something to-day. She wouldn't tell me, but there was something. She didn't seem to want to talk about your

He wirrard after a moment his face fell. But he recovered himself and. Oh, I'll soon put that right he answered confidently. I shall see her in the morning. She's a good soul is Josina. I can count on her. Don't you fret mother. You'll see, it will all come right—with a little management.

Well I know you're very clever. Arthur. But Jos—

Josina afraid of him that's all. And laughing. Oh, I've no sorrow in my quiver yet mother. We shall see. But I must see Jos in the morning. Is Pugh there? I'll write to her new ord ask her to meet me at the stile at ter o'clock. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot.

On the morrow he did not feel quite so confident. The sunshine and open weather of the day before had given place to rain and fog and when after crossing the plank bridge at the head of the garden he took the field path which led to Garth, said had the more distant hills and over the lime-stone ridge which rose to the m. The veil had come down. He had not walked in a plain sad and circumscribed bounded by ghastly hedges which in their turn vanished in grey space. That the day should affect his spirits was natural that his prudent sagacity appear less hopeful was natural—too, and he told himself to and strove to rally his courage. He tried along swinging his stick and swaggering. Though there was no one to see him. And from time to time he whistled to prove that he was free from care.

AFTER all the fact that it rained did not alter matters. Wet or dry he had saved the squire's life and a man's life was his first and last and greatest possession and not least valued when near his end. He who saved it had a claim and much—as much be forgiven him. Than too he reminded himself that the old man was no longer the hard immovable block that he had been. The loss of sight had softened him, he had forgiven a good deal in the last few months. He could be reminded persuaded made to see things and surely with Josina's help it would not be impossible to put such a colour on the span of time since the affair as might make it appear a trifle. Courage! A little courage and all would be well yet.

He was still hopeful when he saw Josina's figure muffled in a cloak and pokebonnet grey and dim in the mist before him. The girl was waiting for him on the further side of the hall way stile which had been their trysting place from childhood, and what little doubt he had left as to her willingness to help vanished when she whistled a little louder and swung his stick more carelessly and he spoke before he came up to her.

Hello Jos! he cried cheerfully "You're before me. Did I know that I could count on you I could count on any one. I only came from London last night and— his stride over his shoulder and I'm back in luck—I never had the best thing I could do. was to go you and get your help. Why? In spite of him self his voice fell a tone. What's the matter?

Oh Arthur! she said. And the two words finished what her look had begun. His eyes dropped. How could you? How could you do it?

Why? Why surely you're not going to turn against me? he exclaimed.

And he was blind! Blind! And he trusted you. He trusted you, Arthur—

Thr devil! roughly for how could he mrt this sneer by liberal. I'll we re going to talk like that but you don't understand Jos. It was business and you don't understand I tell you.

Hr does.

Two words only but they rrng a knell in his ears. They gripped him in the mint of his swagger. It hit him here before her comfort dumb.

He has told it terribly. Terribly she continued. I was blind and yor deceived him. Whom can he trust now Arthur?

HE STROVE to rally his resistance. He could not reject her gage but he injected a rral of the slib with his stirk. Oh but that's nonsense! he said. Nor sense! But sit rirtor. if you or against me if you are not going to help me—

How can I help you? He will not hear your name.

I can tell you how quite easily if you will let me explain.

She shark her head.

But yor tor If you are willing that is. Di course if you sit rot?

What can I do? He knows all.

You can remind him of what I did for him he answered rogetly. I saved his life. He would not be rlivr now but for me. You can tell him that. Remind him of that Jos. Tell him that sometime after dirrer when he is in r good humour. He owes his life to me and that r ot a small thing—is it? Even he must see that he owes me something. What's a paltry thousand or two though—and I only betrowed them he won't lose a penny by it—not a penny! earnestly. What's that in return for a man's life? He must know—

He does know she cried and the honest indignation in her eyes the indignation that she could no longer restrain scorched him. For this was too much. This was more than even she as she was could bear. He does know all—all, Arthur! she repeated severely. That it was not yrn—not you but Clement Mr Ovington who saved him! And forgive him—that is right! Oh Arthur, for mercy! For shame! I did not think so meanly of you as this! I did not think that you would rob another—

What do you mean? He tried to bluster already the dark sheek in his head. Confound it what do you mean?

Whet I say she answered firmly. "And it is no use to dirry it for my father knows it. He knows all. He has seen Clement—"

Clement oh? bitterly. Oh, it's Clement now is it? He was white with rage and chagrin furious at the failure of his last hope. He had left it to Jos. You have gone over Ir that peg have you? And he told you the?

Yes

And you believe him?"

Yes, she said. For it is the truth Arthur. I knew that he would not tell me anything else.

Ard? Do you mean to say that I would?"

She was silent.

It was rhrk and quete the loss of his last piece the rlay of the game—and he knew it. With all to his favour he had made one false move then rr other and a graver one and this was the end.

HE COULD not face it out. There was no more to be said nothing more to be done only sheme and humiliation if he stayed. He flung a word of passionate incoherent abuse at her and before she could reply he turned his back on her and strode away. Sarrawhills Jos watched him as he hurried along the path cutting at the hedge with his stick cursing his fate cursing the folly of others cursing cursing at last perhaps his own folly. She watched him until the ghostly hedges and the misty distances veiled him from sight.

Ten minutes later he burst in upon his mother at the Cottage and demanded twenty pounds. Give it me and let me go! he cried. Do you hear I must have it! If you don't give it me I shall rut my throat!

Scared by his manner his haggard eyes his look of misery the poor woman did not even protest. She went upstairs and let her the sum he asked for. He took it kissed her with lips still damp with rain and budding her send his clothes as he should direct—he would write to her—he hurried out.

CHAPTER XLII

"I WUN'T do it! I won't do it!" the Squire muttered stubbornly. "Mad and blood'll never mix. Shape like chip es you will to be part of the blank! Gills! whimmes are women's aches, and they that's older must judge for them. She'd only repent of it when I was too late and I've paid my debt and there's an end of it."

From the hour of that scene of Ovington's he had begun to recover. From that moment he began to wear a still upper lip and to give his orders in his hord, sharp tones as he had been wont to give them in days when he could see, as if in truth, his irruption into the life of the town and his action of the bank had re-established him in his own eyes. Those about him were host-hand. But the Squire had a fire within him, a fire of warring elements, that kept his blood running. He was very sharp with the men and scolded old Fewtrell. As for Thomas's successor, the lad learned to go warily and keep his tongue between his teeth.

THE girl had never complained, it seemed as if that which he had done for her had silenced her, as if she, too, had taken it for payment. But one day she was not at table and Miss Peacock cut up his meat. She did not do it to his mind—no hand but Jose's could do it to his mind—and he was querulous and dissatisfied.

I'm sure it's small enough sh," Miss Peacock answered feebly defending herself. "You said you liked it small. Mr. Griffin!"

"I never said I liked mince-roast! Where is the gid? Whel sils her?"

"I'm nothing sir. She's been looking little peaky the last week or two. That's all. And to-day—"

Why didn't you tell me?

"It's only a headache sir. She'll be well enough when the spring comes. Josine was always neshe—like her mother."

The Squire huddled his spoon and knife together and pushed his plate away muttering something about d—d sausage meat. Her mother! How old had her mother been when she—he could not remember—but certainly a mere child beside him. Twenty-five or so he thought. And she was nesh, was she? He sat, shoving his chin with unsteady fingers eating nothing and when Coleny hovering over his plate, hinted that he had not finished he blew the butler out of the room with a blast of language that made Miss Peacock hardened as she was hold up her hands. And if those views of others. What would Woosesham say of it? How would he hold up his hands? And Chilbury—whose peerage he respected since it was as old as his own family, it he thought little of the rest? And Uvedale and Cludde-sy- and Ackerley, what rotten fellow as he was, was still Ackerley of Acheley? They had held their seats stoutly in Aldeham, they had raised and mannered children so proudly, they had turned as mild a shoulder on Manchester and Birmingham? They had found in their Pembrasila hero and in that remote country rhrchyard where his rooker of an empire lay sleeping under his clever-an complete justification for their own rlums in leadership and to power! And no one had been more steadfast, more dogged reora hide-bound in their pride and exclusiveness than he.

NOW, if he gave way what would they say? What laughter would there not be from one end of the county to the other, what shouts of what talk of an old man's folly and an old man's weakness! For if I was not aven as if the man sl t her had been a Pal ar she like a fluring or a Snail! A mere country banker's daughter just risen from the mud—not even a stranger from a distance or a merchant prince from God knows where! Oh, it was impossible! Impossible! Garth, that had been in the hands of gentlefolk, of Armigers from Harry the Eighth, in possession the hands into the blood of—no, it was impossible! All the world of Aldeham would jeer at it, or be scandalised by it.

I won't do it!" said the Squire for the hundredth time. It was more particularly at the thought of Acherley that he squirmed. He despised Acherley and to be despised by Acherley—that was too much!

"Of course" said a small voice within him "he would take the name of Griffin, and in time—"

Mad a mad" replied the Squire silently "You can't charge it."

But he's honest" quoth the small voice

So a Calamy!'

He saved—"

And I ha paid him! Damme, I ha' paid him! Ha' dored" And then "It's that blow on the head has made me mad me."

Things went on in this way for a month, the Squire renewing his vigour and beginning to grasp his fields again, or with the new ness at his bridle-hand to ride the old grey from point to point, learning what the men were doing. Inquiring after gaps and hallowing the reenure to the clever lay where his oats and barley would presently go in. Snow lay on the upper hills, gripping the brown sheets of bracken, and dappling the green velvet of the sloping land the valley below was frost-bound. But the Squire had a fire within him, a fire of warring elements, that kept his blood running. He was very sharp with the men and scolded old Fewtrell. As for Thomas's successor, the lad learned to go warily and keep his tongue between his teeth.

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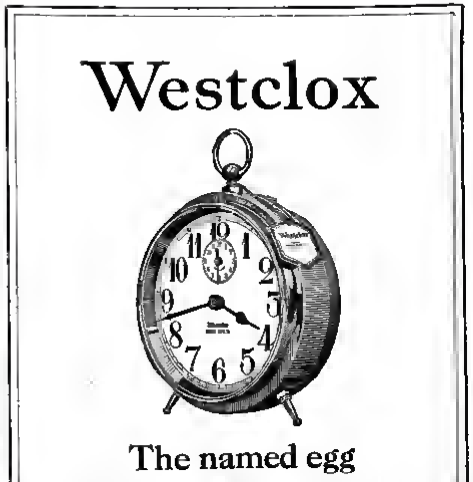
I won't do it!" said the Squire for the hundredth time. It was more particularly at the thought of Acherley that he squirmed. He despised Acherley and to be despised by Acherley—that was too much!

"Of course" said a small voice within











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procession crawl a long black snake down the winding drive her half-hidden by the sunken banks, there creeping forth into view again. He saw the bleak sunshine chilling on the pail that dragged the farm wagon, and heard the slow heavy note of the Charlmyle bell, and the scuffling of innumerable feet that alone broke the solemn silence. If she were not there, at the window or door to see it go or in the old curtained pew to awaken its echoing, if the church vault closed on him, the last of his race and bleed!

He sat long thinking of this. And one day nearly two months after his visit to the bank in the meantime he had been twice into town at the Bench—he was riding on the land with Fewtrell at his stirrup when the bailiff told him that there was a stranger in the field.

"Which field?" he asked.

Why, said the Squire. "Who is it? What's he doing there?

Well, I'm thinking" said Fewtrell, "as it's the young gent I've seen here more n once. Same as asked me one day why we put cattle on the water."

"The devil he did!" the Squire exclaimed looking up the old moor, who was leaning over sheeply.

Called 'em Redcoats,' said Fewtrell, grinning. "Them there Radical Swedes,' says he. 'Dunno what he meant. 'If you plant Redcoats best plant 'em Radical fashion, says he.'

"Damn his d—d!" repeated the Squire. 'Said that did he?'

Ay to be sure. He used to came across with a gun field-way from Acherley, oh, as much as once a week I'd seen him. And he'd come to me as we put the cattle next same as I did. Very spry he was about it. I'll say that.'

"Is it the banker's son?" asked the Squire in a sudden suspicion.

Well, I think he be," Fewtrell answered shading his eyes. 'He be going up to the House now.'

"Well, you can take me in," to the groom. "I'll ride my cob."

The groom demurred timidly, the grey might leap at the gap. But the Squire was obstinate and the old mare who knew he was blind as well as any man upon the place—and knew, too, when she could indulge in a frolic and when not bore him out delicately stepping over the thorn-stubs as if she walked on eggs.

HE WAS at the door in the act of dismounting when Clement appeared. "D you want me?" the old man asked bluntly.

If you please, sir," Clement answered. He had walked all the way from Aldersbury having much to think of, and one question which lay heavy on his mind. That was—how would it be with him when he went back?

Then come in." And feeling for the door-post with his hand the Squire entered the house and turned with the certainty of long practice into the dining-room. He walked to the table as firmly as if he could see it, and felt with his hand down up with the other his chair. He sat down. "You'd best sit," he said grudgingly. "I can't see, but you can find a chair."

My father sent me with the money,' Clement explained. "I have a cheque here and the necessary papers. He would have come himself, sir—to renew his thanks for all as he owes you, generous and—and necessary. But—Clement boggled a little over the considered phrase—he was nervous and his voice betrayed it—he thought—"I am also to say—"

"It's all there?"

"Yes sir, principal and interest."

"Have you drawn a receipt?"

"Yes sir, here it is for me with me. But if you would prefer that it should be paid to Mr Welsh—my father thought that that might be as?

"Umph! All there, is it?"

"Yes sir."

The old man did not speak for awhile. He seemed to be at a loss and Clement who had other and more serious business on his mind and had his own reasons for feeling ill at ease, waited anxiously. He was desperately afraid of making a false step.

Suddenly, "Who was your grandfather?" the Squire asked.

Clement started and coloured. "He had the same name as my father," he said. "He was a dothier in Aldersbury."

"Ay, I mind him. I mud him now. And his father young man?"

"His name was as Clement." And foreseeing the next question, "He was a yeoman at Fasthope."

"And his father?"

Clement reddened painfully. He saw only too well to what these questions were tending. "I don't know, sir," he said.

"And you set up—you set up," said the Squire leaning forward and speaking very slowly, "to marry my haress?"

"No sir ys or daughter." Clement said his lips burning. "I take it not a penny."

"Tha' Don't tell me!" the old man growled, and to Clement's surprise—whose ears were tingling—he relapsed into silence again. It was a silence very ominous. It seemed to Clement that no silence had ever been so oppressive, that no clock had ever ticked so loudly as the tall clock that stood between the windows behind him. "You know," said the old man at last, "you m a d—d impudent fellow. You've no birth, you're nobody, and I don t know that you've much money. You've gone behind my back and you've stole my girl. You've stole her! My father d he' shot you, and good reason before he'd ha let it come to this. But it's part my fault," with a sigh. She've seen naught of the world and don't know the difference between north and homespun or what's fitting for her. You're nobody and you've naught to offer—I'm plain young gentleman, and it's better—but I believe you're a man and I believe you're honest."

And I love her!" Clement said softly, his eyes shining.

AY" DRILY, "and may be it would be better for both if he'd her father didn't. But there it is. There it is. That's all that's to be said for you." He sat silent, looking straight before him with his sightless eyes, his hands on the knob of his stick. "And I dunno as I make much of that—'tis easy for a man to love a maid—but tha misfortune is that she thinks she loves you. Well, I'm burying things as have been much to me all my life, things I never thought to lose or part from while I lived. I'm burying 'em deep, and God knows I may regret it sorely. But you've go to her. She's somewhere about the place. But—" arresting Clement's exclamation as he rose to his feet—"you'll ha' to wait. You'll ha to wait till I say the word and may be 'tis all moonshine and she'll not it is. May ha 'tis all a girl's whimsy and when she knows more of you, she'll find it out."

"God bless you sir!" Clement cried. "I'll wait. I'm not afraid. I've no fear of that. And if I can make myself worthy of her—"

"You'll never do that" said the old man sternly, as he knot lower over his stick. He heard the door close and he knew that Clement had gone—gone on wings gone on feet lighter than thistle-down, gone young and strong, his pulses leaping to his love.

The Squire was too old for tears but his lip trembled. It was not alone the sacrifice that he had made that moved him—the sacrifice of his pride his prejudices his traditions. It was not only the immolation of his own will, his own hopes and plans—his cherished plots for her. But he was giving her up. He was resigning that of which he had only just learned the worth, that on which in his blindness he depended every hour that which made up all of youth and brightness and cheerfulness that was left to him between this and the end. He had sent the man to her—and they would think no more of him. And in doing this he had hated every rebel in which he had been brought up and the faith which he had professed from his earliest day—and may be in his had been sinful.

But, by and by, it appeared that they had not forgotten him, or one at any rate had not. He had not been alone five minutes before the door opened behind him and closed again, and he felt Josine's arms round his neck, her head on his breast. "Oh, father I know. I know," she cried. "I know what you have done for me! And I shall never forget it, never! And he is good. Oh, father indeed, indeed he is good!"

"There, there" he said stroking her head. "Go back to him. But mind you," hurriedly. "I don't promise any thing yet. In a year may be I'll talk about it."

The End

The Timber Pirate

Continued from page 12

"field cards" with the real directors of the company was more in their confidence than the president, Hon J J Slach himself. Deeper ones sensed some secret personal barrier that precluded his promotion.

IN TRUTH, there were three when Acey Smith cursed bitterly a creature that had put a weakness upon him through his mother—startled her before he was born with a black curse that stuck.

The Latin races in the cutting gangs steadfastly held Acey Smith was in league with the Evil One, a superstition which gained weight from a tale of old-timers of how he had once "broken" a Finnish bully of the camps with his bare hands. Smith had gone out to reprimand the Finn for causing disturbances where-at the latter made use of a name that is a fighting word wherever men revere the honor of their parents.

The superintendent's form leaped out of his mackinaw reefer like the unleashing of a demon. The giant rushed him with a roar, flailed at him with his great ape-like arms intending first to knock him to the ground and then stamp and lacerate him with his caulked boots after the refined custom of victors in back-country encounters of those days.

Instead the great Finn halted abruptly a few feet from Acey Smith with a queer sound that was half sob half moan.

The Boss's arms had shot out like flickers of light to the throat and face of the other, and what happened after that would pale the story of the cruellest one-sided prize-fight on record. They carried the Finn away, a bleeding, quivering mass with a head that wabbled weirdly on a swollen distorted neck.

It was the Finn's last fight. Just what happened he never told and at mention of it he would jabber incoherent things through teeth that chattered like those of one in the grip of the ague. When he recovered sufficiently to get upon his feet, he left camp at a limping run and was never seen in those precincts again.

It was the look upon Acey Smith's face on that occasion that left an indelible impression upon the memory of witnesses—a light of fearnaste fury and hate that set there while he pummelled the other into a pulp. None had ever seen such a baneful gleam on the face of a man, and among those hardbitten, lawless, many-scarred lumberjacks there was none who wished to ever look upon it a like again.

What the witnesses to that fight had seen in Acey Smith's face was something that was always there, subdued, almost beyond detection in his normal but ever leaping m flickers to the features when powerful impulses were upon him—an all-crushing sinister thing, that seemed to be crying out from within him. "Destroy! Destroy! Destroy!"

That was what Louis Hammond had seen momentarily when Acey Smith had gripped his wrist at the door. It had brought upon Hammou don unknown fear that it took all his strength of will to hide.

But now in the privacy of his midnight meditations conflicting emotions were mirrored in the countenance of the master of the Nannobijou camps. As he sat pondering by his desk the remnants of that evil light leaped alternately to his eyes only to dissipate in a sister glow that seemed to exult as a triumph of some better element of his nature.

TWO problems assailed Acey Smith—one the hidden reason for sending Louis Hammond to the limits and the other the haunting eyes of a beautiful woman whose visit to his office earlier in the evening had brought a magical surprise.

It was not that the first of their visits was unexpected. He had been apprised of their coming through the North Star's own channels of information. "As for Hammond" he finally deduced, "he's merely a stool pigeon—nothing more. But for what purpose? That's what must be found out right away."

He picked up Slach's letter of introduction and had a somewhat different epistle from what he had inferred it was to Hamsmond—

Dear A. C. S.—The bearer one Louis Hammond has evidently got something on the Big Quarrie who wants us to keep him hidden in the limits at a good salary. It might be a good idea to hang onto him and draw him out. What he knows might be of value to us. J. J. Slach.

Acey Smith tore the letter into tiny shreds and dropped them into the stove.

Slach" he passed judgment, "has about as much real thinking matter above his eyebrows as a yellow chipmunk."

HAMMOND and Slach were soon out of Acey Smith's thoughts. He paced the floor in slow thoughtful strides, every now and then pausing to gaze at a certain point near the door. An onlooker would have been amazed at the metamorphosis that had come over the man. The harsh lines had receded from his face and a something came in their place that is another might have hastened taken for the light of a tender sentiment.

Memory of a gentle presence gripped him—gripped him with the thrill of a golden song and an abandonment to its witchery that was a hark cry from a youth the man of iron had never lived in its full sense.

In his mental eye he could see her standing as she had stood in his doorway, hesitant and waiting for him who was for the moment held too spell-bound to speak.

God, what eyes! They had seemed to play into the very soul of him as shafts of the morning sun golden and gladdee the dearest recesses of the wilderness hills. She was a beautiful woman in all the wonderfully potential things that simple purse conjures in the fancy of a man who has seen the world and what tawdry stuff lies behind much of its glitz and glitter. Yet Acey Smith had never set eyes on this woman before.

SHE had introduced herself as Miss Josephine Stone, of Calgary Alta., who had taken up temporary residence on Amethyst Island a picturesque reef formerly used as a summer resort and situated about a mile and a half north-west of the docks of the Nannobijou limits. She had come up from the West she said, accompanied by a woman companion, Mrs Johnson, to complain one with a letter she had received from Mr J C Eckes, of the North Star Mining and Contracting Company, who had intimated that information of vital interest to her could only be communicated to her sometime within the next few weeks and to accommodate her and any complications and servants she thought necessary to bring with her a cottage had been prepared for her occupancy on Amethyst Island. A cheque, drawn on the North Star Company—for the substantial amount had been enclosed with the letter which enjoined her to the strictest secrecy. But, she added she had been directed to call upon Mr A. C. Smith superintendent at the limits, at her earliest convenience after she got settled on Amethyst Island. Mr. Smith—her letter had stated would see to her welfare until such time as it was possible for her to be put in possession of the information she required.

"It is all so mysterious," she concluded. "It is more like something you would read about in a book."

"But it is all very well, I assure you, Miss Stone," replied Acey Smith. "Won't you be seated?"

"Oh I'm afraid I cannot remain long. Mrs Johnson came over with me from the Island and I left her resting at the dock."

"You find things comfortable and congenial at the Island?"

"Very. I think it is such a delightful spot. Just like a holiday for one and I can get over and back to the city so conveniently in the motor-boat provided."

"You would not be averse to remaining there for say, three to four weeks, if necessary?"

"Oh!" She had evidently not been prepared for such a request. "In the meantime am I to know what this is all about Mr Smith?"

"I am very sorry I am not in a position to fully explain to you what must seem like a very queer proceeding," he answered "and I can only ask you to be content to wait developments."

"But Mr Eckes—when am I to meet him?"

"J C X!" Acey Smith pronounced it short and in a cautious whisper.

"Yes."

"That would be out of the question."

"But I understood I was to meet him here."

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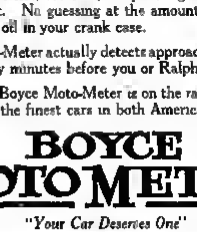
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"You have misinterpreted the letter, Miss Stone. Nowhere does it refer to such a meeting."

The girl bit her nether lip. Her eyes flashed dangerously. "I'll that's the answer," she said coldly. "we may as well end this farce at once. I will return to Calgary to-morrow."

Genuine alarm came into Acey Smith's face. But, Miss Stone," he cried, "you don't know how much it is in your own interests that you stay—how greatly you would jeopardize matters by leaving!"

"That is just it—I don't know! I feel I have a right to know if I am to be asked to remain."

THERE could be no mistaking the determination in her voice and manner. Plainly she was supremely disappointed. The superintendent gazed fixedly into space for a silent period. "Give me time," he requested. "Give me time to find out what I may tell you. Will you do that?"

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow morning. If you say so."

"Shall I call here?"

"No. I will go to the Island—with your permission."

"Thank you, Mr Smith. I will look for you at 10 30."

He accompanied her, hat in hand, to the door. She coolly declined his offer of escort to the dock, a direction that left no doubt. She was a Western girl with a Western girl's notions of independence in such matters.

Acey Smith had reluctantly applied himself to another pressing matter with thoughts of her leaving themselves uppermost. Then Hammond had come. Hammond—oh well, he wanted to forget Hammond and those other things for just now.

In spite of the predicament the girl's ultimatum had apparently placed him in, Acey Smith had pleasure in anticipating the keeping of that appointment at Amethyst Island on the following day. Before retiring he took from a wardrobe in his private quarters a neatly pressed dark suit of tailor-made clothes and laid them out in his room with fine shoes and immaculate white linen.

Awakening the following morning he sat up in bed and gazing at the city garments, laughed a harsh, soulless laugh. "Feel," he syllabled grimly. "Feel—double-feel!"

He garbed himself in his hush clothes and placed the fine raiment back in the wardrobe.

* * * * * *

AN HOUR later that morning, in the cook's quarters, Louis Hammond came out of a trenchless sleep form me moments sat hickingly trying to adjust himself to his new surroundings. He wasn't so sure now he was going to like his new job or its environment. Used to an active autumn, he would much rather have had some set schedule of duties to perform than help it to find his own means of occupying his time. There was something highly unsatisfactory about the whole transaction. He felt—and had it not been for the element of mystery that challenged his patience he flatly would have dropped the assignment and left the place by the first train for the east.

As if it were an echo of his thoughts there came the shrill tooting of the incoming morning tug down by the dock. Hammond rolled out of his bunk and ran to the four-paned window of the cabin. The tug had already been docked and snubbed with the despatch characteristic of Upper Lakes seamen.

The preparations of supplies paused while a single passenger, a young woman wearing sable furs and a large picture hat, landed. Something familiar about her caused Hammond to watch by the window while she came leisurely up the camp road.

He started back with a suppressed exclamation as her features became discernible. It was the face of the dark-eyed woman he had seen get off the train at Moose Horn Station in the wake of Norman T Gildersleeve.

She turned and walked into the office of the superintendent without rapping on the door.

"All our trails seem to lead to Acey Smith's office," grimly ruminated Hammond as he turned from the window.

BREAKFAST, however, was uppermost in Hammond's mind at the moment and hastily donning his clothes he hurried over to the dining camp just across the road from his sleeping quarters. He expected a sharp reprimand for being late but he was met by a genial faced, auburn haired young man who introduced himself as his shack mate Sandy Macdougal, head cook.

"There's orders from the Big Boss you're to feed when you like and sleep as long as you want," the cook said amiably as he indicated a place at one of the long plank tables set out with accurately aligned rows of granite ware dishes and great granite ware bowls of white sugar.

One of Macdougal's half roobs brought in oatmeal porridge, a platter heaped high with bacon and flapjacks toast a pot of Snowshoe syrup and a big granite ware pail of steaming coffee.

HAMMOND had the diner to himself. He never remembered an occasion in his life when he left so hungry or a meal appealed to him as so inviting. There is something in the tang of the open air North that gets a real edge on one's appetite, and there are no set rules as particular about the skill of the men who cook meals for them as in restaurants.

Macdougal returned from the kitchen a few moments later, and lighting a cigarette sat down at the plank broth near Hammond with back and elbows on the table.

I saw your duds when I rummaged out this morning," he remarked, "but I suspected you were some friend of the boss's who'd come late in the night and I didn't wake you—Well! for the love of Mike look who's here!"

Hammond scowled.

At the door of the diner stood a weird figure. His face was swarthy, almost black with livid red scars on the cheek bones below each eye. Straight black hair, worn in a horse's mane fell in glossy strands to his shoulders from his uncovered head, where a single raglen leather was fastened at the back with a band of purple hound round the temples and the back of his neck. A mackinaw, close-fitting costume of brightly-colored blanket-cloth, moccasin moccasins and string upon string of glistening white wolf's teeth encircled his neck.

He was a face of deep sagacity, features aquiline and regular as a white man's but possessing that mirror many of the headmen of Northern tribes. It was made the more forbidding by the self inflicted wounds in the cheeks, and the whites of his eyes showed garishly as he leisurely surveyed the room.

Ogima Bush," he announced in a deep voice that commanded respect in spite of his bizarre appearance. "Ogima Bush look to find Big Boss!"

"Mr Smith" it was Macdougal who spoke.

Un-h-h-h-h—Smid. Maybe you know where me find?"

Gene informed Macdougal, throwing out his arms expressively. Gone away out on lake early. Maybe not be back for long time."

The Indian grunted. "Maybe you tell him Big Boss Ogima Bush come to see him? Tell him big medicine man."

All right," assented Macdougal.

The Indian turned and shuffled out, but not before he had fixed Hammond for one fleeting instant with an uncanny flash from his fierce black eyes a glint to them that seemed to pierce the young man through and through.

"Some motion picture get up that," Hammond observed when the door closed behind him. "An Indian chief, I suppose."

"No worse than that," sniffed the cook. "He's what they call a medicine man even the whiter out here step out of the trail to let that bird pass. Besides one's got to be rivil to them red-skinned devils, he explained because the superstitious crowd they with him and their pagan devilry. Some say he's really one of them only he happened to be born white.

HAMMOND had to laugh over the other's rural seriousness. "But is Smith really out?" he questioned. "I saw a lady come off the tug this morning and go into his office."

A pretty little devil with dark eyes and a flashy set of furs?"

Hammond nodded.

That's Yvonne!" said Sandy the cook. "Yes, and maybe she wasn't a-rearin and a-tearin when she found the Big Boss was out. She's got to go back on the tug this morning, and nobody here not even Mooney, the assistant super, knows where Smith's gone or when he'll be back."

Breakfast finished, Hammond lit his pipe and strolled out intending to look up the camp store and secure the bush clothing Acey Smith had the night before advised him to get for himself.

At the door his attention was attracted to the dock by the tooting of the tug now making ready to pull out. Two figures stood in earnest conversation at the foot of the tug's tiny gangway. The one was the girl in the sable furs and picture hat and the other was a tall, black-bearded man in a rusty black suit, the roof of which was over-long and square cut at the bottom.

"Now I wonder what Yvonne is chinnin' to that old goof about?" speculated the cook at Hammond's shoulder. "He's another character that just bumped into camp a day or so ago."

"Looks like some sort of a preacher," hazarded Hammond.

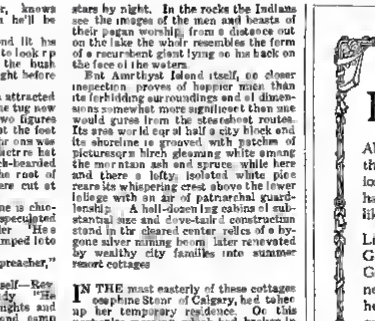
"That's what he calls himself—Rev Nathan Stubbs," replied Sandy. "He holds psalm-singing sessions nights and Sundays, but he's never around camp through the day when the Big Boss is here. The Big Boss gave Mooney orders to keep him out of his sight because he always made him feel like committin' murder. Smith is funny that way some people he takes a violent dislike to right away."

One of the tug's men pinched at the girl's sleeve and motioned her to hurry up the gangway. The Rev. Nathan Stubbs lifted his hat and shook hands with her when they parted.

"That's funny—damn funny." There was perplexity in Macdougal's undertone of hesitation. "I can't understand Yvonne rushing up to the likes of him."

Does she often come out here?" Hammond asked it with an incautious inflection. He sensed that when it was too late.

The other eyed him queerly, almost suspiciously. "Now maybe that ain't any of my business to be goin' about," the cook declared. "But you don't look like a snoop, and I don't know anything that's worth quissin' me for at that. I'll advise you this much, mate. Don't be surprised at anything you see or hear out here and if you know what's good for you, you won't go pryin into what you don't understand. It's a queer layout this, a mighty queer layout—and Acey Smith, the Big Boss, is the queerest thing re it."



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CHAPTER V

The Way of a Woman

VIEWED from the deck of a great lakes steamer travelling the commercial lane that runs past it, the two miles south of it, Amethyst Island is but a black speck among a hundred other foam-rimmed islets that dot Superior's ragged north shore an infinitesimal bit of rock and dry land before a frowning background of deep-riven hills where range upon range breasts out from Nanabijou Point and disappears into the purple of the northern horizon. Time and evolution work few changes on these hills of desolation which rear their black-fantastic peaks above hostile spruce-bearded flanks like age-chained monsters scorning in lofty nudity the might of man to defiance or recognize his puniness. Everywhere they whisper of dark potentialities, of secret places where awful stillness reigns, of skulking grey wolves and gleaming white bone.

To the right of the cliff-like point and seemingly rising just back of the sterling woods opposite Amethyst Island is the Cup of Nenaubjou, a castle-like circle of black cliffs, the base of which is really a stiff walk from the shore line. It is territory to this day shunned by wandering Indian tribes believed to be the prison in which Nenabijou, the Indian demi-god attempted to wall up Mishuiken, the Thundes Devil, and this belief is strengthened in poor Lo's mind by the magnetic flashes which play up from the hills on nights preceding electrical storms.

Along a deep cut in the base of the cliffs flows Solomno Creek on its way to join the mighty amber-colored Nannabijou River before the latter empties into the bay. Solomon Creek tumbles out in a cleaving white cascade from a great basin in the cliffs, being the outlet for a small mountain lake confined by the walls of the Cup—a glistening pool of gold by day and a mystic black mirror of the stars by night. In the rocks the Indians see the images of the men and beasts of their pagan worship, from a distance out on the lake the whole resembles the form of a recumbent giant lying on his back on the face of the waters.

But Amethyst Island itself, on closer inspection, proves of happier mien than its forbidding surroundings and of dimensions somewhat more sufficient than one would guess from the steamboat routes. Its area would equal half a city block and its shoreline is grooved with patches of picturesque birch gleaming white among the mountain ash and spruce, while here and there a lofty, isolated white pine rears its whispering crest above the lower foliage with an air of patriarchal guardianship. A half-dozen cabins of substantial size and dove-tailed construction stand in the cleared center relics of a bygone silver mining boom, later renovated by wealthy city families into summer resort cottages.

IN THE most easterly of these cottages Josephine Stone of Calgary, had taken up her temporary residence. On this particular morning which had broken in crisp autumnal loveliness she had been astir from an early hour and with her Indian maid and her companion Mrs Johnson had set in order the appointments of the little front room with exacting care. No detail had been neglected to make the best of such furnishings as the building boasted, even the blinds Miss Stone had herself accurately adjusted so that the softest light illumined the room. In the brief fireplace, built of native amethyst-encrusted boulders, a birchfire crackled in subdued cheerfulness. On the table which centered the room stood a vase of fresh gathered ferns, a bit of dull green relieving that tinted with the dull unified quiet all about.

But Josephine Stone needed no artificial setting. A stream of fresh young womanly loveliness she was—a gentle presence that would brighten and glorify the most monotonous surroundings. Moreover she had appeared had been swayed by this girl's rare beauty, by the charm of her voice and her every gesture.

She had long since learned her power over men this morning she was minded to test it—impelled by that restless motive that has been called a woman's curiosity—the motive that first brought mortal tears to grief.

She moved about the room as one who is suppressing by will the tensest inward anxiety. Her Indian women dismissed, she had tried to interest herself in a book, but her gaze most of the time was centered through the casement window on a jutting point of the lake's shoreline.

Josephine Stone dropped the book and caught at her breath. Round the point there suddenly flashed the slender red hull of a racing motor boat, low reared in air above a creamy wavelet that widened in its wake. The boat swept down the shoreline and the muffled staccato of its engines ceased abruptly as it dived from view under the shrubbery that fringed the island.

* * * * * *

THE girl watched with bated breath. From an opening in the shrubbery, there almost immediately burst into view the figure of a man who seemed the incarnation of this wild place. Spare was he but of height build and movement that bespoke physical strength of lightning-like potentialities. The exotic color of his handsome face accentuated the blackness of his alert-flashing eyes.

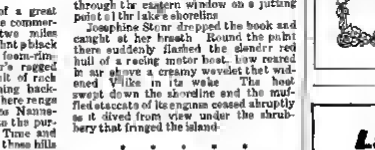
The Indian man-of-all-work, splitting firewood at the side of the cottage looked up, gasped and scuttled from view. His wolf-dog sat back on his haunches, tilted his grey snout in air and sent forth a long, dolorous howl that brought marking echoes from the cliffs of the mainland.

The visitor, quite unconcerned by the seeming panic his appearance provoked, strode easily to the front door.

Josephine Stone rose all a-tremble. A fear unaccountable had suddenly swept over her but when she opened the door for him there was no longer outward trace of it.

Oh Mr Smith," she voiced, "I knew I have put you to a lot of trouble to come once here this morning. It is really too good of you simply to accommodate a stranger."

I will not have you mention it, Miss Stone," he waived with a courtly smile



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You

"I'm late. Delayed by the discovery of a defective muffler on my way here. Had to go back and notify one of the boys in order."

You have heavy responsibilities."

There was the faintest of inflections on the last word. It brought momentary gleam of hard vividness to the face of Acey Smith. But he as quickly hid it in a light laugh. It all came through my unwillingness for traveling by water," he went on. "You see there is a shorter cut by the land trail here. I thought I would have had to signal for one of your boats to get over to the island."

Won't you be seated?" She indicated the easy chair by the window and herself sank gracefully to the nearby couch.

Mr Smith," she opened in a nervous confusion that brought the faintest of pink to her dusky throat and cheeks. "I fear I am making it you ter great a favor that I am about to request of you."

If you had not asked me to come here and offer what little service I may," he replied. "I would consider I had been robbed of one of the most wonderful opportunities of my life-time."

But have you considered the full nature of my request?

The girl of these wonder eyes under the high-arched brows was upon him.

Normest," he urged. "I must insist."

You must not compromise yourself before you know it all.

I have already compromised myself. I have promised to do anything within my power."

She stirred on the couch some over so little nearer to him. "I have feared my request might be an impossible one."

An impossible one?"

Yes—yet—I had hoped almost that you might—

Please," he commanded. "Tell me what it is."

I want to meet the man *you call J. C. X.*"

HAD she plunged ice-cold water upon him the effect on Acey Smith could not have been more startling. His face went ashen at the name, his long hands gripped convulsively on the arms of the chair. He glanced apprehensively about the room even behind him, then sprang erect upright.

"*J. C. X.*" He breathed it hoarsely. "There are no others within hearing?"

Not a soul." It was she who was the calmer now. She too had risen, was standing with a thrilling nearness to him as close to be within the province of his arms had he obeyed an almost irresistible impulse that was upon him to sweep her to him. She looked up at him a steadiness in the appeal of her eyes.

Under the sway of those eyes decision within him wavered. When he spoke, it was in a tone of solemn remonstrance. "Miss Stone, you have asked of me what *should* be impossible."

But you can make it a possibility?"

The ultimate decision lies with—J. C. X." Again that furtive glance about the room as he pronounced the name in a whispered undertone. "It were better—perhaps—that you should not meet J. C. X."

Is he so terrible?"

No. It is not that. If I could in some way get an intermediary for instance?"

But the girl was in no wise willing to let slip from her hard-won concession.

It would not do," she negatived. "I am sorry—for I know I could trust you so much—but I feel it is imperative that I should meet J. C. X. If that which I was sent for is to be properly satisfied."

His eyes searched her face. "What do you know of J. C. X." he asked.

Nothing—positively nothing. Oh, I wish I could explain. I hate being my self mysterious, but for the present I must ask you to accept my statement that it appeals to me as vital to meet him. Can you arrange such a statement?

Under stress of her anxiety she had unconsciously placed an every white little hand upon his sleeve. He thrilled at the pressure.

I can and do accept it," he returned. What is more, when the time is opportune you shall meet the one you desire to. But you must be patient for a little while there will be obstacles which are inevitable."

Oh, how can I thank you, Mr. Smith?" Impulsively she seized his hand in both her own, recklessly as a child might do it.

NOT even a saint might have resisted that defiance, desirable presence so near. Acey Smith was then in a saint. His long, powerful hands closed over hers, a devil of gleaming black triumph leaping to the eyes that fastened on her face.

But even as she drew away, trembling like a captured bird, he released her abruptly. His head shot forward and he whirled with his back toward her, his hands cupping at his face in the convulsive fashion of one who is strangling.

She was standing numb in rimpelled fright when he freed her again, quite his former self, a trace of a shamed smile on his lips. "I am sorry" he offered in a contrite tone.

It was perhaps my fault—" She started to say that before its significance struck her.

It was not!" he declared. "I had forgotten for the moment that—that I am merely a mortal to an end. It will not happen again."

The girl did her best to hide her mystification. Before he left, Acey Smith informed her the toys playing drily between the pulp camps and the city were at her service. He had made arrangements not only for her passage back and forth, but for the carrying of such supplies out as she needed from time to time. This would be much more satisfactory than depending on the motor boat. He told her in from now on the weather on the northern reaches of Superior was not dependable.

As for the unexplained purpose for which she had been brought to the island, he hoped she would be tolerant of a delay in bringing things about that would not only take time but patience and foresight on the part of others. He did not mention J. C. X. again nor the meeting he had promised to arrange for Miss Stone. But intuitively the latter knew two things, the one was that he would be as good as his word and the other that he almost dreaded mention of J. C. X.

Besides, Josephine Stone was but two generations removed from Canadian pioneer stock, and like the women of her race, was not prone to question the moods and whimsicalities of men of the forests.

* * * * *

WHEN Acey Smith left Amethyst Island he did not immediately head north for the pulp camps, but crossed over to the mainland opposite, where he beached the bow of his long, slender racer at the foot of a narrow trail that wound up into the densely wooded hills. Shouldering the bow to the rib-bumper, he struck off up the trail and was gone for almost an hour.

Shortly after his form had been swallowed up in the bush, there appeared at the foot of the trail a tall, dark-bearded man in the garb of a preacher. He peered at the island from the screen of the bush and there concealed from view squatted in the foliage with eyes upon the cottage silent, immovable as a statue.

Josephine Stone came out upon the cottage steps and opened a book in her lap. If the figure in the woods noticed he gave no sign.

After a long interval there came into out of the depths of the forest far away a low reverberating intonation as of some deep soft gong being struck. A few moments elapsed and the mellow note again sweetened mystically over the wastes.

The frustest flicker of a smile broke over the face of the man hidden in the bushes as the girl in the cottage started to her feet and looked about her in bewilderment. She glanced over her book as it disappeared into the cottage.

Twice again with a short interval between there came a gonglike alarum into the far up in the silent wastes. The bearded man rose at the sound of the last stroke of the gong. With patient caution he drew from the shrubbery a canoe launched it and with silent strokes skimmed westward along the shoreline.

Twenty minutes later Acey Smith came striding down the trail, carrying on his back a partially filled wood-man's pack.

At the foot of the trail he paused, though needing some sign in the woods the beach.

He swung the pack from his shoulders into the cockpit of the boat, pushed off the craft and headed it toward the pulp camp docks.

There was a scowl on his face as like a thunder cloud

CHAPTER VI

A Millionaire Vanishes

AS THE days went by Louis Hammond familiarized himself with the pulp camp and its environs. He had plenty of time on his hands for, as Acey Smith had predicted, there was little else for him to do except take in the scenery.

He gained a liberal education in the garnering of the newsprint from the paper making industry. The Nanambigu limits, he learned, comprised an enormous block of wilderness territory, most of which, outside of the great muskegs and mountain lakes, was covered with forests of spruce, balsam and birch, representing billions of money when transformed into the white paper on which the great and lesser newspapers and magazines of the United States as well as Canada would be printed, sooner or later.

The limits stretched east down the North Shore from the foot of the Nanambigu range far beyond a point of vision and extended due north inland a good fifty or sixty miles. They were bisected by the mighty Nanambigu River, which emptied into the bay at the western fringe of the camp between deep, precipitous banks. It was this stream that made the Nanambigu limits so desirable, because it made transportation of the cut pulp poles by water possible from the furthest inland reaches of the territory. Armies of men were engaged in cutting, bucksawing and decking poles into the river, there being camps, some of them larger than that at the waterfront, for a good twenty miles up the stream. Men and teams were constantly employed hauling supplies back to them. Yet it was said that this season's cut would scarcely make a scratch on the gigantic Nanambigu forests.

From the mouth of the Nanambigu the cut and hacked poles poured into the bay in a wide, glistening white ribbon day and night continually expanding the tremendous boom, where Hammond was told there was already nearly a million dollars worth of pulpwood. Later on power-driven mechanical loaders on scows would transfer the poles from the booms to the holds of huge pulp-pole barriers, and in these they would be towed by tugs to the mill yards in Kam City.

A large portion of the wood must be delivered that very fall so that the Kam City Pulp and Paper Company could have their mills in operation on contract time in October. Otherwise, the latter company would forfeit their hard-won rights at the limits and by the terms of the final fiat of the Ontario Government the North Star Towing and Contracting Company, at present operating the limits, were bound to deliver the wood in sufficient quantities to keep the Kam City Company's mills running till winter.

It was a stupendous undertaking—the most colossal in the history of paper-making. And woven into this was the intense rivalry of the two powerful paper companies concerned, a tension of bitter hatred that was the more ominous because surface indications told nothing of what the inevitable climax might be.

* * * * *

HAMMOND gained much of his information about the limits from his shirtsleeves, Sandy Macdougal, the cook who in the evening over a bottle of rye whiskey, became quite loquacious. It was through Macdougal he learned of the presence of Acey Smith on Amethyst Island, a bit of information that brought about a secret determination to somehow or other come in contact with her, much as the mere idea of meeting her face to face again perturbed him.

Of Acey Smith he saw little, caught only occasional glimpses of him now and then as he went in and out of his office. No one seemed to know where he kept himself for large part of the time. Actual operations of the camps and dealings with the men were carried on almost entirely by the assistant superintendent, a raw-boned hatchet-faced young man named Mooney, who was as uncommunicative as a slab of trap rock.

Ogima Bush the Indian medicine man seemed to have the freedom of the camp, to which he paid frequent visits, mixing with the workers of all grades of whom there were several hundred employed in cleaning up ground in the river and tending the booms in the bay. They were what was known as the "white water" men because of their hazardous work in the foaming rapids.

Rev. Nathan Stubbs, the camp preacher, journeyed back and forth from one camp to the other. He slept in a shack fixed up for him somewhere in the fastnesses of Nannabigo mountain. He appeared to studiously avoid meeting Hammond until he had most of the executives of the limits and timber that struck the young man as rather odd was that he never saw Ogima Bush or the Rev. Nathan Stubbs and Acey Smith together or even in the camp at the same time, though the medicine man frequently inquired of the superintendent whereabouts and on such occasions immediately struck off as though he had an appointment with him somewhere. It was plain that Acey Smith looked upon the preacher as a pest and inserted on him making himself scarce when he was about camp, so far the mentioned man there seemed to be no understanding between him and the superintendent whereby the former was quite confident of his status and privileges anywhere on the limits.

There was something queer—as queer as to be absolutely necessary—about this gigantic pulp camp. Hammond could see that every intelligent workman it sensed this, but nobody understood it or could roughly grasp it, glimmer of it he was. Everywhere among the men and their petty executives there was an undercurrent of something akin to superstitious awe of the company and those who directed its affairs.

Even Acey Smith himself seemed to be obsessed with this same haunting apprehension. When he issued orders he did so more like one who was interpreting definite commands from elsewhere. As Sandy Macdougal analysed it to Hammond after his own peculiar fashion. "One felt so though the whole show was being run by *someone or something that didn't exist in shadow.*"

* * * * *

HIS enforced idleness brought a notion to the young ex-newspaper man that he could improve his time by writing, even if it were only a diary of his experiences. He felt he must have something to occupy his time besides roaming over the log roads and riding around in the fussy little gasoline type of the boom tenders. So, early one morning, he presented himself at Acey Smith's office and asked if he might have some loose writing paper. Acey Smith quite readily complied with his wishes, going to the door of his office and bringing to Hammond several pads of blank sheets.

"I had been expecting you to come around for this," he said, the ghost of an exultant flicker playing at the corners of his mouth. "The ruling hobby will force itself to the surface sooner or later, won't it, Mr. Hammond?"

"Meaning just what?"

"Just that. Set a man at driving nothing long enough and habit will drive him back to the haunts of his old rut—especially if that rut is writing for publication."

Hammond rappressed a start at this broad hint at knowledge of his identity. "I have no designs for writing anything for publication, if that is what you're driving at," he retorted.

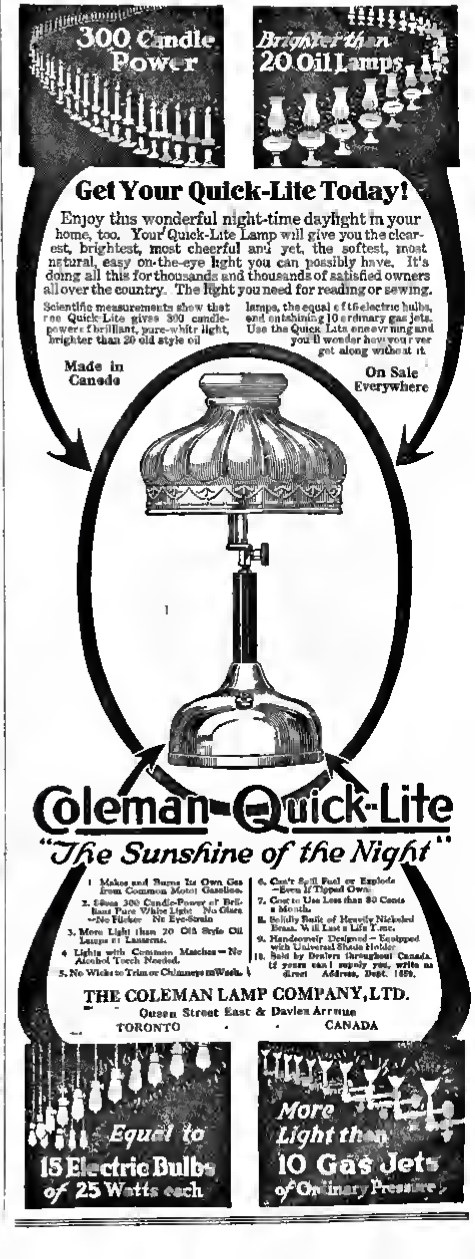
"I have not the remotest notion that you will," Acey Smith assured him with a tinge of sarcasm in his tones. "In fact I am quite certain that for the present you won't reach a publishing office."

He stared strangely at Hammond for a silent second, his black eyes glaring in a weird fixity. Hammond was conscious Acey Smith was reading him as he was trying to interpret a whim of the bewildering. Now if I were a novelist, which I am not, and in the mood, likewise absent, I might make myself the author of the queerest tale ever written. It's a pity the world gets most of its literature second-hand and consequently garbled. The men who live things doesn't write, and the man who writes never seems able to live the things he writes about.

"Real writers then must be men born twice who never touched pen to paper until their second existence, don't you think so, Mr. Hammond?"

"I have never considered it from that angle," replied the youngerman. "Thank you for the paper, Mr. Smith."

"Think it over," urged Acey Smith enigmatically as he whirled on a heel and returned to his desk.



Jim Henry's Column

Am I Real?

I get a lot of letters which express a cynical disbelief that I am alive.

Wouldn't it give you the willies to encounter constantly an illusion that you didn't exist—were a sort of disembodied idea? Even my friends don't believe that I write my own stuff.

What is there so extraordinary in a salesman writing advertising?

I know more about Menuen Shaving Cream than any professional advertising writer will ever know—and have a truer and deeper conviction that Menuen's is infinitely superior to every other preparation.

To be sure, I don't know how to intrigue your interest with trick borders, Greek gods, bathing girls or such advertising technique, and I lack the literary gift of weaving a lot of scientific sophistries into an apparently convincing argument—but I do believe in Menuen's.

I have watched Menuen's grow from nothing into a leader. I have seen it change the shaving habits of millions. Thousands of men have written, thanking me for freeing them from the suffering and despondency incident to the use of old-fashioned soap. I have gazed with amazement at our sales chart, each year showing a tremendous gain over last year.

After all, don't you more readily believe what a man tells you if he believes it himself? Aren't you more successful in convincing others if your own convictions are sincere?

I probably couldn't sell automobiles or oil stock, but I can sell Menuen's. I propose to sell you Sooner or later I will find a crack in the wall of your prejudices and make you understand what a joyous experience it is to try Menuen's for the first time.

Then you will send 35 cents for my demonstrator tube and you and I will be buddies in spirit as long as smooth faces are fashionable.

and afterwards Menuen Talcum for Men. It doesn't show—

Jim Henry
(Manner Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
MONTREAL LIMITED CANADA

Sales Agents.
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. Limited
TORONTO



HAMMOND went away irwardly his chagrard as a disgrised man who has had his wig and false beard suddenly whisked from his head and face. His attempt to conceal his identity from Acey Smith surely had been a ridiculous failure. Perhaps the pulp camp superintendent knew more than he did himself about what purpose lay behind his being sent to the limits.

The situation was a humiliating one. Hammond bitterly conceded as he sat alone in the cabin he shared with the cook. It would be bad enough to be found out and know what one was landed for—but it was infinitely more exasperating to feel that he was a marked man without knowing the exact nature of the predicament he had allowed himself to be drawn into. Acey Smith had a manner of making Hammond feel like a mere outsider every time they came in contact, and the latter, completely in the dark as to the subjects of his own mission, was as impotent to meet and parry the other's stinging taunts as a man who fences with a blindfold on. Smith did not exactly despise him, he had reason to believe that it was Smith's slightly-concealed exultation over knowledge of his helplessness that galled him.

Hammond longed to meet the other on fair ground—in a battle of wits or fists, he was not particular which, so long as he could exact satisfaction for his hurt pride. But this lighting in the dark was a hopeless business and he was becoming weary of it.

Yet—what did Smith know? What did he know?

With this conjecture came an inspiration that brought Hammond a rewrd and a clearer viewpoint. When he more calmly looked the situation over in the seclusion of his quarters, it struck him Acey Smith was merely guessing. He had not definitely referred to him as an ex-newspaper man, but had merely insinuated or know him to be a writer. There was a thrg onr an shrewd observation as the pulp camp master ought easily surmar when Hammond asked for writing paper. That subsogrnt drifting of his on to the status of lirtlin writers was a cast for information. In rrference to the genius of writing mer on obvious attempt at flattery—and the hook was baited with a hint that he himself had a life-story that would be worth while getting hold of.

The whole thing seemed so clear now that Hammond scrused himself of stupidity in not seeing through it before. Hammond's plan threlore would hr to follow the plane of the least resistance and let Smith go on thinking what he pleased. Evrn better still, why not approach Smith for that "queerest tale" he had referred to and make a pley to his varity? Nu darht rgotism was Acey Smith's most vulnerable point and the *open sesame* to his confidence as Hammond in his journalistic rxperience had leard it to be with most despotic executives high or low.

But no that would not do. There was one thing in the way still. If he only knew what he was here for he could ori. As it was, he feared to take the iritiative lest he blunder into something that would upset the plon. Norman T. Gildersleeve had in mind that night on the train when he had engaged Hammond at a thousand dollors a month to stay at the pulp camp until he received further orders. No matter how he thrarized and tried to prop it up with possible purposes it appeird more and more to him as a crazy assignment. Regrls of mail were brought rver daily on the trgs and so far as Hammond could see it was delivered direct and with considerable despatch all over the camps. It should therefore be an easy matter for Gildersleeve to write him, if it were only a few lines to let him know whether or not things were progressing as they should. Why didn't Gildersleeve communicate with him?

* * * * *

THE plump figure and ruddy visage of Sandy Macdougal appeared mersenrily at the cabin doorway and he flung a bundle of newspapers across at Hammond. The Big Boss left them at the breakfast table. His hurrying and sud y a night like those there—he explained. I guess he's bout. I somewhere far the day for I saw him leave with his pack on his back just a minute or I was after you Only all is. Come over to the larreey [illegible] but when you're through reading the news.

He had cook turned and departed for the cookhouse, leaving Hammond to gnaw at his nails and trample a path in the floor.

That was Acey Smith's humiliating system all over again. Hammond learned that Smith had eaten that very morning and two seats away from Hammond with the newspapers spread out on the table facing him. When he had finished he had left them up and sat smoking until Hammond left the dharr. Why did he wait until Hammond went out and then tell the cook to give him the papers? It was a deliberate affront like a slap in the face. Acey Smith never did a thing out of the ordinary without definite object in view. He was evidently bailing Hammond for a purpose.

Nevertheless Hammond gathered rp the rewspapers gratefully. They were the first of recent date he had seen since coming to the pulp camp. The light in the cabin was poor too, so Hammond took the papers outside and seated himself on a rustic bench back of the cabin.

The outer paper in the hands was the Kom City Star of the previous morning but Hammond's eye scarcely noted the date line in the shark that went home from the three-column heading that fairly shouted at him in black-faced gothic from the upper left hand corner of the front page:

Man Resembling Norman T Gildersleeve Reported Seen Near Prince Albert Sask
May be Missing Pulp and Paper Magnate

In fevered haste Hammond slipped over the sub-headings to the despatch below them date-lined from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, with date of the day previous.

To-day lumbermen coming in from the woods north of here told of the arrival in the Mr Kenzie camps of a middle-aged stranger strongly resembling the descriptions sent broadcast of the missing Norman T. Gildersleeve of New York and of the Interrational Investments Corporation, whose disappearance from a transcontinental train hurried east from Winnipeg on the night of Sept. 23 caused a sensation in financial circles in Canada and the United States.

Strength is lent to the theory that the man is Norman T. Gildersleeve by the statement of the lumbermen that the stranger seemed to be afflicted with loss of memory. He told the superintendent of the camps that he had seemed to come out of a state of fog after leaving a train at the terminus of the bush railway and had no idea who he was or where he came from. He put up in the camp hotel and lumber camp but the next morning disappeared as mysteriously as he had arrived.

Mr. Gildersleeve it will be remembered first dropped out of sight while on a train bound from Winnipeg for Kom City. Ont. He intended visit to the latter place it is understood, was in connection with the construction of the Kom City Pulp and Paper Mills plant, a Canadian subsidiary of the International Investments Corporation, now being erected at the lake port town.

Since Mr. Gildersleeve's disappearance the police of the Dominion have been busily scouring the country for trace of him. The news from the McKenzie Camps to-day will no doubt provide a fresh trail, though how Mr. Gildersleeve could have covered back west almost a thousand miles without being identified by someone particularly prominent is beyond the comprehension of authorities here.

There followed a great al newspaper theories in which Hammond was not particularly interested. He scanned through the newspaper and two others in the bundle but found no other items throwing further light on the mystery. An editorial in the editrn he had first read caught his eye. It dealt with the mild circumstances of Norman T. Gildersleeve's disappearance and was headed:

AMNESIA—OR LOSS OF IDENTITY

Amnesia—amnesia—where had Hammond recently heard or read that word? Then with an electric start he remembered that disconcerting first question Acey Smith had put to him the night he arrived at the pulp camp: "*What do you know about amnesia?*"

A coincidence it must have been he reflected on calmer deduction. Acey Smith sat here at the pulp limits twenty miles from the nearest outpost of civilization; could there have rn knowledge of Gildersleeve's disappearance several hundred miles west of the port of Kom City.

And Acey Smith—the girl with the high-arched eyebrows had just been in to see Smith previous to Hammond's visit. She had been in the same car of the transcontinental when Gildersleeve had got out at Moose Horn Station and failed to return—and her nervous perturbation on wa occasions when she had caught sight of Hammond had been marked.

Nevertheless Hammond gathered rp the rewspapers gratefully. They were the first of recent date he had seen since coming to the pulp camp. The light in the cabin was poor too, so Hammond took the papers outside and seated himself on a rustic bench back of the cabin.

The outer paper in the hands was the Kom City Star of the previous morning but Hammond's eye scarcely noted the date line in the shark that went home from the three-column heading that fairly shouted at him in black-faced gothic from the upper left hand corner of the front page:

Man Resembling Norman T Gildersleeve Reported Seen Near Prince Albert Sask
May be Missing Pulp and Paper Magnate

In fevered haste, Hammond slipped over the sub-headings to the despatch below them date-lined from Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, with date of the day previous.

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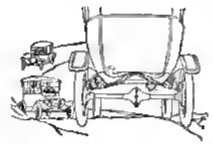
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Macdougal guzzled a generous cupful straight. Hammond perforce had to take his next, too.

The cook made to fill the two cups again.

"No thanks," declined Hammond. "I don't hit it as a general thing, but I'll admit that's fairly smooth stuff."

Sandy tossed off another still one. Then he set down smacking his lips so though it agreed with him immensely.

"You never met that copper-faced old rat before you came out here?" he asked presently.

"Who—Ogima Bash? No, I never set eyes on him afrtd that morning he wandered in while I was at breakfast."

"H'm—h'm—well!" Macdougal studied his cup reflectively one minute. "You know, I thought at first maybe you and him might be cahoots on something. One don't know what's who out in this queer dump. But I've sized you up as a decent head, no matter what your business might be, and you takin' a nip with me now and then has raised you a bit more in my notions of you."

"Good heavens," smiled Hammond, "you surely didn't think I was in league with that near-agent of Satan?"

"I ain't sayin'. I was sure of anything," got back Macdougal slightly irritated. "Only, I had one of my flash hunches that first morning he dropped into the diner that there was something between him and you. It was the way he looked at you, I guess. Since I've been figurin' it out it's all on his side and maybe you don't know anything about it."

"However," he followed up deliberately, "what I been debatin' in my own mind the past day or so was about tellin' you something for your own good."

MACDOUGAL appeared to be in the throes of that mental debate as he sat with his eyes glued on his empty cup. He seemed to arrive at two decisions suddenly. The first was to have another tidy drink.

"Great hootch that! He grimaced gratefully. "Now, look here, Hammond, it's this. That old red-skinned side-wheeler don't mean you no good and, if you'll take it from me I think he's figurin' on how much of a load he'd take to shoot you over one of them steep cliffs back in the bush if you happened to be near the edge.

"Now wot—I ain't given to guessin' nor romancin' either. I got a sharp eye that sees more'n most people gives it credit for. Every time you ain't lookin' that old Indian is a-watchin' you out of the corner of his wicked old lids in a queer, creepy way, just like a cat watches a chipmunk he's figurin' as for breakfast. Besides sometimes you go out in the bush and he slips out a little later in the same direction. At first I tells myself: The two of them have a date to meet out there or seems scheme they ce hatchin up—maybe hootleggin'." But I hunched it later there was nothin' to that. He's layin' for you for some reason I don't know anything about that's what I wanted to tell you."

* * * * *

HAMMOND lit a cigarette to cover up any concern he might have disclosed. "That's certainly interesting to me, Sandy, he acknowledged, and it's deucedly good of you—"

"Nothin' of the kind!" interposed the other. "And that ain't all. *Acey Smith's got another Indian trailin'* you."

"Trailing me? The deuce you say!"

"I said it."

"But what makes you think Acey Smith's got anything to do with it?"

Macdougal shrugged. "Who else?" he asked. More whiskey than was discreet had loosened up his tongue. "Who else do you think? Who else but Acey Smith keeps every straw boss in the camp pumpy all the time just so they won't get too busy company notes and find out what's what? That man's a devil, and there ain't two ways about that.

"I got next to this afrnt through an accident—the cook went on." Was ever hidin in some green stuff on the side of the Second Hill the other morning figurin' an snipin' a couple of partridge when I seen you go by on the late road. Then I see a long, skinny-lookin' Indian skippin' through the brush close to my hide after you. A couple of minutes more and along comes old Leather Face, the medicine man, as pompous as you please; but it ain't long before I discovers that his nibs is a-watching both of you though he makes a big

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lace of hers. I recognized and about his own business. Now what do you think of that for you, sir?"

HAMMOND was thoughtful. He was loath to admit the truth, but he was literally taken away by the revelation. Smith must attach a lot of importance to his own two-bit self to think me was what he said.

"I think we're both of them is hired to watch you," observed Bill Ford. "Medicine men are too stuck on themselves to think about jobs. They go after bigger stuff. Smith uses them to put the fear of the Lord into the timber workers who he needs them. That's one of the reasons why he lets old Jakins like Rush loaf around the camp and do what they please. No Indian gives any heck talk about what the medicine man says or does because they think he can make a Windigo any time he feels like it to bring them bad luck."

"Well, then, Sandy," urged Hammond, "what is your theory? I'll admit it's got me beaten."

"I got it figured out as one of two things," replied the cook. "Either you're hired by outside parties to get something on Smith or the North Star he's afraid you'll find out, and he's havin' you shadowed—or else well don't take it for granted you're in the other extraordinary bargain with Norman T. Gildersleeve on the right of September the Twenty-third. First Gildersleeve had engaged him to name out here and put it his time any old way he cared to so long as he did not disclose his identity or the facts of his bargain with Gildersleeve. Secondly, Gildersleeve had confided nothing to him as to the object of his mission, and had not even told him that he, Gildersleeve, was the head of the corporation that he forced the company that had gained the cutting rights on the Northabigua limits over the head of the North Star Towing and Contracting Company now in control. To the third glore there were the cold facts that Gildersleeve had almost immediately disappeared and Hammond was left in the air out at the pulp camp on object of suspicion constantly shadowed and still left totally at sea as to what he was to do next.

He initiated some of the methods he had used with considerable success in his old police court reporting days to devise plausible theories for crime mystery, but none of them interested satisfactorily. Gildersleeve, for the third time, was a keen, hard-headed business man. He wasn't he could never have reached and mortgaged a place at the head of a big financial corporation. On the other hand, he had certainly shown no symptoms of mental derangement while Hammond had been talking to him and if he had been stricken with amnesia—as the papers said it must have been after he left the train at Moose Horn Station. Therefore, when he engaged Hammond, a total stranger to him previously, at one thousand dollars a month, plus his keep and a hundred dollars as a camouflage salary, he must have had some deep, important motive. It could not have been for prolonged work, in fact. Hammond remembered Gildersleeve had emphasized the point that his services would not be asked to do anything more than fit into any job that was assigned to him while he kept his identity concealed.

THERE was every reason to conclude, Hammond theorized, that the whole object of his residence at the pulp camp was to make himself a mystery. Perhaps he was thus unconsciously impersonating someone else for a purpose only vaguely known to the situation would disclose. This theory was plausible enough when he stood the thing up from the angle of his agreement with Gildersleeve alone.

There had been surrounding circumstances, however, that led him mentally around in circles and up against baffling blank walls. Those had been the strange perturbation of Eulas Daly, the U. S. Consul, when the latter had approached Hammond regarding meeting Gildersleeve and the appearance of the dark-eyed woman wearing the sable furs on the platform of Moose Horn station after Gildersleeve had gone out wearing his overcoat and carrying his bag with no apparent intention of returning to catch the train. A woman does not get off a train at a wilderness station in the dead of the night merely to look over the scenery, and the mystery of her performance was heightened by her subsequent appearance at the pulp camp in search of Acey Smith. She was known there, for Scotty Macdougall had spoken familiarly of her as "Yvonne," but had afterwards refused to discuss her.

Acey Smith's question about unusually that first night he had arrived at the Narrowlion Limits struck Hammond as a very, very odd coincidence. If it was a coincidence. Still, Acey Smith could not have had definite knowledge of the manner of Gildersleeve's disappearance at that stage of proceedings. So Hammond discovered that incident as unsolvable for the present and therefore an impediment to clear thinking.

The girl with the high-necked gymnasium coat only seemed right in the background of all his conjectures, a heartless distracting presence, but Hammond could not bring himself to the point of rebuffing her, was in any way erroneously connected with this queer business. She might be Gildersleeve's private secretary, or even his daughter, which circumstances might explain her visit to the ramp as one in search of possible information as to Gildersleeve's whereabouts. But the articles in the papers made no mention of anyone accompanying Gildersleeve or his secretary, and, if there had been, that point would scarcely have overlooked, though it sorely puzzled Hammond, or that romance score how it came about that there was no mention made either of Eulas Daly being with the magnate. Why was it that Daly didn't tell the authorities what he knew about the matter?

Finally, there were Gildersleeve's instructions to Hammond to stick to his post at the pulp camp no matter what happened until such time as he was communicated with. Possible happenings in Gildersleeve's mind could not have included his dropping out of sight grimly concluded Hammond.

OUT of it all Hammond could sift but two simple conclusions that would stand analysis, one of which was that Gildersleeve had actually been stricken and was wandering about the West somewhere without knowledge of who he was, and the other that Gildersleeve must have met with foul play and the man who was seen above Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, was someone else so effected as feigning such affliction, who strongly resembled him.

In the first case Hammond remaining at the camp would be useless unless Gildersleeve suddenly recovered his memory and returned to his duties. The second possibility would make it incumbent upon Hammond to tell the authorities what he knew with the least possible delay.

It all left him in a dilemma as to how he should act so as to take no chances on making a blunder of things. But wait—there was one link in the mystery, one of the first links at that, that he had so far overlooked in the matter of its possibilities. That link was Eulas Daly, U. S. consul at Kom City, the man who had brought about his meeting with Gildersleeve. Why not slip over to the city and see Daly? Daly might be able to throw new light on the situation without Hammond disclosing anything that was confidential between him and Gildersleeve. He'll see about that at once, anyway.

Hammond glanced at his watch and sprang to his feet. A tug would be pulling out for Kom City in less than an hour. That would just allow him time to get back to camp and change his clothes for the trip. He planned to be away one night, and the following day in the city, if Daly's information were re-assuring. If it were not, he felt he must immediately see the police and tell them what he knew.

The young man hurried over the trail, quite unconscious of the lithe dark figure that rose from its hiding place at the edge of the bush and stole along in his wake as silent as a shadow. He reached the ramp, changed his clothes, had a bite to eat in Sandy Macdougall's kitchen and hurried to the superintendent's quarters in search of a pass over on the tug.

Hammond was due to run into two new surprises, the first of which was a galling disappointment and the second of such a thrilling nature from a purely speculative standpoint that, for the time being, he forgot all about the first.

To be Continued

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Building permits issued in Canada from January to June were $13 000,000 over the 1921 figures. Where the building is being done. Reports from every city in Canada and the following day in the city of Daly's information were re-assuring. If it were not he felt he must immediately see the police and tell them what he knew.

How Lower Construction Costs Have Helped to Boom Building

An Informative chart comparing construction costs, and building permits

Lessons from a Real Estate Boom of Other Days

Telling the actual story of the real estate boom in 1889-1890 in Toronto when property valuations collapsed, scored and then collapsed—and lessons to be applied to present conditions

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What the Metropolitan Life is doing to relieve housing shortage.

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A story of every interest to every householder whose taxes have been on the rise.

These stories indicate only the stories on real estate and building in one issue of THE POST. Consider these other articles in the same issue of interest to every real investor and business man:

Authentic news regarding the Western crop situation.

Canada's canals are neglected by shippers. Public Bodies spend out tax money abroad.

What has happened to stocks since January first?

News of the mines.

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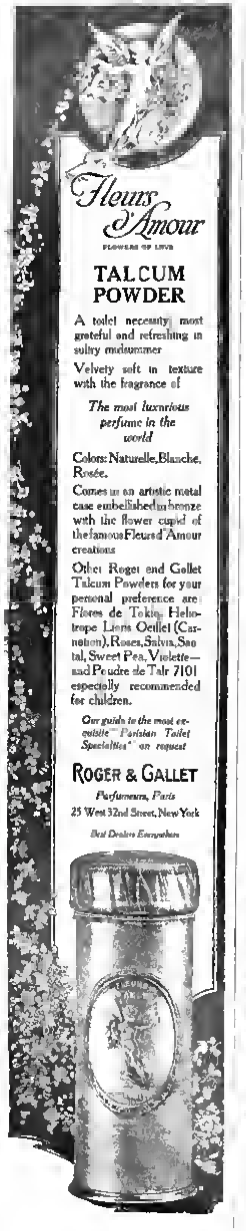


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THEY HAVE RECEIVED A WELCOME

Stories of the War Brides Who Have Found This Country Hospitable, and Are Facing Hardship in the Consciousness That Someone Is Helping

By CHARLES W. CAVERS

Mrs Beatrice Hoy Shaw's article "To Welcome on your Doormat" that appeared in the July 15th issue of MacLean's Magazine has aroused a world of comment, some of which might be called ridiculous. There are those who claim that the picture of the war "brides" in that article was not an entirely true picture, or at least is only a partial picture. Therefore we are publishing herewith this presentation of the case by Mr. Cavers of the Soldiers' Settlement Board, an acknowledged authority on the subject. Mr. Cavers shows the other side of the picture, and points out fairly forcibly that most of these brides are contented enough and glad enough to be here, even if as is undoubtedly the case, they have in many instances to face no mean measure of hardship. Editor

OF 27,000 returned Soldiers settled on the land under the Dominion of Canada's re-establishment plan approximately 10 000 are married men and half of that number brought brides from the British Isles, France or Belgium.

How have these strangers fared? Have they adapted themselves to the change from the crowds, the noise and turmoil of the big cities of the Old Land to the conditions of life in the sparsely settled districts of the newer provinces? We find them in areas which were once Indian Reserves, the Pisgot, the Ochospowace, the Peerman and the Porcupine district of Northern Saskatchewan in the Pouce Coupé (Pouse Coo-pay) of the Peace River. They are in the older districts of Ontario, Quebec in the Maritimes, British Columbia, but they are especially numerous in the wider and scantily peopled West where privations are sure to be encountered and social advantages lacking.

In general the women of the Old Land who have followed their war-scarred heroes into the Last Great West have proved that they possess the right spirit—the same doggedness, the same pluck that characterized the men of Great Britain in their world-embracing colonization and exploration projects. Many of them, perhaps, were well reticent to leave behind them the conditions which arise from overcrowding in the metropolis for the more pleasing prospects offered by Canadian citizenship. They longed for the pure air and the greater freedom of the prairies, for the independence of rural life. There are among them, however, many who come from comfortable homes in delightful Old Country places from rose-covered cottages of the prosperous and picturesque villages of the middle classes. They come to Canada knowing little of our ways and our modes of living, but loyally consenting to stand by their husbands in the great work of developing the agricultural resources of the West. They came cheerfully because of their belief that however long the journey the goal of independence which many thousands have reached as worth striving for. Of the hundreds who sailed the seas to join their husbands in their prairie homes very few have failed. Here and there we hear the story of some war bride who soon wearied of the strange life and went home to stay. But the majority are going to stick. The we learn from official reports of their progress and from their letters to the Soldiers' Settlement Board telling of their faith in the country.

IN ONE of the most lonely districts of Prairie River, amongst the most primitive conditions, lives the wife of a settler who had been a trained nurse in the heart of London. The home counsellor of the Soldiers' Settlement Board on visiting her remarked that she was lost in admiration of the way the women from overseas were putting up with pioneer conditions. The reply was: "I don't see anything to put up with. I simply love it all." Thus is the spirit which is manifest in so many of these Western homes.

There have been 9 329 lighting men on free lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta and other thousands on lands that were naked of signs of human habitation but especially valuable because of their nearness to lines of transportation and because of their rich and easily cultivable character. In all there are probably 12 000 soldier settlers who are developing lands that hitherto have lain idle, and thousands of acres are being added every year to the crop producing area of the West.

The board which administers the Settlement Act recognized the fact that many Canadian soldiers had brought home with them wives from Great Britain, France and Belgium—women who could not be conversant with many of the ordinary methods in use in Canadian homes.

To meet this situation a branch has been formed. Its special business is to keep in touch with the families of soldiers who take up land under the Board, and to help and encourage wherever it is possible. In each of the offices throughout the Dominion there are trained women whose special work it is to assist the wives and children of settlers.

From London to the Lone Lands

AT THE end of the first year one of the district directors wrote: "I find a splendid spirit among the English women who have come over as wives of our settlers. They do not grouse as much over their difficulties as a Canadian girl. On the whole the Canadian girl knows better how to attack her problems and makes a better farmer's wife. But I am very hopeful concerning the British women."

In one of the first districts visited an English girl with tears in her eyes said to the visitor: "Do you mean to tell me that the Government of Canada pays you to come out to visit me to see if I need any help or any encouragement in my work?" And when she was assured that this was the case she said: "I never heard of a Government doing anything so kind before."

"Why do you come to visit me?" asked another of these brides. "I do not need help from you." "No," the visitor replied. "I know you don't. I came because I want help from you. I would like you to go down about a mile from here to visit a little English woman who is having some difficulty making bread. You know as well how to do it, and I thought you might help her with her task." She readily consented to go and has been one of the best friends that the young English women could have.

Stories of Achievement

THE story of the achievements of many of these settlers' wives is a glowing chapter, rich in human interest. How have they solved the problems of home making? What manner of women are they who have gone forth to unravel the mystery of the West?

The reports of the visitors of the home branch are not intended to picture a romantic story, but there is a world of romance and heroism hidden behind the brief items from the report.

Here for instance is the case of an English girl, Mrs. A.—for obvious reasons the names are not given. She has been a year and a half in the country. She is living in a one-room shack, well built and well kept, and is adapting herself rapidly to the new life. In addition to her household duties, which include the care of a baby she has undertaken a kitchen garden which promises all that the little family can consume and more.

Or again there is the case of a French woman who has lived in Canada twelve years but has had experience on a farm is limited to two years. Her husband died of the flu two years ago, leaving her to manage the farm, which she is doing quite well and has been able to keep her two boys, 8 and 6, at school—room here surely for the suggestion of heroism.

Or there is an Irish girl who is described as "a splendid type of woman," who is reported as being very much interested in farm work, helps her husband in many ways and is doing her part in making the venture a success.

Here is a case where the report boldly states that the wife of the settler is an English woman who "helps her husband a great deal with his farming operations." There is no question that this woman will be the main factor in making this venture a success.

A Scotch girl who had been only seven months in Canada was visited by the home counsellor. The home is described as "neat, clean, tidy, comfortable," and Mrs. E. has helped her husband to clear land, to cook hay and to garner the harvest.

A prospective settler, who has not yet been qualified for a loan, is living with his English wife in a small house on their employer's farm. The woman has been in Canada six months. Both are learning the game rapidly and are anxious to get on a plore of their own.

Still another English girl, two and a half years in the country, has splendid poultry, calves and pigs of which she is very proud.

From Music Hall to Prairie Farm

IT IS a far cry from a London music hall to a prairie farm, but one English actress who had never so much as seen a real farm until coming to Canada two years ago, was not afraid to make the jump. This actress is trying with all her might to be a real farm woman and a help to her husband. The home counsellor says that she had no idea of housekeeping, but has learned the essentials quickly and is doing her best to adapt herself.

There is another story of a young English girl, keen, bright and well educated, whom the visitor found crying with loneliness. Out there on the prairie, away from many of the comforts and interests that had been familiar to her, she had nothing with which to fill in the spare moments. She was provided with magazines and books, and they seemed to fill every need, and her one complaint against this new country was overcome.

That is a very real one, too. The reports bristle with instances of women courageously taking up a new life, appreciating its discomforts and disadvantages and facing them bravely, it tells too of hard work shared gladly and cheerfully. But here and there through the reports there is the suggestion of loneliness. But even this is being met, as in the case noted, with the supply of sewing machines, well built and well kept, and is adapting herself rapidly to the new life. In addition to her household duties, which include the care of a baby



War Brides in convention at Truro, N.S., in 1921. A photo that speaks for itself of the fine class of citizens that man came in our shores as soldiers brides.



Some of the women who have faced the hardships of a pioneer life in the prairies. Some of these gathered in convention at Dauphin, Man.

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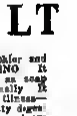
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"It has helped me so much and made my life so much brighter and the winter easier.

Another English girl speaking of the same course of instruction says: "Not only speaking for myself but for many of the brides with whom I have left England cooking chiefly, some things that were most ignorant of and our greatest drawback. Therefore we appreciate the cooking lessons very much. I have been cheerful and bright since my return and much benefited in every way and ready to take up my daily task with a good heart and will."

Another says: "I can tell you that convention did me more good than I could ever describe to anyone; it was the best week I ever spent in my life. I said to myself that this old world does not seem too bad after all."

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED

By MRS. PRINGLE

Question—Mrs. A., Alberta: I am a woman of 35 and have just got my youngest son through Normal and in charge of his first school so feel that my life work as a mother is pretty well finished but would like to know how I may spend my remaining years to the best possible advantage. Could you help me find the place where my work would count most?

Answer—Without being in possession of more definite information it is difficult to offer advice that will be really helpful. You do not say whether you are free to go anywhere or if you are tied to a nearby life, nor do you give any indication as to your tastes and inclinations. If you must continue to live in the country you will have more or less to create your own opportunities. Have you ever interested yourself in Women's Institute Work? Would you care to organize a handicraft guild to make hook and hooked rugs? Those when the colors are artistically blended can be sold for a good price in large cities. If you are fond of domestic pets there is the field of breeding thoroughbred dogs and Persian cats. Have you ever thought of beekeeping? Meetcrinke's "Life of the Bee" is a wonderfully interesting book. Then there is the work of organizing a reading circle among your neighbors, and meeting for discussion of the books you read. Or if you should want to study, you could take up a correspondence course in almost any subject you wished to learn. Of course, in a city you would find a greater choice of activities but I am in the dark as to your exact aim—whether you want to engage in some thing that would be remunerative as well as interesting.

Question—A.A.M., Nova Scotia—Where and how can I learn show card writing? Can I learn it by correspondence?

Answer—Whether show card writing would be a good thing for you to take up in a Correspondence Course depends on your own natural aptitude for the work, and your perseverance at it. Being done with the brush, show card writing calls for a talent for drawing. I am sending you the names of several reliable correspondence schools that teach it. The remuneration paid a girl at this work is about the same as a stenographer is paid from $18 to $25 a week. The work is pleasant and I am told good show card writers are in demand. They are employed in department stores, cigar jewelry and other stores.

Ghosts of Past Booms

Continued from page 21

Summer campers at Waterton Lakes gently broke the news to her that there was nothing to Oil City and never had been.

That incident was typical. Old Bill Aldridge's experience was also typical. He sold his accumulated horses and cattle, put the proceeds into oil, dreamed millions and ten years later had only the pittance he could make as a moving picture operator in a little theatre at Coreston.

The faith of many of the speculators died after a year or two of hardship. But a couple of years ago one old chap in a Southern Alberta town revealed in a brief flash of comment the tenacity of the true oil man. He was still pegging away on the Pincher Creek well in the sour day to complete. "I work and save a bit of money," he said, "and then I do a little drilling down there. Then I earn back more and make some money on that. So shabby hut hopelessly he poured his potent earnings down a sinkhole from which now and then, he hoped, a few pints of petroleum and a great many hogsheads of hot water.

Years after the boom was dead John Linehan visited the field and surveyed with sorrowful eyes its wreckage and desolation. The busy activities of the earlier years had given place to silence. The derricks painfully cut through the forests were covered with new underbrush. At Waterton Lakes summer hotel one of the old drill holes supported a flag-staff. On the mountain side the cabins of the workers were gray and weather beaten. At Oil City the great tanks were rusted and empty and packers through the mountains lounged in the leather upholstered chairs and propped their feet on the quarter-rest oak office furniture left from the Rocky Mountain Development Company's palmy days.

Linehan stopped over one of the abandoned wells. That hole cost $10,000," he murmured, tragically. We put $10,000 down each of those wells."

The Advent of A. H. Dingman

SOME thirty-five miles southwest of Calgary lies a basin amid the foothills. A tiny stream trickles through it. In summer it is a pretty place, with its wild roses and its grassy stare-starred when. In the summer of 1912 rough workmen invaded its peaceful solitude and put up a derrick near a gas seepage on Sheep Creek.

The head of the new enterprise was Archibald Wayne Dingman, once a Toronto onion hut for a quarter century and more identified with the Canadian west. Dingman had drilled for gas at Calgary, had held and released oil properties to supply the city, and now, clear of these earlier enterprises, was venturing into new fields.

A little further west that same summer, Ira F. Segur started a drilling test in the Mc Dougall ranch, and Bill Livingstone and Jim Pugh at Calgary made a location, though they did not drill till later.

For over a year drilling went steadily ahead, practically unknown to the outside world. Then on October 7 1913 the Dingman well at 1,560 feet spot gasoline all over the derrick timbers.

All day Saturday and throughout the night and the ensuing Sunday a long line of men stood in front of the Dominion land office at Calgary waiting a chance to file on leases.

One man raged in ahead of the crowd that he carried the land office for weeks. This man had been working for a concern that went broke. Jobless with his hands and $40 cash in his pockets he was loafing on a Calgary street corner the afternoon of the 13th when the news arrived. A newspaper reporter accosted him. "How're you fixed?" demanded the reporter.

The down-and outer explained his predicament.

"Forty dollars!" exclaimed the reporter. "You lucky devil! I wish I was in your shoes. Then dropping his voice to a cautious whisper: "Are you game to take a chance? Yes? Well, there's something big due to break at the Dingman well. I've got the tip nine twenty cents, and the land office rinses in a few minutes. Come on, you can stake one and we'll file on every one we can tie up."

They beat it to the land office. Asked his occupation the down-and-outer smiled whimsically: "Retired business man," he vouchsafed.

They tied up eight sections, 5,120 acres, close to the Dingman well. Less than three hours later the retired business man had sold a half interest in his four sections for $3,000, while the reporter had $350 cash and still held the bulk of his leases.

With hundreds of thousands of acres leased for oil, scores of companies floated and perhaps a dozen ventures actually drilling the boom simmered through the ensuing winter. The Dingman people were too honest to help the promoter fraternity, they conservatively pronounced the light oil a freak. It was, they declared, only a pocket, and they had to go deeper for commercial production. In fact they did what honest men could be expected to do, told the sheer truth, shamed the devil, and annoyed the get-rich-quick element, so were more interested in easy money than in oil.

The deeper drilling went on and on. Tradition has it that one day in May 1914 a director of the Calgary Petroleum Products Company, the Dingman enterprise visited the well.

"I bet you a box of cigars," remarked Driller Hovis, "the baler brings up crude all this time."

Sends Up Geyser of Oil

THE director took the bet. The sand pump was run and the director lost his cigars. Next day, at 2,718 feet, the Dingman well spouted oil sixty feet in the air. For days it gushed spasmodically and those days brought the real boom—the extraordinary, ecstatic enthusiastic boom Calgary still remembers with regret for its losses and with pride in its greatness.

For it was a magnificent boom. Never in the history of oil was so vast a bubble blown from so tiny beginnings. The Dingman management, after the strike in May, 1914, made no large claims. In burn for $100,000 already spent they had a well that for years averaged only a barrel or two a day, with occasional larger spurts of oil under accumulated gas pressure. But they had to reluctantly admit the mightiest boom in the history of petroleum.

Where in the first boom had created companies by dozens, the second brought them into existence by hundreds. By the fourth of August, when the war gave oil speculation its first check, some 400 companies had been incorporated with a total capitalization of nearly half a billion dollars. Ultimately, the incorporations aggregated more than 700. To develop their leases even on a modest scale would require $200,000,000 in actual cash. Of the huge capitalization only a very small percentage was actually paid in. At that, figury backed the boom to the limit. In a few weeks upwards of $2,000,000 was withdrawn from the savings banks and put into oil.

And money was made—real money. It dipt many individuals who needed help, and then has it that one man with a stake he rose at once to be a desperate gamer both bought himself of a hopeful pedient. He organized a new oil exchange—there were already several—and seats for $500 each and left the exchange to run itself. It was one of many changes that thrived for a few stirring weeks.

The scenes on these parts of worthless stocks vied with Wall Street in its most frenzied days. On the strength of the wildest rumors quotations bounded to high and mad-cool-headed enough to cash with prices at the peak made fortunes.

They still tell in Calgary the tale of the other down-and-outer, jobless with a wolf growing menacingly on the other side of the door. In his luckier days he had bought 1,850 shares of Monarch Oil Company stock at $1 a share. Now he figured his money.

One day a rumor came that "wet gas" had been struck in the Monarch well. The stock went listing. The hard up chap decided to sell, figured the well would be dry and sell his oil stock in order to live. He reluctantly let a linen coal proceeds him of 1,150 shares in exchange for a paltry $700 and grumbled at the evil luck that prevented him hanging on till actual oil production boosted the Monarch quotations to $1,000 a share.

Two years later the Monarch Oil Company went into liquidation. It was a well-managed, decent Canadian venture, but it went broke drilling, at a cost approximating $750,000, the deepest and most hole in western Canada. At the bottom of 3,500 feet and its resources, it had nothing to show. And the financial geese who had compelled the poor unfortunate to give him Monarch shares at $5 a inch used them to paper his bedroom.

From the very outset the Calgary boom carried within itself the seeds of destruction. The pre-war financial stringency and the war itself were only contributary influences. Despite the handicaps the money invested would have been ample in the hands of practical men like Ira Segur, William Livingston and A. W. Dingman to thoroughly test the field many times over.

But these funds were thinly spread over more than seven hundred companies. Only the early ventures secured funds enough to drill, the best of later enterprises hadn't enough money even to keep their advertising and their palatial offices going. They had to sit back inactive, waiting for the real oil strike that came more than a year too late. By the time Livingston and Pugh brought in their Southern Alberta flowing well, the bloom was off the boom speculators—led up on rumored oil strikes, would not believe in real oil and the practical development of the field was once more, where it should have been from the first in the hands of a few hens-fide oil operators.

The New and Substantial Field

AT THE end of more than nine years after the first drilling venture, Calgary has an oil field—the only field in the Canadian west actually shipping commercial oil. The field includes the best proven well in Canada for we cannot regard the Imperial Oil well at Fort Norman as yet proven. It has nearly a dozen wells producing oil or gas and several modest refining plants have been operating on the prudent more or less steadily since 1915. The oil produced is the highest grade oil in Canada, some 40 degrees Baume oil in the world and is reputed to be fully worth the $2.95 a barrel at which it was lately quoted.

These activities have developed in the peaceful Turner valley in nine years, have made it in spots a traffic gumy hove-scene and it a little with the lumen of gas and oil, have studded it with derricks and weather beaten sharks, but have still left room for the wild roses to blossom and for Sheep Creek to trickle along its winding course.

But these results were the work, not of fly-by night speculators out to make a killing, but of a few patient men whose objective was commercial oil; who after the easy money crowd of promoters and speculators had quit in disgust, went on wrestling resolutely with the big problem of drilling and the bigger problem of financing, who spent their cash and staked their credit to the final in harking their certitude that oil was there—and most of whom to-day are still waiting for their money to come back.

But for real men the fight has been worth while, even if it has profited them little for it has proven that, after all the hearty damning the Calgary field suffered from the disappointed speculators of years ago there was justification for the honest belief and clean purpose that prompted the early legitimate drilling. The Calgary field—now variously and in some instances more accurately known as the Turner Valley, Black Diamond, Okotoks, Sheep Creek or Dingman field—has, since Livingston and Pugh's Southern Alberta No. 1 commenced to flow in 1915, produced, all told, something like 60,000 barrels of oil. That entire production would be worth, at a fair estimate, close to $400,000.

But for the brief period of the boom Calgarians alone drew from their savings banks and stockings $1,000,000 or more to put into oil and outside speculators probably sank many times that sum. Little of that money went to help the actual honest development west of it went to companies that never did anything with their leases except advertise them. Those 60,000 barrels of oil have been high-grade stuff, worth a top notch price; $2.95 a barrel or more, but they cost speculative Calgary fully $15 50 each and the entire of speculative Jim Canuck will probably triple or quadruple that figure. The Calgary oil production stands the "investor" fifty dollars a barrel. It stands him a cent.

Such is the toll of the oil field that comes in with a huge harrah and a modest production. How much heavier the toll of the field that leaves in its wake, as so many have done nothing but dry holes, rusty machinery, derricks tottering towards the prairie wood pile, and a trail of lost coin or

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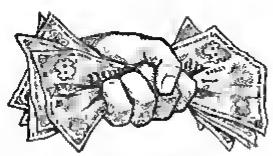


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Shr Yes but more often.—*Life*

Too Much to Ask. Hr — Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?

Shr — But George how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger? —*London Opinion*

Insanity—Two men are talking, and one is carrying an automobile under one arm

"My! But you must be strong!"

"Oh, this is a light 'six'!" —*Judge*

Young and Fearless— Mary, if you misbehave like that you will make your mother angry at you."

Little Mary That don't scare me, she ain't my wife —*Detroit News*

Open Handed—Father (visiting college)—"I m these are better cigars than I can afford."

Son That's all right Dad take all you want (hich is on me. —*Virginia Reel*

The Great Unanswerable—Flibbs: "Don't you and your wife ever agree on anything?"

Dubbs: "Well we both seem to agree that she made the mistake of her life in marrying me"

Making it Vivid—"Ah you have no idea what real darkness is, Katherine When you have it and anyone came and wanted to kill you you would want to make him your sole heir"—*Muenchnofer Bloetter (Munich)*

Adequately Defined—Teacher—Who can tell me the meaning of the word 'luxury'?"

Little Boy—Please, miss it's a place where married people repent!—*London Weekly Telegraph*

Taking After Father—Wife—"John, I'll have to discharge the cook she uses such dreadful language

Hub— What kind of language dear?"

Wife—oh the same kind you use you know —*Boston Transcript*

Right and Judgment—Three are two sides to every question" proclaimed the sage

"Yes" said the lad—"and there are two sides to a sheet of flypaper but it makes a mighty big difference to the fly which side he chooses" —*American Legion Weekly*

An Unknown Species—The languid lady drifted into the dog-dealer's and looked round

"I want a dog" she said vaguely "I don't quite know the sort of dog I want, at least I don't know what they're called A head rather like a bulldog you know and the rest like a fox terrier only rather shaggy hair and black markings. Do you keep any dogs like that?"

No—mum" said the shopkeeper emphatically "We drowns 'em. —*Royal Magazine*

"They Also Serve"—He was a very patient and long-suffering young man but when at last she arrived at the corner where they had arranged to meet, he ventured a remonstrance

"Darling you are late" he said mildly

"Only a few minutes" she protested, in an injured tone "I said I'd be here at seven o'clock and it's only twenty minutes past."

"Oh" sighed the young man "then you must have mistaken the day. I've been waiting here since last night."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*

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